THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

JULY, 1909

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Cornell's Gigantic Effort

We were somewhat amused on reading, in the newspapers of June 3d, about the great intellectual agitation that has been going on at Cornell University. As is fairly well known, the universities of Cambridge, Leipzig and Geneva are to celebrate various anniversaries during the summer, and they have issued invitations to foreign universities inviting them to send one or more delegates each. When these invitations struck Cornell, they evidently hit the place very hard. A committee of the University Faculty was appointed to draw up formal greetings in reply. These greetings were then engrossed "and were executed by Professor John Parsons of the College of Civil Engineering." The astonished world is also informed that "each scroll is signed by E. L. Williams, secretary of the University Faculty. The official University seal will also be affixed." These are great doings for Ithaca; but we are rather surprised to find the "greetings" couched in English and running to about ten lines each. The humour of the whole thing appeals to us very strongly. After all, a fresh-water university is bound on most occasions to show its freshness somehow; but all the same, we should have supposed that even in the Faculty of a fresh-water university there might be found some one able-bodied professor who was competent to prepare three little "greetings" without the assistance of a committee.

Beerbohm and Caine

Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, *The White Prophet,* is to be ready for book publication late in the summer. It has been delayed owing to Mr. Caine's recent illness. *The White Prophet* is to be illustrated by R. Caton Woodville, whose pictures of war, and especially of the British campaign in Egypt, have for some years attracted considerable attention as they have appeared in the *Illustrated London News.* À propos of the new book, we reproduce an impressionistic

MR. CAINE AND MR. HEINEMANN

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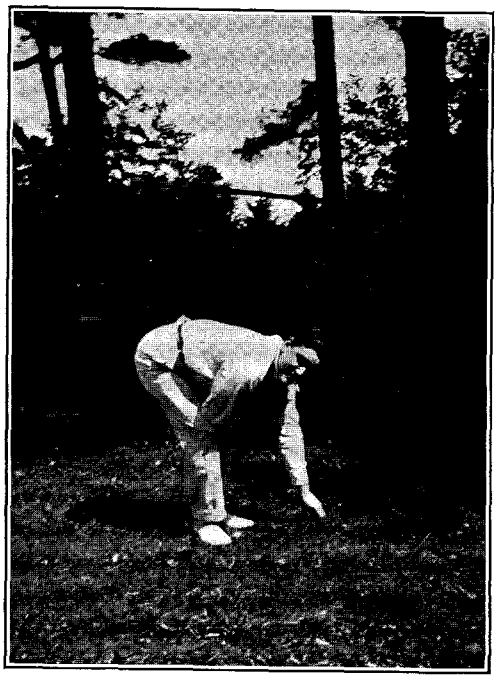

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS—ARTHUR GOODRICH

drawing of Hall Caine and the English publisher, Mr. William Heinemann, done by the irrepressible Max Beerbohm for the exhibition of the New English Art Club.

In our next issue we shall review at length Mr. William Winter's *Old Friends,* which has just come from the press. It is a book of much interest and decided importance, a kind of book of which we have not nearly enough in our literature. While in the main written in a genial spirit, there are many passages in Mr. Winter's characteristically combative vein, such as his slashing attack on Mr. William Dean Howells *à propos* of the latter's comments on the habits and appearance of certain of the Bohemians who used to gather of evenings in Pfaff's Cave at Broadway and Bleecker Street in the years just preceding the Civil War. In his chapter on Charles Dickens Mr. Winter recalls the curious and apparently forgotten fact that Dickens, before going before an audience to deliver a reading, used to "make up" his face as actors do. Imagine his great contemporary turning to the rouge-pot as a preliminary to the delivery of a lecture on Swift or George the Fourth!

William Winter's Reminiscences

When Arthur Goodrich, author of *The Lady Without Jewels,* was an undergraduate at Wesleyan, he was known as an all-round man. He led the men of his class in scholarship, edited the *Literary Monthly,* sang on the College Glee Club, and managed it during one of its most successful years, won prizes as a speaker, and did a number of other things. After a year of graduate study at Columbia he entered the magazine field, serving as an associate editor of *Outing* and as managing editor of *The World's Work* for four or five years. Later he travelled over most of Europe, representing American and English periodicals. His first novel, *The Balance of Power,* was published in 1906.

Arthur Goodrich

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS—JEAN WEBSTER, AUTHOR OF "MUCH ADO ABOUT PETER" IN JAPAN

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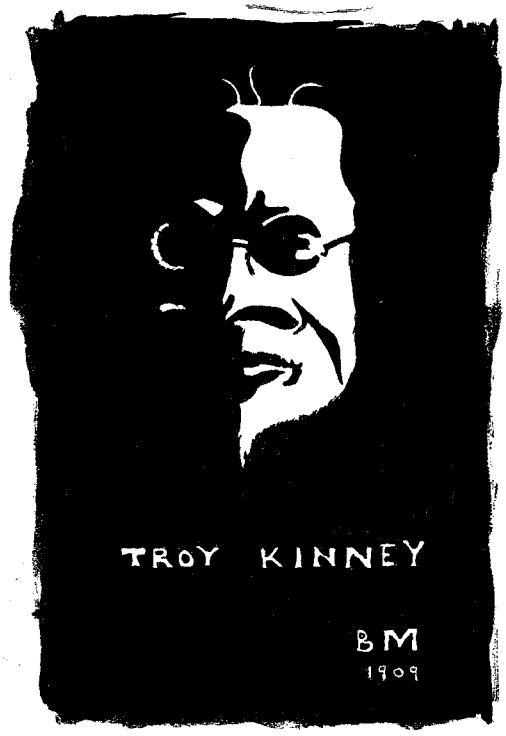
Pictorial Repartee

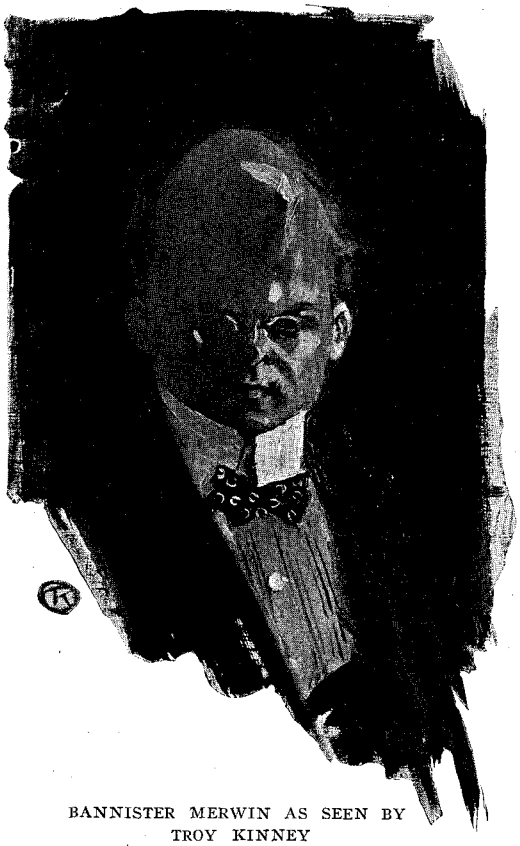
Bannister Merwin's story of intrigue, *The Girl and the Bill,* is illustrated by Harrison Fisher and the Kinneys. A good-natured controversy between Mr. Merwin and Mr. Troy Kinney, when the book was in preparation, led to bantering threats. Each found relief for outraged feelings by sitting down and drawing a caricature of the other.

A Teapot Tempest

In these days, if a month goes by in which Mark Twain does not achieve publicity, he is morally certain to have some sort of publicity thrust upon him. The latest literary teapot tempest involves him, a certain Mr. George Greenwood, author of a volume entitled *The Shakespeare Problem Restated,* Mr. Greenwood's publishers, the John Lane Company, and Mr. Clemens's publishers, Messrs. Harper and Brothers. It seems that some months ago the Messrs. Harpers, at the request of Mark Twain, wrote to the John Lane Company asking for permission to use nine pages from Mr. Greenwood's book in connection with Mark Twain's *Is Shakespeare Dead?* This permission was given, but when *Is Shakespeare Dead?* appeared it was found that while it mentioned and commended Mr. Greenwood's book, it contained no mention of Mr. Greenwood's name. As a result of this neglect Mr. Lane and Mr. Greenwood have expressed what they term "just indignation," and have refused to allow Mr. Clemens's book to be imported into England unless the plates shall be altered so that full acknowledgment shall be made both to author and publisher, and with the additional condition that at the end of every copy of the English edition and of all copies of the later American editions a full-page advertisement, to be supplied by the John Lane Company, shall appear.



TROY KINNEY AS SEEN BY BANNISTER MERWIN



BANNISTER MERWIN AS SEEN BY TROY KINNEY

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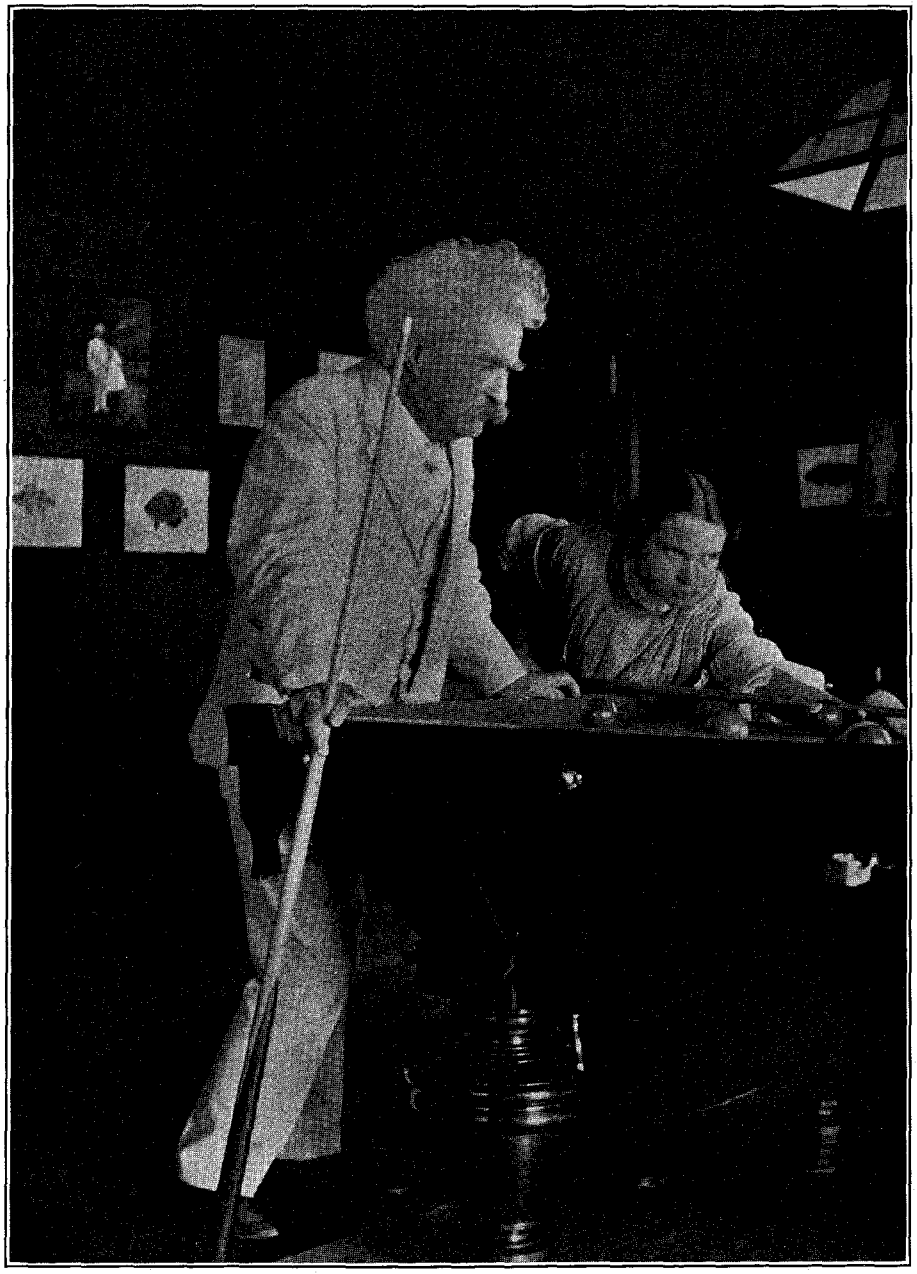

AN ALLEGED LITERARY PIRATE AT PLAY. MARK TWAIN AT HOME WITH ONE OF HIS "ANGEL FISH"

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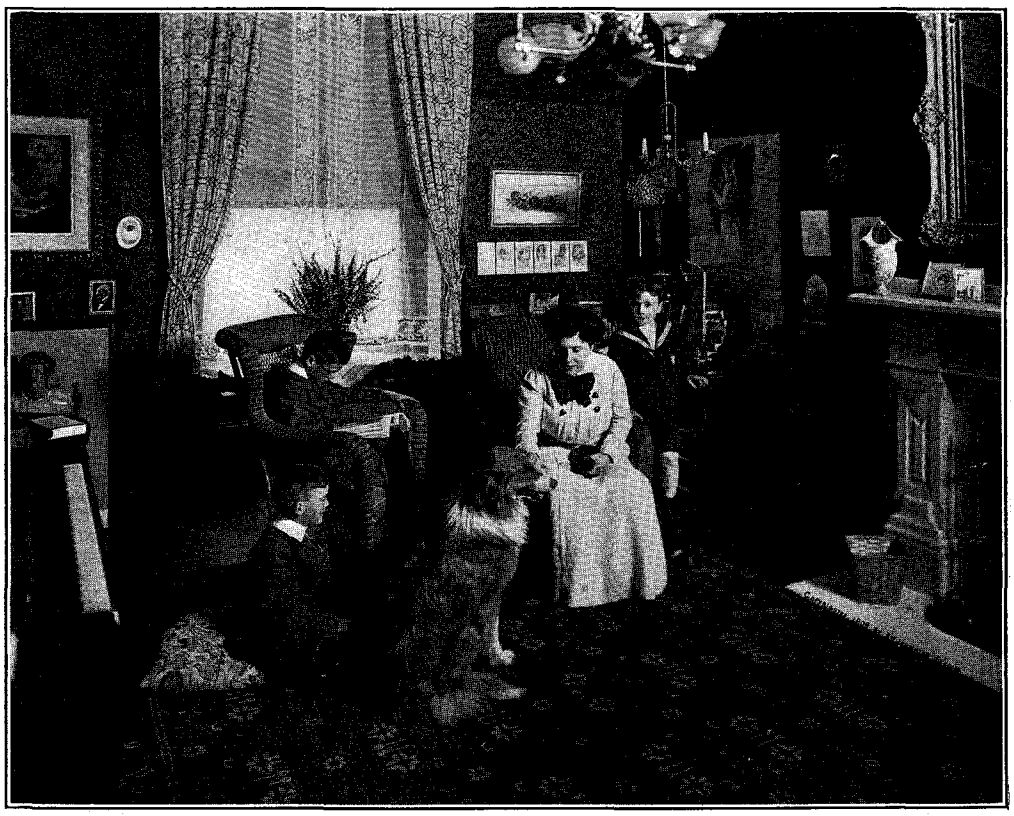

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. MARY ROBERTS RINEHART, AUTHOR OF "THE MAN IN LOWER TEN" AND HER THREE SONS

The Personal Marie Corelli

For a great many years Miss Marie Corelli has occupied a position in the eyes of English and American readers that is probably without precedent in literary history. On the one hand she has had an influence on some hundreds of thousands of readers that is impossible to dispute. Nor have these readers belonged exclusively to any one class of society, for it is a matter of record that Miss Corelli was the favourite author of the late Queen of England, and that her books received the serious approbation of Mr. Gladstone. On the other hand, there is a very wide audience—a hypercritical audience perhaps—that has flouted her mercilessly from the beginning, maintaining that she is nothing more than the idol of Suburbia—the favourite of the Common Multitude.

In view of Miss Corelli's much discussed personality an article by A. St. John Adcock in a recent issue of the English *Bookman* is of particular interest. Mr. Adcock calls his article "A Record and an Appreciation." It is especially the latter. Its importance lies in the fact that it is the first apparently authoritative article on Miss Corelli that we have ever seen. It not only seems authoritative, but it gives us the impression that Miss Corelli herself read and corrected the proofs, and perhaps added a line or two. In the matter of biographical details the article tells nothing startlingly new. Marie Corelli, born in Italy, was adopted when an infant by the well-known poet, Dr. Charles Mackay, whose family by his first marriage—three sons and one daughter—were by that time grown up and no longer living with their father. In her early life she

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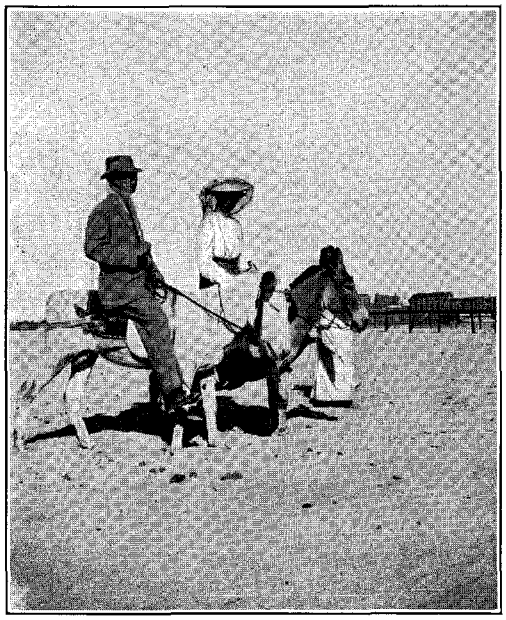

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS—CALEB YOUNG RICE AND ALICE HEGAN RICE ON THE NILE

had no playmates of her own age, but was very happy in a dream world with children of her dreams; and became her adopted father's constant companion. With the exception of a couple of years at school she was educated at home by private governesses and masters. Her reading was to a large extent regulated by Dr. Mackay, and before she was eleven she had read all the novels of Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, and had a sound knowledge of the poetry of Keats, Shelley, Byron and Tennyson.

Her own literary career may be said to have begun when she was eleven, for at that time she began to write verses and one or two of her poems were published. It was, of course, a number of years later before she began work on her first novel, which eventually became *A Romance of Two Worlds.* The manuscript of this book was sent to the offices of Bentley and Son, the London publishers, was rejected by the firm's readers, but accepted by Mr. George Bentley himself. The story was very little advertised, and was reviewed in only two papers, both of which damned it, but within a year it had leaped into a spontaneous and extraordinary popularity; translations of it were appearing in various foreign countries, and in England and America it was being widely read and discussed. Her next three novels, *Vendetta, Thelma,* and *Ardath,* were written in an atmosphere of sick-

A SCENE FROM THE DRAMATISED VERSION OF MISS CORELLI'S "VENDETTA" AS ACTED IN JAPAN

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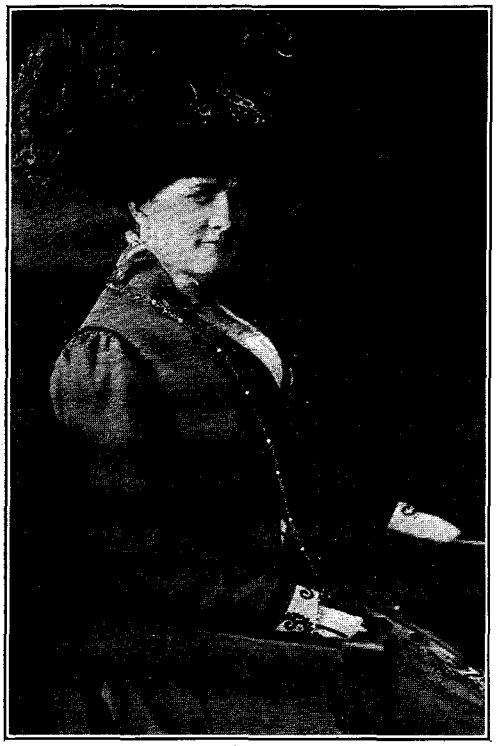
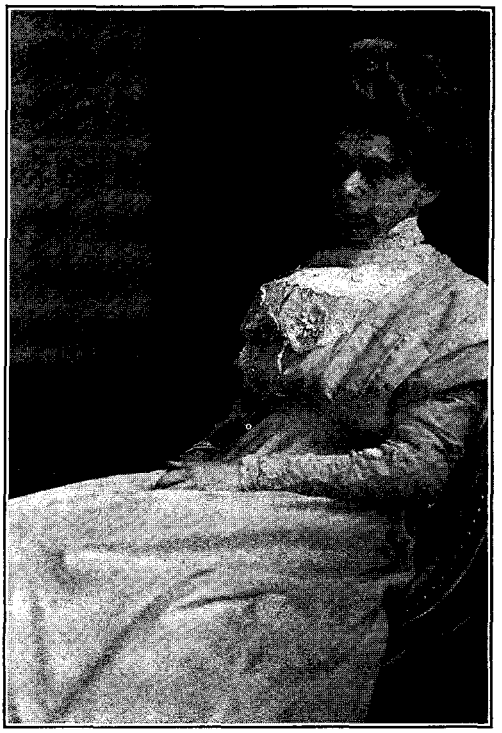
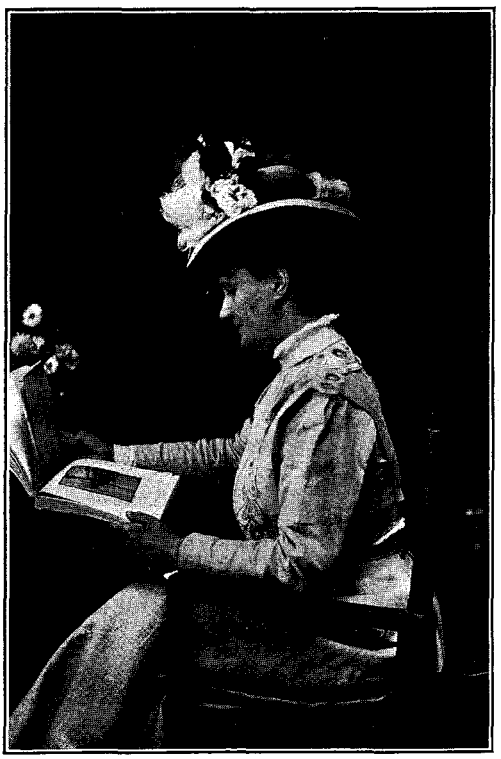


GRACE LUCE IRWIN (MRS. WALLACE IRWIN), AUTHOR OF THE "DIARY OF A SHOW GIRL"



ALMA MARTIN ESTABROOK, AUTHOR OF "THE RULE OF THREE"



G. B. LANCASTER, AUTHOR OF "THE TRACK WE TREAD"

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS—LOUISE BRIGHAM, AUTHOR OF "BOX FURNITURE"

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ness, financial stress and domestic worry. *Ardath* brought her messages of praise from Tennyson, from Gladstone, and from a score of other men distinguished in literature and art, including Sir Frederick Leighton, who shortly before his

MISS MARIE CORELLI

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death expressed his intention of painting the vision of the Banquet in the Dream City.

In the year after the publication of *Ardath* Dr. Mackay died, and Miss Corelli went abroad for a time. Returning to England she fell dangerously ill and many months elapsed before she recovered her strength. After the death of her adopted brother, Eric Mackay, she was comparatively alone in the world, and made for herself that home at Stratford-on-Avon which has been so conspicuously associated with the events of her later personal life. Out of what was once a neglected and forlorn looking building Miss Corelli developed the pleasantest, prettiest house that is anywhere in the town or near it. From old deeds in her possession relating to the property, it appears that the house was originally called "Ye Crofte," and that at the end of the sixteenth century it belonged to "Rychard Mason," after whose family it has since been named.

Miss Corelli, Mr. Adcock tells us, is a steady and methodical worker. Her literary work is all done in the mornings between ten and two, and she writes and rewrites with infinite care. The first rough draft of a novel is written in lead pencil in a blank-book; which book she takes with her in the garden, or in her boat on the river, and scribbles away at high speed in the working out of her tale. This she copies out, first in her ordinary correspondence hand, then in clearer, more careful calligraphy for the typist, and from the typing machine it goes to the printers. In summer she rises at six and goes out, driving her ponies or boating on the river, from seven until nine. After the day's work is done, she finds her pleasure in reading and deciphering old manuscripts, in music, in the planting and rearing of her roses, and in the entertainment of her friends, among whom she counts some of the most eminent men in politics, art, and letters.

Despite the immense popularity of her work, Miss Corelli's books have invariably been received with great roars of derision from the professional critics. Their attitude has been one of almost avowed hostility. This hostility is far from being unprovoked, for with the publication of *The Sorrows of Satan* in 1895 Miss Corelli threw down her famous defiance. By way of foreword that book contained the following notice:

> No copies of this book are sent out for review. Members of the Press will therefore obtain it (should they wish to do so) in the usual way with the rest of the public—*i.e.* through the Booksellers and Libraries.

The announcement fell like a bomb-shell, and some journalist hastened to call on the publishers and point out that such a policy was "suicidal." But publishers and author stood resolutely to their guns, with the result of an unprecedented and sensational success. Since then Miss Corelli has maintained the same position and never allows any work of hers to be sent out for review. "I bowed to one attack after another," she says, "until I published *Barabbas*. This book was the outcome of so much devout and deeply felt emotion that it was almost like a part of my very life. It may sound like affectation to say so, but I wrote it in a constant spirit of prayer. Yet when it came out it was mauled and torn to pieces by malignant writers on the Press who, it was evident, had never read the New Testament through in their lives. Moreover, they criticised my work without reading it—this was easily apparent. I suffered for a time—I say it in all humility—as bitterly as perhaps Keats may have suffered when *Endymion* was reviled, but I presently regained courage and made up my mind that any one who reviewed me in future should do so at his own cost. I have adhered to that decision, and have schooled myself not to care any longer what is said of my writings, and the irony of it is that I am much more fairly criticised now, when blame or praise has become equally indifferent to me."

Those who saw the production of *An Englishman's Home* in this city, sometime since, must have been interested to read the news that the play when put

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Mutato Nomine

on in Berlin was hissed off the stage with great disorder amid some smashing of chairs. This was due to the fact that the farcical situations were exaggerated, and we can well understand how the Germans would resent this; because it put them in the light of invading and conquering an island populated by feeble fools. Even in the version of it which was given in New York, it seemed to us that the fatuity of the English was carried too far; for even a band of Central Americans could have overcome such a ridiculous set of people as the English volunteer force was represented in the play to be. It would be like stealing candy from a baby. One should note that in England, the rescue of the Brown household and the capture of the German squad were effected, not by a motley throng of Volunteers, but by a detachment of a Highland regiment belonging to the regular army. This, in fact, was the point of the whole play—that England must rely upon regularly trained and disciplined troops and not upon a fortuitous collection of fantastic freaks. By the way, we may repeat a brief anecdote which is being told regarding a German officer on leave, who visited London for a week or two and spent most of his evenings at the different theatres. Among other plays he went to see *An Englishman's Home*. As he was coming away, an acquaintance met him and very naturally asked him what he thought of the play.

"Oh," said the German officer, "it is a very good play. It is a very true play. Only I think they ought to change its title."

"Why," returned his friend, "what would you call it?"

"*Natürlich*," returned the officer, "it ought to be called *What Every German Knows!*"

❧

This recalls the story of the Englishmen who were discussing the German peril in a London club where a German army officer was a guest. The German grimly endorsed their wildest apprehensions. "Why," he said, "the German War Office has the name of every house owner in Great Britain and the exact location of his house." Visions of a vast network of espionage were in the Britons' heads as the question was asked: "How was this information obtained?" "Very easily," replied the German. "Simply by spending ten shillings and sixpence and buying a copy of Kelley's *Counties of England*."

❧

Swinburne and Adah Menken

À propos of the sale of Swinburniana in London, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton has been writing to the London *Times* denying Swinburne's authorship of "Dolorida." This was the poem in French which Swinburne was said to have written in the album of Adah Isaacs Menken, the extraordinary circus rider, who after a career involving sentimental affairs with a number of eminent men of letters became the wife of the American prize fighter, John Henan, who fought the great international battle with Tom Sayers in 1859. Adah Isaacs Menken was herself the author of a volume of poems called *Infelicia* which was dedicated, by permission, to Charles Dickens, and in a copy of which Swinburne wrote: "Lo, this is she that was the world's delight!" In a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in 1883, Swinburne repudiated "Dolorida," which runs as follows:

Combien de temps, dis, la belle,
Dis, veux-tu m'etre fidele?
Pour une nuit, pour un jour,
Mon amour.
L'amour nous flatte et nous touche
Du doigt, de l'oeil, de la bouche,
Pour un jour, pour une nuit,
Et s'enfuit.

❧

With his letter to the *Times* Theodore Watts-Dunton encloses Swinburne's letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* in which he suggests that the announcement that he is the author of "Dolorida" is a "seasonable freak of jocose invention, an example of Christmas burlesque," adding: "But in case any too innocent reader should imagine it to be anything else, I may perhaps as well mention that the annual and the editor, the contributor and the contribution, are all alike un-

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known to your obedient servant—A. C. Swinburne." Mr. Watts-Dunton goes on to say:

With regard to Adah Menken, the famous circus rider, it is very likely true that in the late John Camden Hotten's copy of the doggerel called *Infelicia* Mr. Swinburne did inscribe the words, "Lo, this is she that was the world's delight." But that "was his fun," to use Charles Lamb's saying about Coleridge's "sermons." And it is true that Adah, having a craze to know every famous man, was brought into contact with the great Alexandre Dumas in France, and in England with Mr. Swinburne, Charles Dickens, Charles Reade and others; but as to Mr. Swinburne's opinion of the doggerel called *Infelicia,* he would have had critical insight enough at twelve to estimate its poetical worth at its true value. For years the Adah Menken matter has at intervals been brought up. Some few years before his death, I asked Mr. Swinburne what he thought of *Infelicia.* His answer was, "Can you ask me? A girl may be admired as Mazeppa without being admired as a poet. I think it the greatest rot ever published." How Charles Dickens ever came to accept the dedication of it is, of course, past all comprehension.

Poe and Jules Verne

The influence of Edgar Allan Poe on Jules Verne is the subject of an article by Henri Potez in *La Revue* of Paris. While Poe's popularity in France has always been beyond dispute, M. Potez contends that it would have been infinitely greater had Poe's work been less marked by horrors. Jules Verne recognised that fact and hit upon the winning formula to please the French taste. Jules Verne, therefore, according to M. Potez's ideas, has Poe with a little dressing up. This dressing up implied the suppression or mitigation of the horrible; the retention of all that was mysterious and exotic; and the addition of the ordinary stock ingredients employed by the elder Dumas; a large dose of adventure, heroics, and good spirits.

Almost all of the more important of Jules Verne's books M. Potez traces back to Poe. For example, his *Five Weeks in a Balloon,* which was published in 1863, was anticipated by Poe, who represented the balloon Victoria as crossing the Atlantic in sixty-five hours. The idea for *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* Jules Verne got from Poe's *Manuscript Found in a Bottle* and *A Descent Into the Maelstrom.* The device of the cryptogram used by Verne in his *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* came from *The Gold Bug.* From the *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* Verne drew suggestions for the shipwreck in *Chancellor,* the apparition of the giant in the *Journey to the Centre of the Earth,* and the description of the North Pole in the *Adventures of Captain Hatterus.* The inspiration of the climax of *Around the World in Eighty Days,* the error in the computation of time which almost caused Phineas Fogg to lose his twenty thousand pound bet, M. Potez thinks that Verne found in Poe's *Three Sundays in a Week.*

A Genuine Biography

In his *Life and Times of Laurence Sterne,* Professor Wilbur L. Cross is chary of his own opinions, but lavish of facts that even by a bare chance may affect the opinions of others. Apparently he has searched everywhere and left nothing unread. It is a most loyal biography of the large, unsparing, love-me-love-my-dog variety, assuming that no details will seem trivial to one who really cares to know the man. Whatever the Sterne specialists may have to say about it there can be no doubt as to the completeness of the picture or the astonishing industry that has gone to the making of it. It is Sterne from every point of view, not merely from Professor Cross's. "Aspects" and "appreciations" and Sterne's "place in literature" have not seduced him; nor does his biographical devotion take the form of literary flunkeyism, like Dr. Dowden on his knees to Browning. He knows that a man like Sterne, who conquers so completely his present, does not annex posterity.

Sterne's personality, like a great actor's, loses perforce its brilliancy in the pale reflection of

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a biography, wherein traits of manner and character are obscured by numberless facts, dates, and minor details necessary to a true relation of the humourist's career, but most difficult to carry in the memory and thereafter combine into a living portrait. No biographer, though the spell be upon him, can hope to make it quite clear why Sterne captivated the world that came within his influence. His wit, humour and pathos, which exactly hit the temper of his age, seem a little antiquated now as we derive these qualities second-hand from the books which he left behind him, and from the numerous anecdotes which were related after him, all rewrought for literary effect. Indeed, only a few of his letters retain their original freshness, for in most cases their phrases have been all smoothed out by editors and biographers. We may look upon the wonderful portraits that were painted of him by Reynolds and Gainsborough, and observe his dress, figure, features, and bright, eager eyes; but we must add from our imagination the smile and the voice of the king's jester.

Yorick's gibes were certainly perishable, and many of the anecdotes about him are sorry enough. As a wit he triumphed easily, but it seems to have been equally easy to put him down.

According to a story which Sterne himself is reported to have related to a company of fellow-clergymen, he was addressed one Sunday, as he was descending from the cathedral pulpit, by a poor widow sitting on the steps. She inquired of him where she might have the honour of hearing him preach on the next Sunday. After she had followed him about to his great discomfort for a succession of Sundays, from one church to another, always taking the same position on the steps of the pulpit and always asking the same question, he finally chose as his text, modifying Holy Writ, the words: "I will grant the request of this poor widow, lest by continual coming she weary me." "Why, Sterne," immediately retorted one of the company, "you omitted the most applicable part of the passage, which is—Though I neither fear God nor regard man." "The unexpected retort," it was added, "silenced the wit for the whole evening."

As to Sterne's character, any reader of the book will see the justice of what Professor Cross says in conclusion, and contrast it with Thackeray's narrower view—

Of course, I am entering no defence in behalf of Sterne's conduct. I am merely explaining it from his volatile disposition. Nor would it serve any purpose to censure him for his follies and indiscretions. True, one is amazed at the freedoms of the old society. And were it not for Sterne's humour, the man and his books would have become long since intolerable. But the everlasting humour of the man saves him; it lifts him out of the world of moral conventions into a world of his own making. We must accept him as he was, else close the book. Everything about him was unique—his appearance, what he did, what he said, what he wrote. Acts for which you would reproach yourself or your nearest friend you pass over in his case, for in them lurks some overmastering absurdity. "I am a queer dog," he wrote in reply to an unknown correspondent who conjectured he must be one over his cups. "I am a queer dog—only you must not wait for my being so till supper, much less an hour after—for I am so before breakfast. . . ." As we view him in his books and in his life, Sterne had brief serious moods, but he quickly passed out of them into his humour. When he advised a brother of the cloth "to tell a lie to save a lie," he did not exactly mean it so, but he could not resist the humour of the absurd imagination. He must have been sorely troubled over his wife's insanity, but he could not announce her illness without awakening a smile in the hearer as he said: "Madame fancies herself the Queen of Bohemia and I am indulging her in the notion. Every day I drive her through my stubble field, with bladders fastened to the wheels of her chaise to make a noise, and then I tell her this is the way they course in Bohemia."

Nothing, however sacred, was immune against Sterne's wit. He was, if one wishes to put it that way, indecent and profane. And yet indecency or profanity never appears in his letters and books by itself or for its own sake. His loosest jests not only have their humorous point, but they often cut rather deeply into human nature. He had, as we have said, very little of the animal in him; and perhaps, for this very reason, in the opinion of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, he was amused by certain physical instincts and natural functions of the body when contrasted with the higher nature to which all lay claim. His imagination was ever playing with these inconsistencies, and down they went without premeditation, as might be easily illustrated

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from the conversations at Shandy Hall. Queer analogies of all sorts were ever running in Sterne's head.

It is a genuine "life and times" in wholesome contrast to the various packing-case series of biographies to which we have grown accustomed—handy volume "aspects" and hip-pocket "appreciations," telescopings, bird'-eye views, boilings down and summings up, books framed apparently for no other purpose than to be taken with you on a running jump. These condensed great men, portable men of letters, handy heroes and the like, may indeed be carried in a kit, but it is a serious question whether they serve any other purpose. After all, to make the acquaintance of a great man one needs a book with which he must comfortably sit down. Nor does it bear any resemblance to those skittish affairs of active minds, wherein some surviving man displays his personal equation on

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Mr. Davis's latest book, *The White Mice*, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

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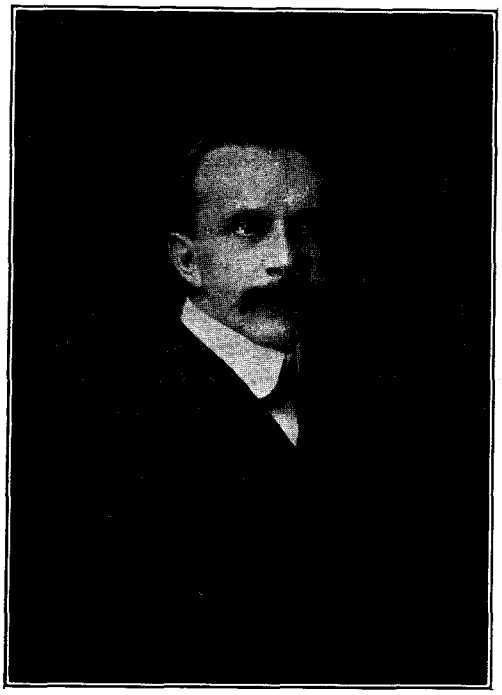
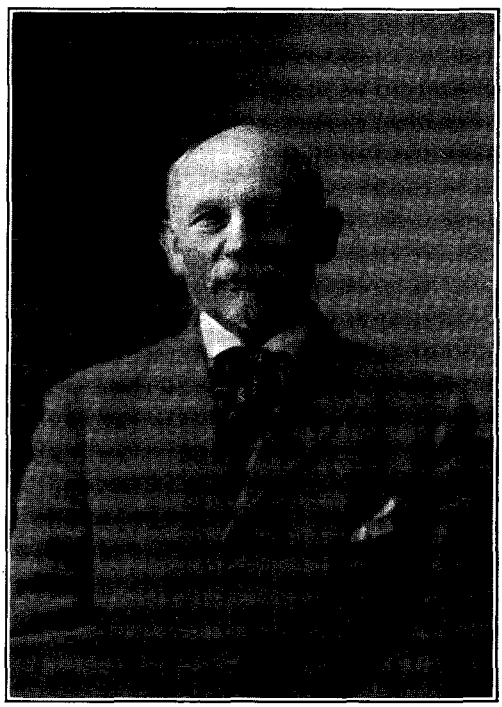


PROFESSOR WILBUR L. CROSS, AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LAURENCE STERNE"

the grave of a dead one. These, of course, are not biographies, and ought never to be known as "lives," but only as Somebody on Somebody—for example, Chesterton on Dickens, thus making it clear which has the upper hand and conforming to the order of the thought. One does not think of the Dickens under Chesterton. Not that we blame a man for triumphing so completely over his subject or leading us altogether away from it, provided that he gives us a pleasant time. We merely mean that he is not likely to write the life of another when he is wholly preoccupied with his own. It is only by Professor Cross's faithful, copious, patient, self-suppressing methods that a biographer can give a fair view of his man.

Our "Moral Awakening"

Our magazines have repeatedly assured us that a new moral era has dawned upon us, that the heart of the people is stirred as it never was before, that new forces are at work "deep, subtle and far-reaching," and that we are on the eve, edge, brink, threshold (according to the taste in metaphors) of a palingenesis, cataclysm, revolution, metamorphosis, uplift or upheaval. Every popular magazine has a "new movement" writer of some sort, and every other one is likely to have on its cover or as its frontispiece the symbol of the "new democracy," that is to say, the figure of an impossibly muscular young man with a jaw like a ploughshare. Now all this is only for home use. We natives thoroughly understand our native writers. We know that there is no new movement, and that we are not waked up. We know what a very large moral can easily be drawn with an ordinary magazine corkscrew. But the effect on our foreign visitors is sometimes very confusing indeed. The latest victim, Signor Ferrero, the historian, has returned to Europe with the impression that a "tragic struggle" is going on here, very different from anything that is taking place in any other country; and he



DAN BEARD, AUTHOR OF "DAN BEARD'S ANIMAL BOOK"

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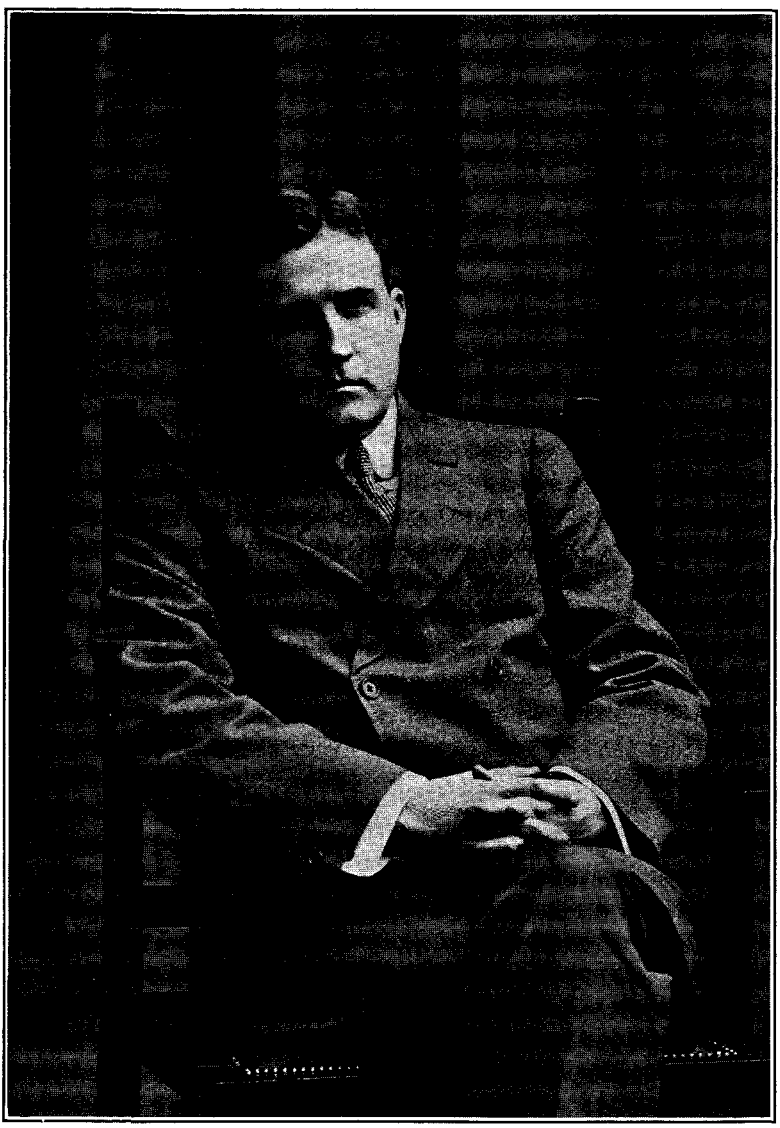
has been trying to explain it to the readers of *Figaro*. "Europe," he says, "does not appreciate the grandeur of this struggle because its living is obtained by artificial compromises."

It is the protest of elementary morality that is imbedded in every soul not blinded by passion nor perverted by vice against the artificial and sophisticated methods of the higher civilisation. History affords nothing more tragic than this battle between elementary and eternal morality and the passions and interests of a complex civilisation. . . .

Those who know the political and economic facts of history, know also that analogous conditions in Europe have been denounced thousands of times without arousing a moral agi-



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Mr. Nicholson's forthcoming novel is to be entitled *The Lords of High Decision*, and is to be ready for publication in the autumn. The fact that Pittsburgh is the scene of the story does not necessarily imply that it is to be of a "muckraking" nature

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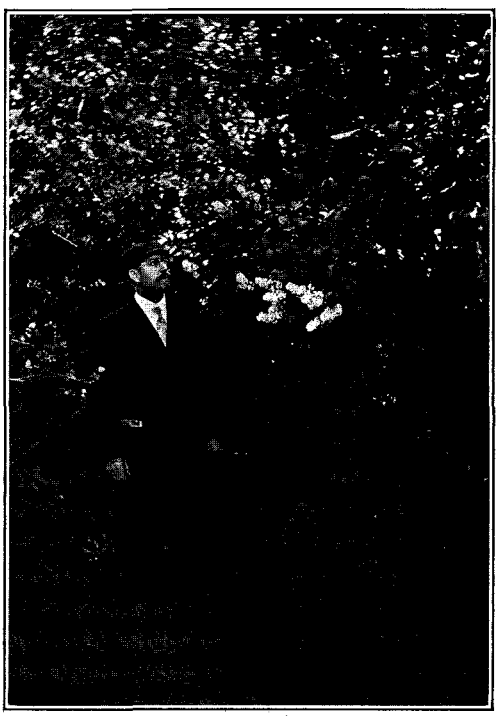
tation to be compared in intensity with that which has arisen in America.

The same thing happened three years ago to Mr. H. G. Wells, who after reading a few ten-cent magazines felt the country heaving beneath his feet. He, too, mistook a journalistic mannerism, very familiar to us all, for a moral awakening. He was even a good deal shaken by Mr. Upton Sinclair.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS—WINTHROP PACKARD, AUTHOR OF "WILD PASTURES"

Mr. Percy Mackaye

Speaking of the future drama of this democracy, to which he thinks the omens are favourable, Mr. Percy Mackaye thus delivers himself, in his recently published essays on *The Playhouse and the Play:*

On the boards of its theatre the spirit of Comedy shall be master, and shift with twinkling eyes his tragic masks. There not merely the sad aspiring of a race shall speak in beauty; huge Satire and the vast guffaw of Folly will chant harmonious; shrill Wit, twanging a lightning bow of verse, shall rattle his barbs of melodious mockery; and Reason, standing in the wings, will smile his sweet, serene smile philosophical. Thus shall that Comic Spirit, which is twin of the American Spirit, be lifted to the large plane of fine art, and illuminating the average American to himself, raise thereby his mirth to a finer dignity.

A good deal has been said of Mr. Mackaye's high and serious purpose. It includes a great many abstract qualities written in capital letters for which we have the highest esteem. Indeed, if we disapproved of the purpose with which he writes either for the stage or about it, we should feel ourself a scoundrel. We have said it before, and we repeat it here: High and noble ideals are better than base ignoble ones. We heartily agree with Mr. Mackaye that

First: The playhouse, as an institution in America, is a vital concern of the American people.

Second: As such, the efficient *regulation* of its functions to the ends of greatest public service is the concern of the *leaders* of the American people—our *eminent educators, our civic societies, our powerful and altruistic citizens.*

We subscribe with equal earnestness to *Third, Fourth* and *Fifth.* We are in favour of the Law of Dramatic Regeneration and against the Law of Dramatic Deterioration; and to the question, *"Shall the theatres educate our millions right, or wrong?"* we return the ringing answer, Right. Let there be no doubt of our attitude toward Mr. Mackaye's high and serious purpose. And it is honoured not only by ourselves, but by all the readers of this magazine. For there is not one thing he asks us to believe of which we have not all been certain these many, many years.

But from an atmosphere of Commencement oratory, class poems and the course in Rhetoric B. people will somehow contrive to escape. If the *Playhouse and the Play* fails of its purpose, that, we believe, will be the reason why. There is much in Mr. Mackaye's writings that explains why the decent word academic is so rapidly becoming a term of almost violent abuse. We do not com-

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plain of Mr. Mackaye's college education; we merely object to his giving one to us. No American playwright was ever more conscientious or took more pains with his style than he, but unfortunately it is a style that communicates no small part of the pains that have been taken. No doubt his comedy of *Mater,* for example, was in a sense too good for American audiences, but the main trouble with it was that it fell between two classes of the public. The larger public was not sufficiently educated, and the smaller public was educated too much. This was not so discouraging to us as it may have been to Mr. Mackaye's admirers, for if it seems a sad thing not to have had the necessary education, it would seem sadder still not to have lived it down. The arguments which he urges in these essays on behalf of a subsidised theatre are very sound, but they are also very familiar, and there is no excuse for that oracular manner. The country has been beveridged enough. [We are aware that this verb is not yet in the dictionaries, but it will be within ten years—to beveridge, to boom with platitude, to balloon in prose or verse, to commend the commendable in terms implied in the definition.] Mr. Mackaye in his preaching and in his practice undoubtedly represents American "Culture."

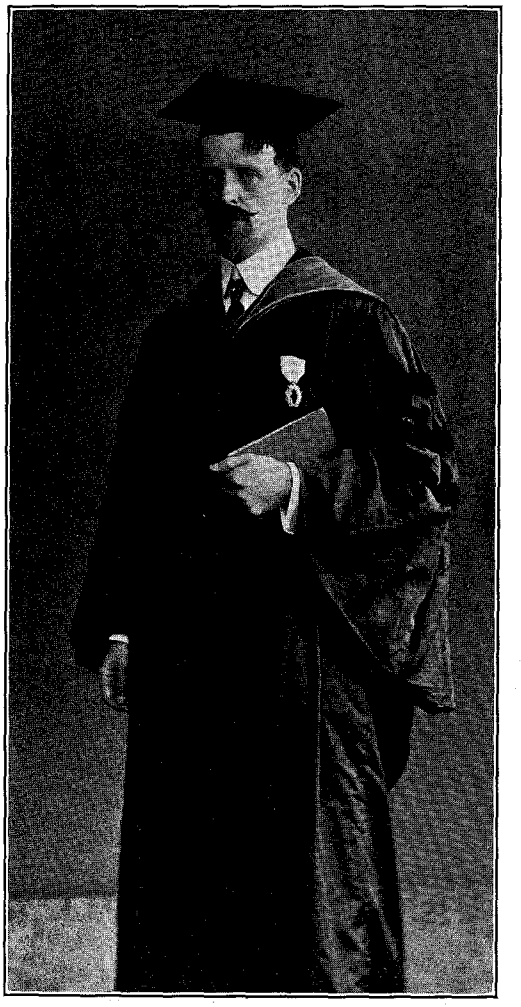
❧

Albert Schinz

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a review of Professor Albert Schinz's *Anti-Pragmatism,* by Professor Hibben, of Princeton. Professor Schinz is a native of French Switzerland, having been born in Neuchâtel, March 9, 1870. After receiving his degree of Bachelor of Arts from the University of Neuchâtel in 1888, he continued his studies, specialising in philosophy and literature, in Berlin, Tübingen, and later at the University of Paris. In 1897 he came to America, and after a year at the University of Minnesota, received a call to Bryn Mawr College, where he has been professor of French literature since. In addition to his work in the field of education, Professor Schinz has contributed widely to newspapers and magazines, both in this country and in Europe.

W. P. Eaton

Walter Prichard Eaton, author, with Miss Underhill, of *The Runaway Place,* is a Bostonian. His father was for almost forty years head master of the Harvard School in Charlestown. He was educated at Phillips Andover Academy



ALBERT SCHINZ

and at Harvard, where he was graduated in the class of 1900. Mr. Eaton began newspaper work before he left Cambridge, and for two years after graduation he was a reporter for the Boston *Journal.* In 1902 he joined the staff of the New York *Tribune,* and was an as-

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WALTER PRICHARD EATON

sistant to both the dramatic and musical critics until, in 1907, he became the dramatic critic of the New York *Sun*. His theatrical reviews in the latter paper attracted considerable attention, if only for the enemies they made among certain powerful managers. A collection of these criticisms has been gathered into a book under the title of *The American Stage of To-day*. Mr. Eaton left the *Sun* last autumn, and is not at present connected with any publication, though he continues a frequent contributor to the magazines, and writes occasional dramatic reviews from New York for the Boston *Transcript*. He has also lectured this spring at Harvard University and elsewhere on subjects connected with the stage.

Elise Morris Underhill was born and educated in New York City. Her family have lived for over fifty years in the same house—one of the dwellings in the Colonnade on Lafayette Place; which is something of a record in New York today. She is an instructor in the Kindergarten Training Department of the Normal College of the City of New York. She has not hitherto appeared "disguised as an author," as she herself expresses it.

A Protest

Is the United States Post Office Department either consciously or unconsciously encouraging a form of petty graft—and not so very petty, either—by an "arrangement" with speculators and dealers in postage-stamps? The facts are significant enough without need of extensive comment. It was announced that on Lincoln's hundredth birthday a special two-cent stamp bearing his effigy would be issued by the Department, and would be on sale at all post-offices throughout the United States upon that day only. As a matter of fact, the Lincoln stamp could not be procured at any of the post-offices to which we applied and from which our acquaintances sought to secure them on February 12th. They were, however, on sale both then and during the following week by dealers in postage-stamps, who charged five cents a piece for them, and who even at that rate would allow no single individual to purchase more than four. A rich harvest must have been reaped from collectors. Now, how did the dealers get possession of the stamps, and why were the post-offices unable to furnish them? Later came an announcement that the stamps would be issued through the rest of the month of February. Even so, this made them very scarce, and many collectors purchased large quantities of them to keep as curiosities. As a matter of fact, they have been issued ever since, and can now be had without the payment of a premium. What is the peculiar story which lies behind this very tricky business? Then, again, the new regular issue of stamps has theoretically appeared. Yet only those of the smaller denominations can readily be had, and even they are sold at an increase of one hundred per cent. by the stamp dealers, who also seem to have a monopoly of the stamps of large denominations. We pass over the point that the one and two-cent

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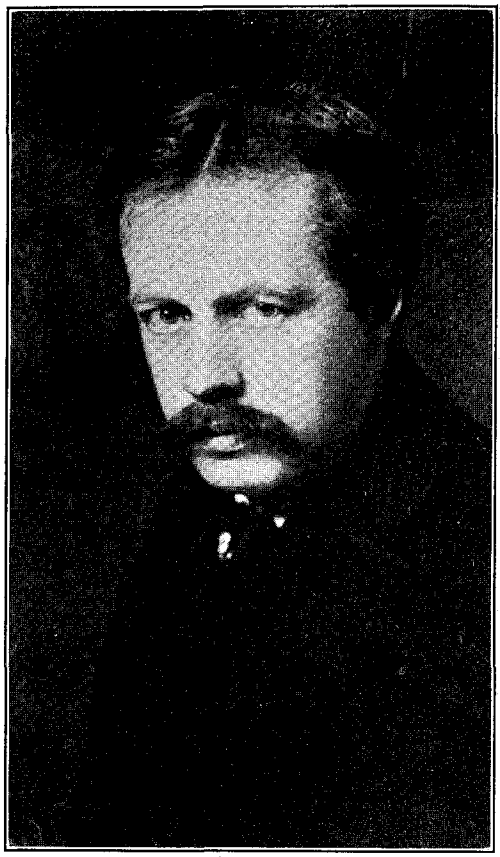
stamps, which do not bear the numeral, and which are, therefore, worthless under the International Postal Convention, are sold at every post office and are in general use. This sort of thing reminds us of the little Central American republics, which bring out new varieties of postage-stamps every once in a while for the benefit of dealers, to whom they sell them at a discount; but it seems a very small and paltry and contemptible sort of transaction for a great nation such as the United States. We should like to have some authoritative explanation given by the Postmaster General. At present he cuts a very unenviable figure, since he is responsible for the proceedings of his subordinates in office.

Slightly Exaggerated

We have often had occasion to deplore, and with very good reason, the extravagant and undignified method to which American publishers occasionally resort in the exploitation of books. However, we have never been quite so black as we are painted by the American correspondent of a certain English literary monthly. According to this correspondent American publishers and booksellers apply the same ingenuity and audacity to book advertising that it is customary to use in the selling of soap and breakfast foods. Where the English publisher inserts in the newspaper a "genteel" announcement to the effect that "So and So is Mr. Such and Such's finest book, and is really a remarkable story," the American publisher charters a full page in a popular daily and prints upside down in the middle of it something like this:

YOU ARE A LIAR
if you deny "So and So"
is the finest Novel
Ever Printed!

Nowadays it is not at all unusual for the author of a book to write the two or three hundred words of description and enthusiastic endorsement which appear on the wrapper. And why not? Surely no one is better able to sum up just what has been attempted, is likely to be, or



ARTHUR SYMONS, POET AND CRITIC

more willing to express discreet admiration. To those who will regard the author as an advertisement writer as undignified we wish to recall some very illustrious precedents. For example, Thackeray not only wrote an advertisement of the *Cornhill Magazine* which recalled the famous announcement of the *Pall Mall* composed by Captain Shandon in the Fleet Prison, but also wrote the following poster for the first edition of *The Kickleburys on the Rhine:*

Illustrious Precedents

TAKE NOTICE

Print of a Bell man, ringing a bell
Gaping children in the background.

On the 16th of December next, and for the amusement and edification of Christmas Parties, Messrs. Smith & Elder will publish a new Picture Book

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THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF AMELIA E. BARR

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Drawn and written by M. A. Titmarsh
Entitled

THE KICKLEBURYS ON THE RHINE

Those persons who have visited the Romantic
River
will recognise some travelling companions
And those who have never been to the Rhine
May travel thither (First class 7s. 3d.)
(Second class 5s.) in very polite society.

Charles Dickens wrote the advertisement for Sunday Under Three Heads as follows:

As it is
As Sabbath Bell would make it
As it might be made.
By
Timothy Sparks London

London Chapman Hall 186 Strand 1836
Dedicated without any permission
to the Bishop of London
The pride of mind with lowliness professed
The sanctity of brow instead of breast
The cant the cringe the gloomy buckram air
And all the powerless forms which those men
wear.

But the most curious advertisement of all is what may be described as the most widely circulated drawing of the late George Du Maurier and the only one that does not bear his signature. It is the picture of the bubbling spring to be found on the label of every bottle of Apollinaris water. There is rather an odd little story about how Mr. Du Maurier came to make it. Mr. George Smith, the English publisher and founder of the *Cornhill Magazine*, was also the owner of the Aylesbury Dairy and the principal stockholder of the Apollinaris Company. He and the author of *Trilby* were old and intimate friends, and when the mineral water was first launched upon the market Mr. Smith was in doubt as to a design for the label, and mentioned the matter to Mr. Du Maurier, who at once offered to draw something. The original design bore the artist's signature, and remains a possession of the Apollinaris Company; but in the printed reproduction the signature was omitted. A friend once asked Mr. Du Maurier how he came to do a thing so undignified.

"I would do anything for George Smith," replied the artist.

Pardonable Curiosity

The president of a certain conspicuous American university is rather well known for his ignorance of mechanical contrivances, and also for a vein of whimsical humour which makes it sometimes difficult to tell whether he is speaking seriously or not. A short time ago, while strolling with a friend, he came upon a steam-shovel operating in a vacant field. The hugh iron monster was craning its long neck, first this way and then that, biting up great pieces of earth and smoothing off irregular surfaces. When it encountered a rock or any serious obstacle, it would nose carefully around it, poking here and there in a thoughtful fashion, until it found another place out of which it could scoop up another piece of turf.

GEORGE DU MAURIER'S MOST WIDELY CIRCULATED DRAWING

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The university president paused and gazed at it with astonishment. For a long time he watched it as it went about its work, and then at last, he went up to the man who was in charge of it and inquired, in a plaintive, hesitating way:

"Excuse me, but the—er—creature seems to be so intelligent that, if you don't mind, I should like to ask it a question!"

A Reminiscence

A recent railway strike in Georgia has brought Governor Hoke Smith of that State once more into general prominence. He is an instance of a statesman who, after being once conspicuous and then going into a sort of eclipse, looms up again into notoriety before a generation which had not known him on his first appearance. Senator Platt was another example of the same thing. In 1882 he went down with Roscoe Conkling, apparently into oblivion, to rise again a decade or more later and become a Senator of the United States. We have, as a people, such short memories that most of us do not recall the time, sixteen years ago, when President Cleveland appointed Hoke Smith to be Secretary of the Interior. His name, then first heard outside of Georgia, excited the mirth of the New York *Sun* and gave it one of its rare chances of being amusing without being at the same time malicious. The *Sun* gravely refused to believe that there was any such person as Hoke Smith. Editorials and letters were published debating seriously the import of the name. The *Sun* finally decided that "Hoke Smith" ought really to be written "Hoax Myth," and that the whole affair was tinged with superstition and unreality. Later, when Mr. Smith actually appeared in Washington and took the oath of office, the *Sun* admitted that Hoke was a genuine name and it discovered two other Georgians whose appellations were also peculiar. The first of these was Colonel Dink Botts, and the other was a certain Pod Dismuke. Then there was published the following neat little poem, which has a sort of ethereal die-away quality about it coupled also with a genuine absurdity, so that we have smiled over it for more than a decade and a half:

Dink, Hoke and Pod,
Three names most odd.
Pod, Hoke and Dink,
All dreams, we think.
They fade and vanish into smoke,
Pod, Dink and Hoke.

A FROST

(Martial i. 27)

Yes, I asked you to dinner—you knew I was tight
As a jolly—
But you took me in earnest and got here all right.
That was folly.
Never hold a man up to what's said over wine.
You'll regret it.
If a friend in his cups should invite you to dine,
Just forget it!

E. H. du Bois.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

E must confess that we are feeling grieved and hurt. We have always thought that every one of our readers, even such as do not like us and who write us savage letters, could at least keep a secret. That is why we told very frankly about our plan for getting the Junior Editor out into the country on a saddle-horse. But some officious person must have told him all about it; because when we took the first steps toward carrying out the plan he merely grinned and said: "Oh yes; but you know you promised me first to take that little run with me; and so you are bound to do it before you get me off at daybreak on some bone-racking horse of yours."

Then we saw that it was all up and that some one had told him what we said about him at the last opening of the Letter Box. In fact he has been a little cool toward us since then, and we don't altogether blame him; because something that we wrote seems on the face of it just the least bit ungracious. Speaking of his automobile excursions, we said:

> We know what these nice little runs all mean. No talk; precious little to eat; illimitable dust; and nervous prostration.

Now since the Junior Editor has always been our host on these excursions, any one might suppose that we were finding fault with his hospitality; but this was very far from our intention. To be sure, there is no talk; but that is because he is a very careful driver of his car. He observes the speed limit, except where he thinks that there are no constables around, and he has a really beautiful consideration for persons who drive timid horses; while he will turn out even for a small sleeping dog. As for the dust, of course he can't help that. The most important count is conveyed in the words "precious little to eat." This doesn't mean, however, that he neglects his gastronomic duties. To be sure, late in the autumn, he will run his car for about forty miles to some place where there is a large hotel and where we might be expected to have a noble luncheon; and then when we get there, it will turn out that the place has been closed for two months—in fact ever since the end of summer. But that is due merely to his preoccupation. What we object to most is that when evening falls, and when we are seated at a sumptuous dinner-table with everything that you can think of to eat and drink, the speed-mania comes on him suddenly, and he bolts through the dinner in an 80 H. P. fashion, urging us to hurry up, so that we can go out and have a spin by moonlight. But being hurried is precisely what we much dislike, and in fact it makes us rather cross. So, having given this explanation, we shall go meekly with the Junior Editor whenever he summons us for another little run. But we wish the officious person hadn't urged him to read the Letter Box last month.

I

It is so near vacation time that everybody seems to be exceedingly benevolent, except the gentleman in Lowell, Massachusetts, who has already written us several letters about Balzac's story of "Don Juan." Since we answered last, he has written us still another letter and has said harsh things, chiefly to the effect that in referring him to a certain volume of translated stories we were trying to get him to purchase a new book instead of mentioning a book which he already owned. Now as the book which we spoke of in the last Letter Box is at least fifteen years old, we leave it to our readers whether he is not unreasonably suspicious. We should say more things were it not for the fact that he is connected with a cartridge factory, and that we might, at some time, want to visit the town of Lowell, Massachusetts.

II

The person up in Bridgeport, Connecticut, whose letter we published last month, has written us another. As he

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or she is evidently quite unable to see the point of anything, and never heard of a typographical error, we print this second letter without comment, merely asking our readers to refer back to the first one.

For shame, O most grave and reverend Senior!

I accuse you, among other things, of spelling "embroider" without an *r*, and you attempt to excuse yourself by saying that they spell it so in England. I am quite sure they do not, for I have been there.

I also address the Senior Editor as the author of this abject apology; for the Junior Editor has, I know, too much youthful fire and hardihood to hide behind such a knock-kneed explanation.

A. P.

III

Far away in San Francisco, a gentleman who gives us both his name and address, writes a letter which begins with the inquiry: "Do you ever receive bouquets?" Well, yes, we sometimes do; yet if we happen to see an object hurtling toward us through the air we do not at first imagine that it is necessarily a bouquet. We are rather inclined to duck our heads on the general hypothesis that it may be a turnip, or a dead cat, or half a brick. But yes, we do sometimes receive bouquets. Having said this much, we shall proceed to print the letter, not because it relates to us, but because the writer of it addressed it to the Letter Box.

To the Letter Box:

Do you ever receive bouquets? For I must throw you a few flowers—now faded, alas!—for your excellent March number, now getting a belated May reading from yours truly. The New Baedeker—who is he? What gentle soul is this, whose name has fallen out of the index?

His "Trenton Falls" has shed its delightful aroma 'way off here in California, where the flowers he would sing about are revelling in the Western sunshine, and where breezes from the pine woods waft a sympathetic soul over the Rockies to Trenton Falls!

Ah, who would not envy the discoverer of Trenton Falls! He has sent the warmth from the "big fireplace of the inn" to touch a responsive heart, three thousand miles away. The modest snapshot of the "help" was a short story in itself; and for a chance to kiss the dear old German mother of the picture, I would almost pass by the girl whose "arm was twisted in the moonlight!"—sweet as she must have been.

Month after month magazines are printed, the hum of a thousand presses fills the land, yet how rarely (in these days of dollars and decadence) do we have an interpreter who writes like the Irresponsible Traveller!

IV

A correspondent, writing from Macon, Georgia, has this to say:

In the March number of The Bookman a review signed by Professor Harry Thurston Peck speaks of "the shadow which every year is casting about the figure of Edwin M. Stanton. Well-read historians have long ago assigned this man his proper place." I fully agree with this opinion, yet the *Life of Lincoln*, by Hay and Nicolay, defends Stanton's conduct in having had Mrs. Surratt executed. Are we to suppose that Nicolay and Hay were not "well-read historians"?

Messrs. Nicolay and Hay were certainly not well-read historians in a large sense; and, as it happened, they both shared in the passions and emotions of the Civil War. In consequence it would have been too much to expect from them anything like an impartial judgment. It has always amused us to hear Mr. John Hay set up and glorified as an especial authority on matters relating to Abraham Lincoln. He was, to be sure, President Lincoln's assistant private secretary, but at that time he was a very young man, and it was not the custom then for Presidents to admit their secretaries and assistant secretaries to an intimate knowledge of what was going on. Mr. Hay never had any such relations with President Lincoln as the late Colonel Lamont had with President Cleveland, or such as Mr. William Loeb, Jr., had with President Roosevelt. The Presidents until lately used to write much of their correspondence in their own hands; and they kept their own memoranda and notes of conferences which they had with friends and enemies. Consequently Mr. Hay was very much on the outside from 1861

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to 1865; and his sources of knowledge after that time were the same sources that are open to everybody.

V

Last month when we heard from the gentleman in British Columbia, he wrote us on a post-card which depicted the wreck of a railway train. Now he sends us a view of a beautiful stream rippling between green trees. It is labelled "St. Joe River." On the front of the card is this hospitable invitation:

Great fishing here and a bear, maybe. Bring guest and rods and we will do our best to get both for you.

G. from B. C.

We are very much tempted to accept some of these invitations, though we should shrink from tackling a bear with nothing more deadly than rods. Our readers will remember how the Bookman Banquet was frustrated four years ago and that we could not, for the reasons explained, entertain the readers of the Letter Box. We have now in mind the plan of making a personal pilgrimage to those who honour us with their invitations. We always feel hampered at having to say so little in these pages. How delightful it would be to spend whole hours in talking with the Lady from Pittsfield in a drawing-room, or stretched out by the side of a camp-fire with the Gentleman from British Columbia! And it would not be all cakes and ale either. What lively times we should have when we came across a Simple Speller or some one whose customary phrases we have consigned to the Inferno! But whether in peace or whether in war we think that we shall go forth to transform our Letter-Box acquaintances into real ones. We shall make up our itinerary in September. Meanwhile, will our friends and cheerful enemies kindly observe the subtle hint which is conveyed in these remarks?

VI

Our old friend, Polka Dots, from whom we have not heard for many years till just now, has already sent us an invitation, though it is not wholly friendly in character. That is why we should be inclined to accept it first of all. Polka Dots writes from Denver. Perhaps, to be sure, he is not the same Polka Dots who used to assail us, but his style is very similar. We are a collector of titles, as all our readers are aware, and he has given us a new one, even though he does so in derision. Here is his letter:

THE RANCH, DENVER, COL.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL (OF THE HORSE MARINES):

It is a great pleasure to us on the ranch to learn that you are a horseman. We rather like men who are fond of out-door sports, and our allegiance was beginning to incline a little in favour of the Junior Editor, who golfs and automobiles. But now that you have come out with that spirited anticipation of what you will do to him on that forty-mile ride, we stand by the Old Man.

If you can cross one Bronx, why not run out here and try some of our broncos?

It would be a great joy to us to see you and the Junior on mounts that we could furnish you, and he could laugh best who laughed last—as between you and your confrère. As for the rest of us, we might possibly laugh all the time.

By the way, you said in your last, that you are going down to Flushing Bay "some time and drop in unexpectedly upon the author of *Pigs is Pigs*." How would it do to put "drop in upon" in the Inferno if you have no further use for it?

Yours canteringly,
POLKA DOTS.

We are afraid that Polka Dots is trying to do what they call in Denver, "throwing a bluff." He wants to give us a certain pictorial impression of him as a Bad Man. He would like to have us think that he is about six feet high, that he wears long cow-hide boots, that he has a belt about his waist, and a gun at his hip, a red shirt, a face burned by the sun and wind to the colour of fresh liver, sandy hair, a grim jaw, and that his spurs jangle as he swaggers about with his fellow pards, laughing raucously at any casual tenderfoot who comes his way. As a matter of fact we believe him to be about five feet two, with a smooth shaven, somewhat timid face, his hair parted in the middle and associating with mild-mannered and harmless individuals

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in some branch of the Young Men's Christian Association at Denver, of which he is probably secretary. He keeps the books with care and speaks with a sort of pastoral superiority to those who attend the "socials" over which he amiably presides. You probably couldn't get him to go within thirty yards of a bucking broncho, though no doubt he reads dime novels and even books by Owen Wister. This is what we think; but we can't be sure until we actually go out to Denver and see him in the flesh. But when he says that we ought to put "drop in upon" into the Inferno he shows a very ladylike inability to distinguish an ordinary colloquialism from a vulgarism on the one hand and a fatuous commonplace on the other.

VII

We wish that all persons who are worth while would join us in our crusade against saying "along these lines." The expression reached the very limits of banality a year ago, and yet it is being used even more and more each day. We do not refer to its employment by persons who are naturally bromidian, for we have not set out to save them from what is congenital and, therefore, hopeless. But what are we to think when the Attorney-General of the United States, pleading the other day for a broader and finer cultivation in our engineering schools, remarked that their training has been too much "along technical lines"? That was a fine instance of the higher cultivation to spring upon a lot of impressionable boys at the Lehigh University! But more remarkable—in fact inimitable, colossal, and stupendous—was the collocation of words emitted by Chancellor Henry M. MacCracken on June 2d to the students and graduates of the New York University. Chancellor MacCracken said that in his opinion there should be erected a memorial in honour of William Livingston, and he suggested the following inscription to be carved upon it:

In honour of William Livingston, 1723-1790, who first in America planned a university on broad, undenominational, patriotic lines.

After reading this, we decided that in the early autumn we should establish a night-school to give elementary instruction to university chancellors and college presidents. In the meantime will not our cultivated contemporaries take the thing up in earnest?

VIII

A lady writing from the Barnard Club in this city sends us the following interesting suggestion à propos of the authorship of the novel *Democracy:*

DEAR SIR: My impression—indeed my belief—is that *Democracy* was written by *Mrs.* Henry Adams.

We should be greatly obliged to the lady who wrote this letter if she would give us—in confidence if necessary—an explanation of how she received the impression which she records.

IX

In connection with the Inferno we have received a letter which may be described not merely as the attack of a single champion, but as the onrush of a host which has gathered up all its forces to overwhelm a stronghold. Horse, foot, dragoons, light-artillery, siege guns, and even aeroplanes are all figuratively brought into action. We should like to print the letter now and to meet right here the invading host; but alas, the space at our disposal this month does not allow us to give the letter in full. As it would be unfair not to publish every word of it, we temporarily postpone it; and we now invite our readers to witness the battle of Armageddon in the course of a few weeks. We may remark by way of a preliminary notice that it is all about the pronunciation of the word "automobile."

Having made this announcement we now proceed to set forth again the Inferno with some new and choice additions.

THE BOOKMAN'S INFERNO

"Along these lines."
"Ar*i*s'tocratic."
"Auto*mo'*bile."

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"Brainy."
"Bright" (for "clever" or "brilliant").
"By leaps and bounds."
"Clubman."
"Dandy" (as an adjective).
"Elegant" (for "good," "agreeable").
"Enthuse."
"Exclusive" (as a social term).
"Exqui*s*'ite"
"Fictionist."
"Genteel."
"Gentlemanly."
"He (she, it) struck a new note."
"In'quiry."
"In touch with" (except as a technical term in military or naval discourse).
"Locate" (as an intransitive verb).
"Lunch."
"Nom de plume."
"Ovation."
"Parlour."
"'Phone," for "telephone," either as noun or verb.
"Pleased to meet you."
"Prince Albert coat."
"Residential district."
"Smart" (for "clever").
"Social standing."
"Storiette."
"Stylish."
"Sur le tapis."
"The Four Hundred."
"The story grips the reader."
"Thinker."
"Up to date."
"Vest."

BOOKWORMS OF THE SEAS

HILE the statement that, taken as a class, the greatest bookworms of the present day are the sailors of the seven seas is likely to be received sceptically, recent statistics indicate that the assertion is just as true as it is unexpected. These statistics, compiled by the American Seamen's Friend Society, show that nine out of ten of the sailors who make up the crews of the three thousand and more sailing vessels that annually leave the port of New York are habitual readers of good books; that most of their spare time is spent in the forecastles deep in the pages of novels and educational volumes; and that their application to literature is voluntary and sincere.

The infusing of the sailors from the four quarters of the globe with a love for literature has been the result of fifty years of endeavour on the part of the organisation, and it has been brought about by a great chain of so-called loan libraries that are installed free of charge on the vessels that leave New York.

In 1859, when the "book campaign," as it has been termed, was begun, 10 libraries were sent to sea as an experiment. The next year 94 were sent out; the third year, 113; the fourth year, 117; and the fifth year, 218. The reports from these libraries were so satisfactory and encouraging that 421 were sent out in 1863, an amount that almost equalled the total number of libraries that had been placed on the vessels during the entire five preceding years. The demand for good literature on the part of the seamen has increased to such an extent since the inception of the ocean library system that a total of 26,078 libraries have been sent to sea since 1859, an average of 521 each year. These libraries have contained 620,808 volumes and have been accessible to 445,044 sailors.

In this connection, it is interesting to observe that 1,078 libraries, containing 39,415 volumes, have also been placed upon vessels in the United States Navy and that 162 libraries containing 6,336 books have been placed in the various United States Life Saving stations. The latter libraries have been accessible to 1,327 surfmen and keepers.

Each library contains about forty-three books of distinctive types. The following partial list conveys an idea of the make-up of one of the libraries:

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When Wilderness Was King.....Parrish
Vanity Fair.....Thackeray
David Balfour.....Stevenson
On the Way to Paris.....Verne
Tales from Shakespeare.....Lamb
The Sky Pilot.....Connor
All of Grace.....Spurgeon
Across Russia.....Stoddard
Jerry McAuley.....Offord
The Great Pilot.....Newton
Nancy Stair.....Lane
A Flame of Fire.....Hocking
The Holy War.....Bunyan
Graham of Claverhouse.....MacLaren
The Marks of a Man.....Speer

When, too, it is appreciated that there have been 25,000 reshipments of the libraries, it may be seen how the demand for reading matter among the sailors has grown. The libraries, as soon as they are installed on ship-board, are open to all the seamen, who are allowed to draw one book each at a time. When the books have gone the rounds on one ship, the library is exchanged for that of another vessel. The captain of each vessel records the books the sailors have read and have liked best, and his reports are sent in to the headquarters of the society that provides the literature. Here is a sample of one of these reports. The books indicated were the three favourites of each of the seamen named during the trip of the vessel from New York to Foochow:

LIBRARY REPORT OF CAPTAIN W. SMITH.

ON BOARD "THE DRUMELTAN."

Seaman P. McGovern: I. *Ben Hur;* II. *A Gentleman of France;* III. *Sergeant Burgoyne.*

Seaman William Murray: I. *The Sinking of the Merrimac;* II. *Brave Men and Brave Deeds;* III. *Kidnapped.*

Seaman F. Neincke: I. *Helen's Babies;* II. *Through the Sikh War;* III. *The Life of Lincoln.*

Seaman R. Hayssen: I. *The Story of Patsy;* II. *Rip Van Winkle;* III. *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.*

Statistics gathered from the thousands of captains' reports, of which the foregoing is only a fragmentary part, show the following table of what might be termed "the six best sellers of the seas." The books chronicled are the leaders in the race for favouritism among the sailors during the past year:

I. Treasure Island.....Stevenson
II. The Three Musketeers.....Dumas
III. Cruising Among the Caribbees. Stoddard
IV. Hurricane Island.....Watson
V. Under the Red Robe.....Weyman
VI. The Prince of India.....Wallace

Hundreds of letters are received every month by the officials in charge of the loan libraries from officers and seamen aboard the various vessels, telling in a naïve manner of the appreciation of this or that particular book or sometimes criticising a bit of literature that has not met with their reading approval. The following extract from a letter received from Captain S. H. Wall, of the schooner *Annie,* is typical of the first class of communications received:

For years the books in the library on board ship have been my only source of reading, so I can truthfully say whatever I know about authors and whatever taste I have for good literature dates from my reading the books in the loan library on my second voyage in the early seventies. I have become very fond of reading. Pansy and Louisa M. Alcott used to be my favourite writers, but now I like the works of the standard authors. I have spent many pleasant hours with Dickens, Whittier, Bryant and Longfellow, and Mr. Roosevelt's writings are fine. I carry a library on every voyage, and my crew have the full benefit of it. I have noticed that the seamen when they get hold of light fiction will hardly stop reading when they have begun the book. They spend watch after watch below, going without sleep, carried away crazy to know how it is going to end. With books of biography and travel, they will read them slower and keep them much longer, seeming to derive a lot of benefit from them. All the sailors are great readers.

The captains of the *Margaret H. Vane, A. M. Gilson* and the *Carrie Look* have said recently that their crews "have been reading so much that their work has been sliding off." Captain E. A. Sarty, of the *Katharine Mills,* and his fellow-captains of the *Canada* and the *Cale-*

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donia, have written several times during the last few months from foreign ports similarly telling to what a great extent their men had become bookworms. One of them says, "The men's reading has done more to help discipline on board ship than anything I know."

An interesting opinion as to literature was that expressed in a letter from one of the crew of the bark *Onaway,* cruising around the West Indies:

> I have read five books in the last six weeks, and three of them by Mr. Henty were much better, I think, than the other two by Mr. Dickens and Mr. Goldsmith, but there are some points, at that, in favour of the last two writers. They write so human.

Before a library has been transferred from one ship to another, it has been found to be generally true that each man on board the ship has read at least one-half of the books in that library. The seamen usually select their own books when the library is first thrown open and choose their subsequent reading matter after discussing the merits of the different books with their fellow-seamen who have been reading them.

In relation to the taste of the great body of bookworms who lead the life of the seas, one of the officials of the Library Department of the Seamen's Society who has made a study of the question for many years says: "The sailors like best the books of adventure, biography and chivalry. A sailor will often go without sleep in order to follow the adventures of his favourite hero. Books of biography also seem to hold their interest, as do stories of chivalrous deeds. The seaman's sympathy, in the latter kind of books, is always with the under dog and he admires the man who champions the cause of the weak. Any story in which the hero undertakes the combat, whether in the cause of love or in the way of Christian duty, has a peculiar fascination for the sailors.

"A good detective story," he concludes, "and a rattling story of romance are devoured with eager eyes by the men in the forecastles, off watch."

The statistics in hand reveal points as to the travels of the thousands of libraries on all sorts of ships and to and from all the corners of the hemispheres. Take a single loan library, for instance, let us say No. 6,204. The records show that Library No. 6,204 has had thirty-two years of usefulness among the men of the sea. Sent to sea in October, 1877, it has made seven long voyages on as many different sailing vessels: First, on the ship *Conqueror,* bound for San Francisco, California, Captain Gerald, with twenty-seven men in the crew; second, on the bark *Jane Adeline,* bound for Guayama, P. R., Captain Hess, with twelve men in the crew; third, on the schooner *Mary Lord,* bound for St. Kitts, W. I., Captain Smith, with eight men in the crew; fourth, on the schooner *Emma M. Fox,* bound for South America, Captain Patrick, with seven men in the crew; fifth, on the schooner *Severn,* bound for Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, Captain Corwin, with nine men in the crew; sixth, on the brig *Daisy Boynton,* bound for Paranahiba, Brazil, Captain Harding, with ten men in the crew; and seventh, on the schooner *G. H. Ames,* bound for Mobile, Alabama, Captain Marshall, with eight men in the crew. The library is at present on the schooner *M. D. S.,* bound for the San Blas coast, Captain Graham, with eight men in the crew. The statistics show hundreds of similar long records of single libraries that have been assigned to the small sailing vessels.

The records for one of the recent months—and the statistics are a fair average—show that during a thirty days' period twenty-five libraries were sent to sea. Of these, five were new and twenty reshipped. Two libraries have been reshipped seven times; one, six times; one, five times; two, four times; five, three times; four, twice; and five, once.

From this increasing devotion to literature there has been evolved a class of seamen as different from that of thirty years ago as was the latter class different from the seafarers of the last decades of the seventeenth century. The seas are becoming educated and with that education there is fading into oblivion the day when discipline was instilled only by the stinging smart of the black-thorn. Books have supplemented the lash for good and all.

George Jean Nathan.

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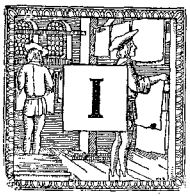
THE NEW BAEDEKER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

IX—Havre and Trouville



I SHOULD not like to prescribe to any one just what sort of a steamship he should choose when he first visits Europe. He may, if he will, select one of those monsters that are more than a seventh of a mile in length and that smash through the ocean with an absolute disdain of storm and waves. In them he will find playrooms for his children, electric elevators, a gymnasium, electric baths, a *solarium* domed over with richly painted glass, a special café modelled on the Ritz, and dark rooms in which to develop the photographs which he takes of his friends and of the ship. If he chooses to travel with dogs and cats or any other sort of beast, he will find kennels and a kennel-master in the hold. If he does not care to experience that blessed sense of peaceful isolation from the cares of life which comes from being inevitably cut off from towns and cities in the midst of the great magnificently rolling ocean, he can get news by wireless from other ships, and when he approaches land he can have, as it were, a ticker to bring the bustle of the stock exchange into his very stateroom.

Or, if he has the true love of the sea within him, he can take a comfortable eight or nine or ten-day boat, and forget that there is anything in the whole wide world beyond the decks that glisten with the good salt spray, and the far range of water over which he casts a contented and untroubled gaze. In such a ship he can experience the grandeur of the storms and the beauty of the tranquil sea when it lies level in the sunlight, or when, at night, its track is touched and turned to silver by the moon. He will not miss the playrooms and the gymnasium and the *solarium* and the café and the elevators and the dog kennels; but he will feel the exhilaration of plunging over the great billows and of sleeping that wonderfully restful sleep which is induced by the gentle rocking and rythmic sway of the splendid ship that is in reality a ship and not a garish and luxurious hotel fit only for rich invalids and peevish women.

But whether you go over with a millionaire's menagerie or whether you are satisfied with a real ship, there cannot possibly be any question as to what is the most delightful port in the whole of Europe. The approaches to Liverpool are dull and commonplace, though sufficiently spick and span, and one takes a certain pleasure at seeing the luggers drift about with their reddish sails. Southampton is about as interesting as Hoboken; and Dover lets you see nothing of its real points, which I hope some day to describe, but which are not visible at once from a steamship entering the port. Hamburg and Bremen are as bad as Southampton. You find something picturesque when you go up the Scheldt to Antwerp; but not enough to count; while Rotterdam is a horror. Cherbourg has some things of interest to attract you, with its granite breakwater and its memories of Louis XIV. and Vauban; but nothing to hold you very long. Of course, the Bay of Naples is beautiful and effective, with its blue sky overhead, the curling smoke of Vesuvius and the huge volcanic slopes stretching out before you, while Capri lies in a sort of mist as you steam up through the bay. But the whole thing is too much like a stage-setting—a little tea-boardy in fact, and suggestive of a chromo.

If, after a week of ocean, you wish something to emerge before your sight slowly and serenely and with a mellow beauty of its own—a beauty that grows on you and resolves itself into minor beauties and delicate little touches of foreign strangeness—then there is just one seaport for you, and that is the seaport of Le Hâvre. Nothing can be more delightful than to approach the widespread mouth of the river Seine a little

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before daybreak and while darkness still broods upon the scene. You rise joyfully and go for the last time into the *salle-à-manger* (why *will* the French employ upon their ships the same words and names which they employ on shore?) and your own particular *garçon* brings you a cup of coffee and bowl of savoury *soupe à l'oignon;* and then, fortified by the excellent meal, you light a cigarette and proceed on deck. The great ship is moving very slowly now, for you cannot land until daybreak. All about you there is darkness, but a sort of luminous darkness shot through with little points of fire. Guy de Maupassant has caught the effect extremely well in his novel *Pierre et Jean.* The novel is not among his best, and he does not give you in it the heart of Hâvre; yet none the less the book is associated with Hâvre, and you should be sure to read it on the ship while you are going over.

Here, then, at the mouth of the Seine are twinkles of light appearing and disappearing in turn and each one seems to beckon you and tell you something. Let us hear how Maupassant describes them:

> Lights mark the entrance to the harbour; while beyond, across the Seine, can be seen still others, fixed or flashing, with brilliant effulgence and dark eclipses, opening and closing like eyes,—the eyes of harbours, yellow, red, green—watching over the dark sea covered with ships; living eyes of the hospitable shore, saying by the simple movement of their lids: "Here I am. I am Trouvi'le. I am Honfleur. I am the river of Pont Audemer."
>
> Then on the illimitable sea, darker than the heavens here and there stars seem visible. They tremble in the misty night—small, near or far, and also white, red or green. They are almost always motionless, but some appear to move. They are the lights on vessels at anchor, waiting for the coming tide.

But presently there comes a flush of rose into the sky, and from the deck you see the smooth white shores on which the water dimples in the dawn. The steamer moves majestically along until finally you behold the lighthouse, snowy white, and the huge semaphore and then the ship turns inward. The tricolour is run up to the mast-head; a small brass cannon barks vociferously on the upper deck, and you pass along the front of the Grand Quai so near that you can read the signs upon the quaint old gabled buildings which cluster thickly there. "Estaminet," "Ici on Loge à Pied," "À la Belle Havraise," "Café Débit"—this is certainly not an aristocratic portion of the town, yet it looks as neat and clean as though it had been especially prepared for you, while the jetties and little triangular points of sand that run out into the sea are as pure as driven snow. Hâvre somehow seems like the home of a boundless hospitality. You feel this even as you steam by the piers. Every one seems so glad to see the great Atlantic liner. Boys and men and girls all line the quai, and even the little French soldiers with their red legs dance about vivaciously. *Soyez le bienvenu!* they all seem to say, and what is more, they seem to mean it. Here is where Hâvre differs from any other port in the whole world. It really welcomes you. It gives you a sense of buoyancy and joyousness so that you are immensely glad to be there; and if you are new to Europe, the quaint old sea-front with the crowded streets that run back from it, will give you all sorts of sensations before your steamer has turned after passing the Avant Port into the great *bassin* which receives the vessels of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, and where you are to land without more ado.

Now, if you are an unwise person, you will bundle yourself at once into a railway train and be off to Paris. If you are just moderately wise you will stay until the afternoon and have yourself driven out to Frascati's, where you will certainly get a most excellent meal on its broad veranda, while you look out over the sea on which you were steaming an hour or two before. It is very pretty and attractive, I admit. The fresh salt breeze blows in upon you. The sky is distilling liquid gold above your head. But after all, you might as well be at Newport or somewhere down near Belmar, or at Cape May. Frascati's is not a part of Hâvre. About you are familiar faces and the sound of your native language. You are practically still at home. You are losing that indescribable quin-

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tessence of what is foreign, that *soupçon* of an older world which you can never savour on the palate so perfectly as during the first few hours after you have landed fresh from comfortable, commonplace America. It is like beginning the day with a Pittsburg "stogey" instead of with one of those rare golden-brown and very thin cigars whose fragrance is of the Vuelta Abajo. The first six hours in a foreign land are the most delightful of one's whole vacation; so why merely make them iterate the things which you have left behind?

Thus, if you are very wise indeed, slip off the steamer and dispose yourself in a *fiacre,* and tell the man who drives it to go speedily along until he turns into the Rue de Paris—that epitome of Hâvre. Maupassant never caught the exact feeling of this delightful street, perhaps because he was too familiar with it. Henry James has done it in half a dozen lines. It is in his story—a most interesting, poignant story—which he wrote years and years ago under the title of *Four Meetings.* Perhaps you will remember it. It certainly would be difficult to forget it—that half-pathetic story of the little New England woman, Caroline Spencer, who all her life in the village of Grimwinter has yearned some day to visit Europe, and who for years has saved and pinched so that she may accomplish her desire. You remember, perhaps, how she took a French steamer and every day throughout the voyage sat, as it were, in a trance with her face turned toward the magical lands which she was so soon to see. When she reaches Hâvre, a lout of a cousin of hers who is studying "art" in Paris, meets her and concocts a story which appeals to her soft-heartedness; so that she gives him all her money, save enough to take her home again. Her whole stay in Europe has been one of a few short hours; and yet, after all, one has a sort of feeling that four or five hours in Hâvre meant to her as much as years of travel mean to those idle rich who bring nothing with them when they visit Europe and who, therefore, carry nothing home with them except what they have purchased in the shops.

But never mind the story of *Four Meetings.* You should read it for yourself. My point is that in it Henry James has given us with the hand of a master the Rue de Paris and almost Hâvre itself:

> The early autumn day was warm and charming, and our stroll through the bright-coloured, busy streets of the old French seaport was sufficiently entertaining. We walked along the sunny, noisy quays and then turned into a wide, pleasant street which lay half in sun and half in shade—a French provincial street, that looked like an old water-colour drawing: tall, grey, steep-roofed, red gabled, many-storied houses; green shutters on windows and old scroll-work above them; flower-pots in balconies and white-capped women in doorways. We walked in the shade; all this stretched away on the sunny side of the street and made a picture.

It is indeed a picture; and, therefore, tell your *cocher* to drive you to a very French hotel—very old and very good—which is nearly at the head of the Rue de Paris and a few doors below the Place Gambetta; so that when you choose to stroll out into the sun, a few steps will take you to a curious and interesting square with trees and flower-stands and little kiosques down the middle, with a row of hotels and their broad *terrasses* at one side, and on the other, the huge Bassin du Commerce in which great ships float quietly in the very heart of the city.

But immediately on your landing, don't be lured away into the Place Gambetta; because by this time you will have forgotten the very early breakfast which you had on board the ship and you will be ravenously hungry. So, after getting rid of all traces of the sea and garbing yourself immaculately, go down to the first floor of the Hôtel de Normandie—I don't see why I shouldn't mention its real name. Its great outer doors look into the Rue de Paris; but within, there is a courtyard paved with ancient flagstones and provided with benches set among its palm trees. From these you can witness the whole economy of the hotel—the presiding genius, whom every one calls "Mees," because she thinks that she can speak English, the hulking *portier* in his uniform, the little *chasseur* flying to and fro

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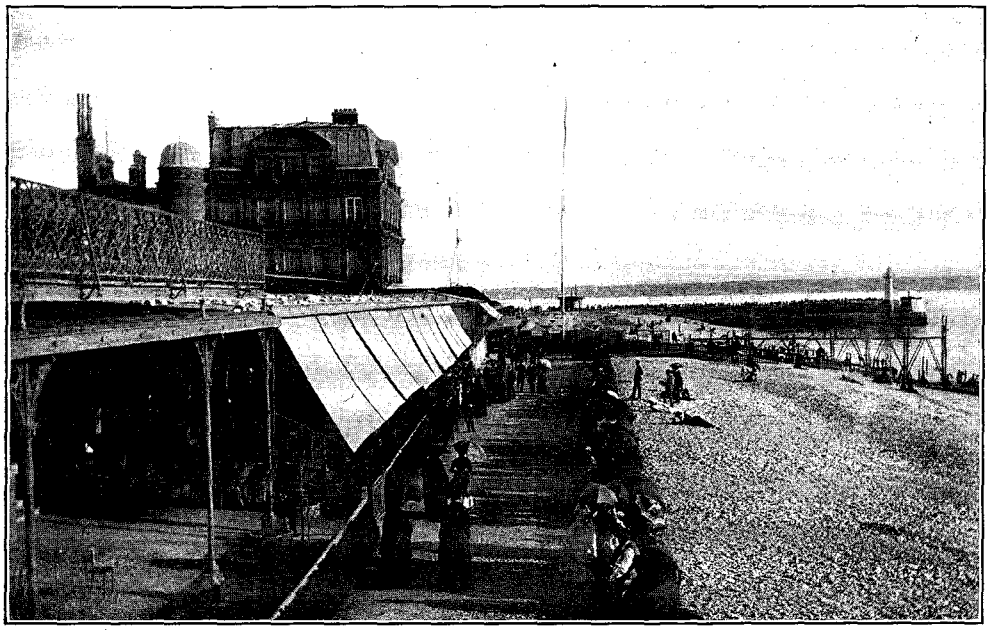
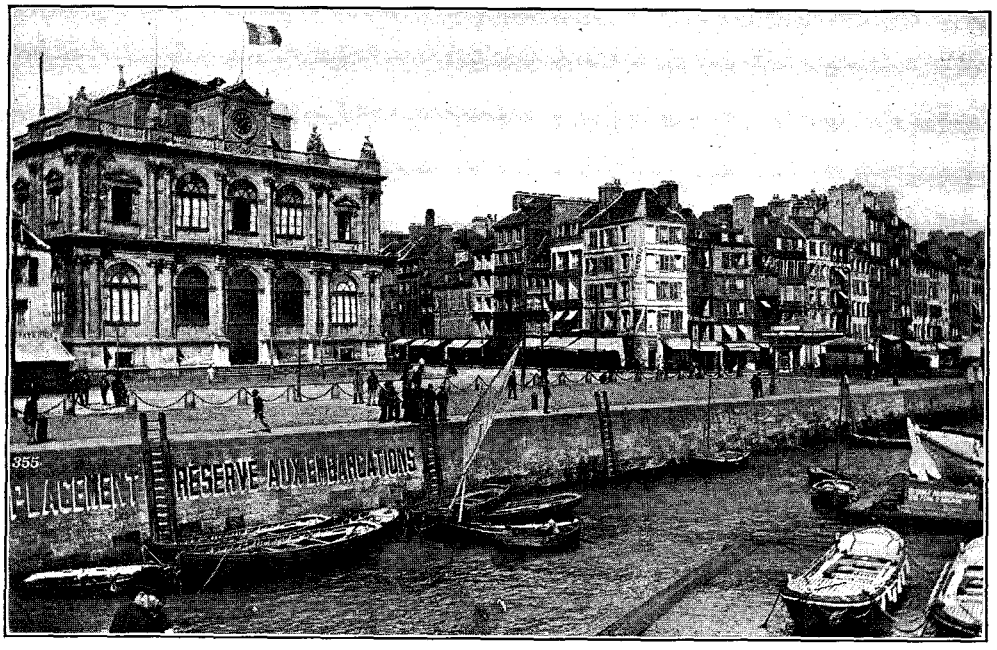


"IF YOU ARE JUST MODERATELY WISE YOU WILL HAVE YOURSELF DRIVEN OUT TO FRASCATI'S, WHERE YOU WILL CERTAINLY GET A MOST EXCELLENT MEAL ON ITS BROAD VERANDA"



"AND YOU PASS ALONG THE FRONT OF THE GRAND QUAI SO NEAR THAT YOU CAN READ THE SIGNS UPON THE QUAINT OLD GABLED BUILDINGS WHICH CLUSTER THICKLY THERE"

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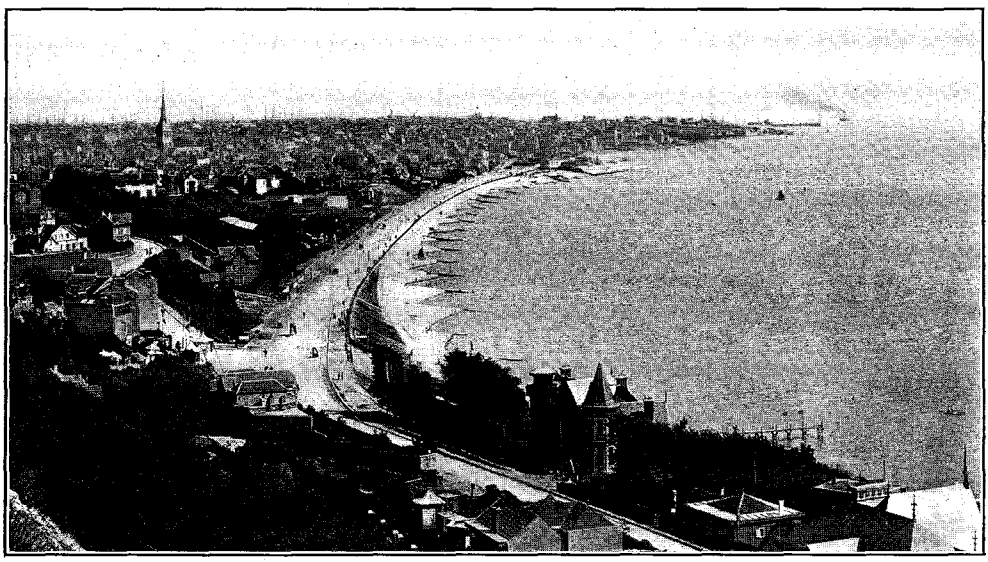
at every one's commands, the neat white-capped maids ascending and descending the broad stairway, occasionally a cook emerging from some remote recess, and waiters bearing fruits and flowers to prepare the table d'hôte for the approaching *déjeûner*. Don't go near the table d'hôte. It will afford many things that are admirably cooked and served—nothing could be better; yet the first hours after one leaves the ship are *the* hours for asserting one's own individuality and for eating what one pleases and not what other persons have imagined for him.



HAVRE FROM SAINTE-ADRESSE

You will find a small restaurant just inside the street entrance. It is presided over by a waiter who has apparently been forty years of age for the last two decades. He has a friendly alert air; and anything in the world that you want, he will promptly provide, for the honour of the Hôtel de Normandie. You will naturally order some sort of *potage* or anything that your fancy suggests; but whatever else you do, be sure to call for mussels. I can see you turning up your nose at this. In America, who eats mussels, except at rare times perhaps some pickled mussels? They are with us in the same category as tripe. But behold the genius of the French! When the waiter brings in an enormous silver bowl with a dome-like silver cover, and when he removes the cover—then you forget everything in the world except the delicious savoury smell of the steam which rises from the myriad shells that open lovingly for you to extract from them the dainty sea-flavoured mussel that lurks within. Mussel, did I say? No, these are not the ordinary mussels that Americans know. French gastronomic genius has transformed them into *moules marinière,* and the difference is like the difference between Coney Island beer with a collar on and the nectar of the immortal gods. In some deftly magical way the French chef has imparted a delicious suggestion to the *moules,* just that indefinable, evanescent memory of garlic—garlic which in the hands of the ordinary cook is an offensive and deadly weapon, but which in the hands of a cook of high degree—an artist in fact—is a means for achieving some of the supreme triumphs of his art. After the *moules,* you will have anything you care for—dainty slices of *galantine,* or maybe capon nestling amid water-cresses, and

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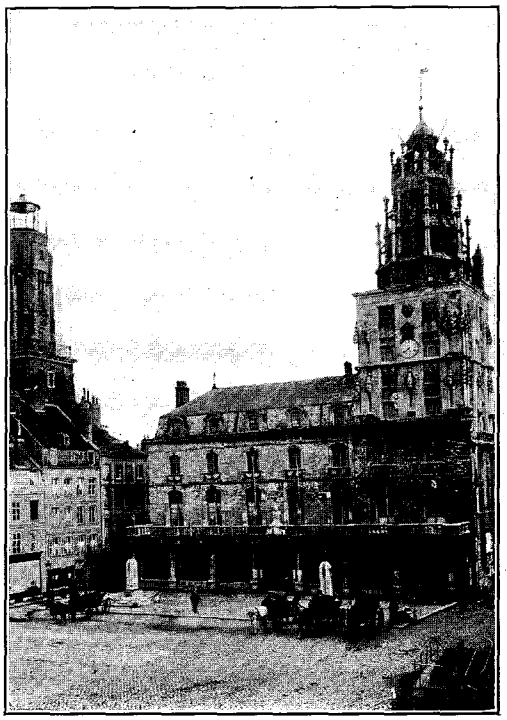
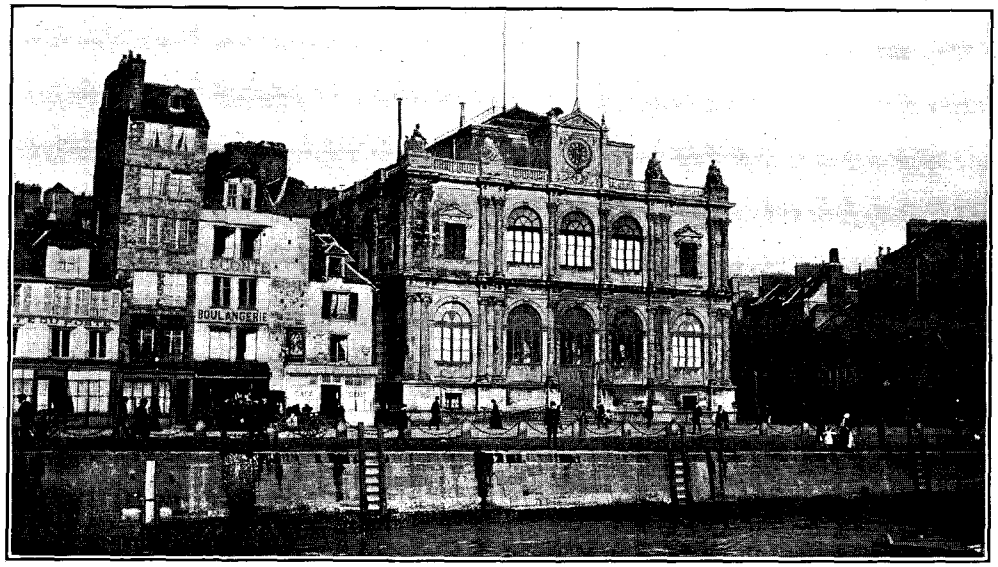
then perhaps some peaches in a little basket where the fruit is enfolded in leaves from its own tree and ripened to precisely the right turn on some ancient wall in the sunshine of an old French garden. Then, perhaps, some pulled bread and a bit of Camembert and a *café Mazagran* in a long glass. No one remembers now the battle that gave its name to this particular preparation of coffee—which shows that men may come and empires may fall and armies may be dashed into fragments upon the battlefield, but the genius of cookery remains triumphant and its achievements are never lost.

Well, after you have had the *moules* and the cold chicken and a salad and some long rolls of brown French bread, and after you have consumed the Camembert and drunk the Mazagran, you relax with a sigh of comfort while you blow a peaceful cloud and look out into the Rue de Paris, lazily and with infinite content. It is so delightful to be ashore and in this quaint and rich old town. It is fine to have so many good things at your disposal and to be taking in, as it were, through the open window, a sort of panorama of Old France. Directly across the street is a place devoted to the making of every possible kind of chocolate—forms and conceptions to which Mr. Huyler's imagination never soared.



NEAR THE "STAR"



HAVRE—ALONG THE GRAND QUAI

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"THE STURDY NORMAN GIRL"

On the sidewalk, in the sun, men go by in blouses, and sturdy Norman girls wearing rather extraordinary caps and with portentous ear-rings. There is a clatter of wooden shoes upon the cobble-stones, for nearly half the population prefer to walk in the middle of the street. Sailors just off their ships, and tidy *bourgeois* of the town, and pretty girls out shopping with their somewhat too plump mammas—a flutter of awnings, an impression of briskness, neatness and, more than all, a sense of having been there for centuries upon centuries, ever since the time of Louis XII—all these combine to affect your imagination and delight your senses.

The Rue de Paris slopes leisurely down to the Grand Quai; and as you stroll along it, you see on every hand evidences that Hâvre is not only a seaport, but one of the great seaports of the world. In France it ranks second only to Marseilles. The first thing that attracts your attention is the fact that so many shops incidentally deal in foreign postage-stamps. Whether you go into a tobacconist's or a *magazin de blanc* or a confectioner's or a hardware shop, you are pretty certain to see in the windows great piles of envelopes—those beautiful fat, bulging envelopes which delight the heart of every incipient stamp-collector—bearing in red and green letters such inscriptions as "500 Timbres Tous Différents," while smaller envelopes contain fewer but choicer specimens. This amateur stamp industry shows that Hâvre is in communication with all parts of the world. From it go forth ships to Western Africa, to Madagascar, to Java and Sumatra and Japan, as well as to specifically French possessions, such as Tonquin and Martinique and New Caledonia. Thousands of families in Hâvre receive letters from their relatives in these countries, and they frugally remove the postage-stamps from them and sell them to the keepers of the shops. The stamps are probably all picked over every little while by some expert; for I have never found anything very rare among them; but the ever present packets of foreign

A TYPE AT TROUVILLE

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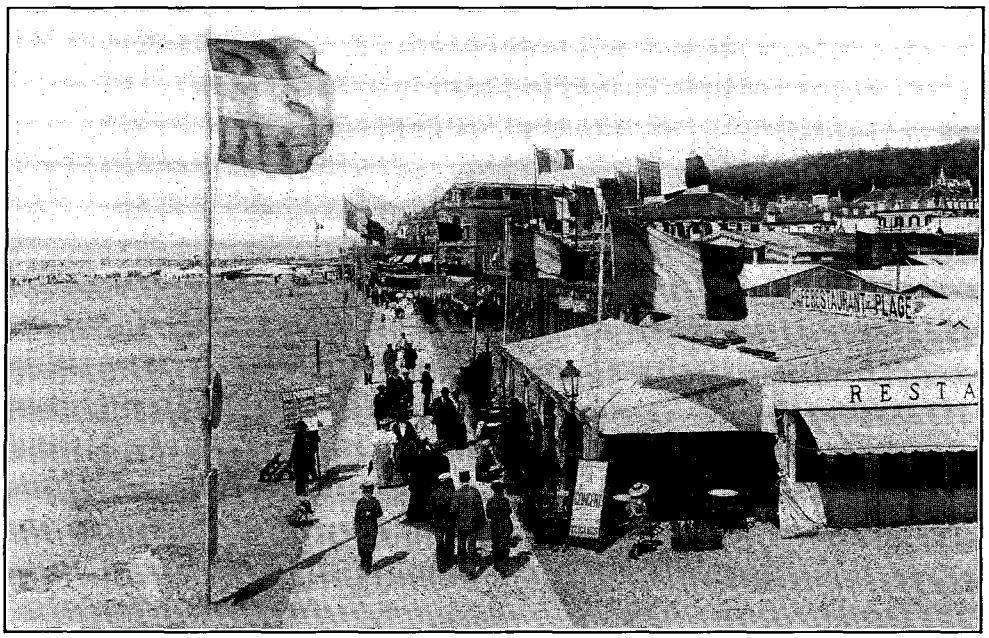
stamps are a reminder of the maritime importance of the city.

The same fact comes to you more forcibly when you reach the Grand Quai itself. Along the continuous wharf and facing the open water, are innumerable little restaurants and shops which sell marine stores and junk and all sorts of things that have a tarry smell. But what surprises you most and gives an odd exotic touch to the whole wharfage, is the screaming chatter of about a million parrots which swing in cages festooned along the widely open doors of all these

part of a French maritime city is. In New York or Liverpool, for example, along the water-front, one might well expect to find a drunken sailor every three or four minutes and to hear the sound of crapulous carousing at night from the various bar-rooms and "saloons." But the Grand Quai at Hâvre is as demure and self-respecting as Upper Fifth Avenue. The *estaminets* emit no special sounds of revelry. In the little café-restaurants an occasional group of sailors wearing ear-rings will sit around a table consuming a few *bocks,* and smoking



"THE GRANDFATHER OF ALL THE BOARDWALKS IN AMERICA"

buildings. Probably every sailor who comes back from Brazil or Africa or Asia or Central America or wherever it is that parrots live, brings with him a dozen of these birds and sells them for a song on the Grand Quai. There they form an innumerable company swinging in the sun and ruffling their feathers of blue and green and gold and crimson until you might imagine that you were in a tropical forest or the heart of a rainbow.

It is wonderful how orderly even this

long-stemmed pipes; but they never howl or make any sort of a disturbance, and the placid old Norman dame in her white cap waits upon them in a casual friendly way. You may go into one of these places and take your seat at a table yourself if you desire to, and ask for something to eat. The floor is sanded. There are no tableclothes or napkins. You will be served perhaps with wooden bowls or with crockery about as thick as armour plate. But everything is as neat as wax, and for a franc or less you will get a meal

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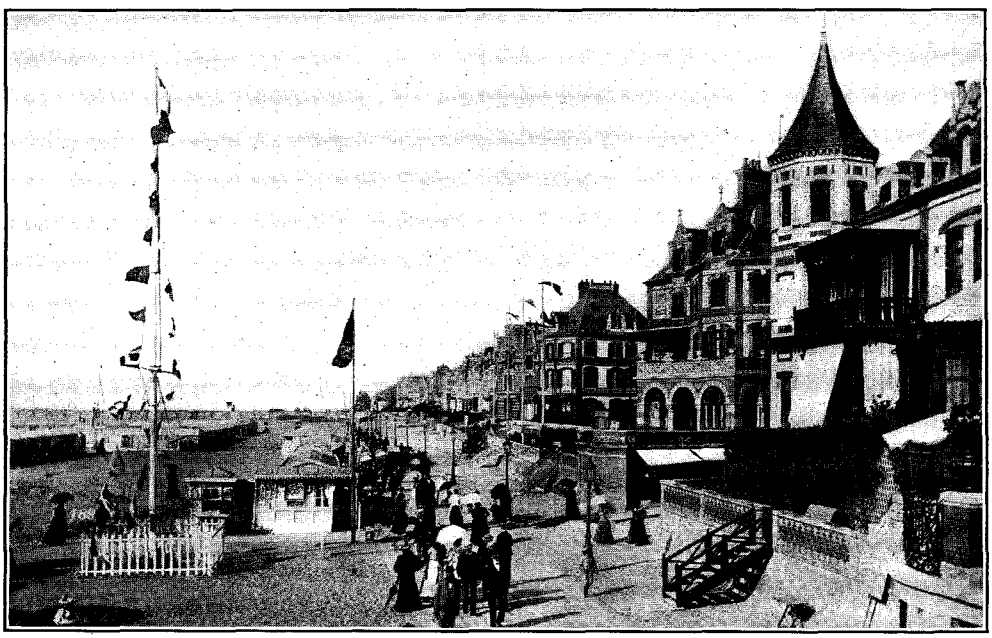
more appetising than the average country inn of America ever dream of.

This matter of public order in France is rather a mystery to me. You see the undersized gendarmes wherever you choose to go; but they efface themselves and never seem to have any particular business. If you address them they are immensely civil, in fact, almost Chesterfieldian. I remember asking one of them the way to a particular place. He did not, like an American policeman, grunt and mumble out a sentence both elliptical and syncopated. Far from that, he seemed to be much honoured by the inquiry. He walked out into the middle of the *trottoir* and struck an attitude, holding his left hand on his heart, with the other free for pointing. "Permittez, Monsieur," he began; and then as I gracefully permitted it, he gave me the direction several times over, and finally bowed, saluted, and retired to his own particular niche against the wall.

It is only in Hâvre, however, that I have witnessed two interferences by the French police on behalf of public order. The first was a rather curious one and shows the paternal character of government in France. Down past the Rue Général Faidherbe there is, or was, a large dark building, a sort of combination of a *café chantant* and a restaurant. At night there blazed from its front in gas jets "The Star." The name being English, it was probably meant to attract the custom of English sailors; but I never saw any English sailors there, but only the townsfolk of Hâvre and a sprinkling of fishermen. Sitting up in a sort of perch which is reserved for strangers distinguished enough to pay half a franc for this seclusion, I watched with much interest one evening, both the performance on the stage and the behaviour of the audience who were sitting at long parallel tables on the main floor below. Some of them were smoking and some of them were drinking cider—in Normandy the eating-houses usually display the sign "Cidre à Discrétion"—and some were also eating bread and meat. One especial group attracted my attention. The man was probably an artisan, good-natured and burly. With him were his wife and four or five children of all ages. The father and mother and elder children had consumed a large amount



TROUVILLE—LA PROMENADE DES PLANCHES

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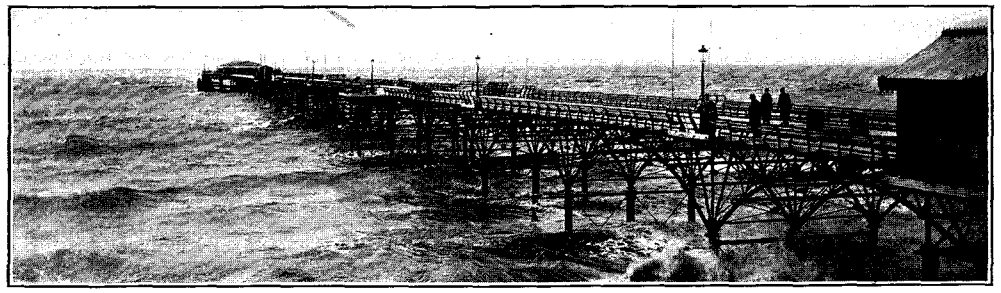
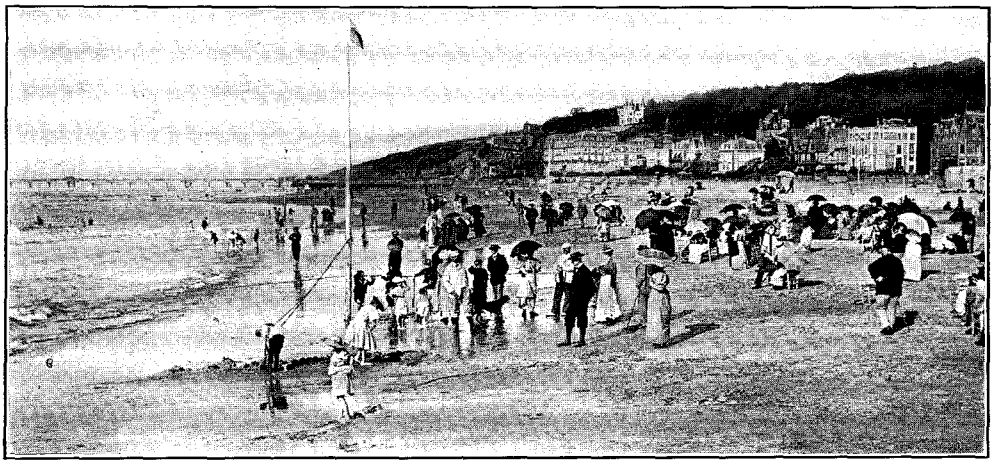


"WHEN YOU REACH THE LONG IRON PIER AT TROUVILLE"

of cold meat and cheese and salad, and likewise no small quantity of sickly home-brewed beer. Now in this particular *café chantant,* it is not customary for the artists, after each turn, to do what the French call *faire la quête,* that is, to carry around a wooden bowl after the fashion of passing a hat or a contribution-box. On the contrary, the people in the audience here show their approval by flinging sous and half sous on the stage. After a particularly fetching song or an amusing piece of jugglery, a rain of coppers goes up from the auditorium and is picked up by the performers, as an opera singer would pick up a bouquet.

Now my friend the artisan was evidently somewhat mellowed by his draughts of beer; and he let himself go in this pastime of flinging coppers. I should judge that he must have thrown as much as sixteen cents upon the stage when suddenly, in a noiseless way, a gendarme appeared from nowhere and began to speak earnestly to this patron of the arts. There was much talk. Madame engaged in it with considerable vivacity. The elder children joined in. A dozen or more of persons who sat about them were also drawn into the vortex. Finally the proprietor of the place came down and took a hand. I hadn't the slightest notion of what it was all about; for I could not hear what they were saying. But presently the talk subsided, the gendarme withdrew, and everything went on as before, except that the artisan threw no more coppers on the stage. My curiosity was so much excited that I descended from my isolated perch and managed to get the proprietor into a corner for an explanation.

"Ah," said he with an expressive shrug, "the good *ouvrier* was spending far too



"THE SANDS GLITTERED, THE MUSIC SOUNDED, MEN AND WOMEN IN BRIGHT-COLOURED STRIPES TOOK HEADERS INTO THE TIDE"

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"YOU WILL NOT BE SORRY TO GO ASHORE AND WALK FOR HALF A MILE ALONG THE 'SUMMER BOULEVARD OF PARIS'"

"ON THE GREAT BANK OF YELLOW SAND, STRETCHING FROM THE JETTY TO THE ROCHES NOIRES, PARASOLS OF EVERY COLOUR, HATS OF EVERY SHAPE, IN GROUPS BEFORE THE BATHING HOUSES"

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much money—more than he could afford. He was slightly warmed by the food and drink and the excitement of the music, and so he expended an unreasonable sum."

"But," said I, "it was his own business, and his own money, and he seemed sober enough. Did his wife object?"

"Unhappily, no," returned the proprietor. "Madame was most unreasonable. She was even quite willing that he should continue to throw whole sous upon the stage. Naturally, in the interest of the family, the *agent* interfered. It is surely a misfortune to allow a good fellow merely because he is a little *gris* to squander the money which his family may need."

There was much sense in this; and yet it seemed strange enough to an individualistic American that the police should interfere to prevent a man from doing what he pleased with what was quite his own, especially when his wife and children were willing.

The only other instance of the operation of French law that I have seen was a very different one, and yet exceedingly instructive. Walking one day in the outskirts of Hâvre along the line of the coast where rise the huge *falaises,* I came rather suddenly upon a sight that caused me to stop. For here was the beginning of an interesting affair. There was a little one-story cottage in the background. In front of it stood, like a bull, a huge, shaggy-haired, rough-bearded labourer, facing two gendarmes who had evidently come to take him into custody. They were approaching him with some caution, and it seemed to me that their caution was not unnecessary; for he was as big as the two of them together—a perfect buffalo of a man—while they were slim, short, insignificant-looking persons, rather more so because of their cocked hats and awkward uniforms. Apparently the labourer had been beating his wife and threatening to kill her; but with the inconsistency of her sex she was now saying unpleasant things about the minions of the law. They, on their side, had thoughtfully brought with them a *fiacre* which was waiting in the road near by, while the driver looked on with profound indifference.

The gendarmes advanced a step or two.

"Sac à papier!" growled the culprit.

His tone was most ferocious, but how could any tone give dignity to such an absurd ejaculation? After all, it is only English and Americans who have a real gift for straight profanity. Fancy a cowboy cornered by a sheriff's posse and finding nothing more energetic to say than "Paper bag!"

The gendarmes advanced still another step and each took the ruffian by one of his arms.

"Nom d'un chien!" roared their adversary. But what could you expect of a man who would say "Name of a dog!" as the worst thing that he could think of? I was looking every moment, all the same, to see him raise the gendarmes off the earth with his mighty arms and smash their heads together, when in some magic, mysterious way, as it were in the twinkling of an eye, he was down upon the ground, a pair of handcuffs were snapped upon his wrists, and in a moment more he was lying like a log in the bottom of the *fiacre* and being driven briskly toward the town, while the two gendarmes were sitting unemotionally upon his prostrate form. How they did it, Heaven only knows. I have always had a good deal of respect for these gentry ever since. They evidently know their business, and they have a sort of jiu-jitsu of their own invention. I never saw anything neater in my life.

If you are a reader of *Pierre et Jean* you will probaly try to find the particular *cabaret* or *brasserie* in which the girl with a fringe first gave the half-clue to Pierre which led him to solve his mother's shameful secret. I think I know where it is myself—a little place just off the Rue de Paris. It is easier still to discover the residence of Madame Rosémilly at Sainte Adresse. If you wish to make the whole Maupassant pilgrimage, you can take the boat which runs from Hâvre to Trouville in about an hour—the boat which carried Pierre to that pleasure-place where he found no pleasure, but only gloomier and blacker thoughts. You are very likely to have a rough time in the little steamer; and when you reach the long iron pier at

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Trouville, you will not be sorry to go ashore and to walk for half a mile along "the summer boulevard of Paris" and see a bit of what is *chic* and luxurious and elegant in French fashionable life collected on this marvellous beach. Suppose we let Maupassant describe it for us.

On the great bank of yellow sand, stretching from the jetty to the Roches Noires, parasols of every colour, hats of every shape, dresses of every shade, in groups before the bathing-houses, in lines along the sea, or scattered here and there, resemble, in truth, enormous bouquets in an immeasurable meadow. The confused sounds, near or far, of voices made distinct by the thin air, the calls, the cries of children being bathed, the clear laughter of women, all formed a sweet, unbroken clamour, which was blended with the imperceptible sea air, and was inhaled with it.

This is a very pretty bit of description, but, of course, Maupassant could not stop there. His sixth sense, of which Henry James speaks in criticism, compels him to see something brutal under all this gaiety and colour and life. He must regard it as "the flowering of feminine perversity." That is why I am not going to quote him any further; because, for my part, I like to look upon what is pretty and attractive and to enjoy it as it seems to be and as what in all probability it actually is. Why impute all sorts of evil motives and sinister designs to these dainty butterflies who flit up and down the beach at Trouville or nestle under the great striped umbrellas or plunge in the sparkling sea? I am sure that many of them are above all criticism; for did I not myself find there, in this centre of French frivolity, an American professor of economics entirely forgetful of the splendour of the sky and the blueness of the sea and the bizarre but wonderful effect of colour on the beach? He was off in a corner by himself, working up statistics with an adding machine, and his wife was dutifully assisting him.

Trouville has gone off a little now from what it used to be under the Second Empire, which transformed it from a mere fishing port into a brilliant capital of fashion. One is rather impressed by the fact that many of the ladies are from the provinces of France and that they dress in a style sufficiently archaic to excite the mirth of any American woman from Altoona or Buffalo or Colorado City. Under the Empire, Trouville was simply Paris transferred to the seashore. And by the way, it is not Maupassant who can claim a complete literary proprietorship in Trouville. He must, at any rate, share it with Ouida, since the first chapter of *Moths* opens vividly on this beach.

The yachts came and went, the sands glittered, the music sounded, men and women in bright-coloured stripes took headers into the tide or pulled themselves about in little canoes; the snowy canvas of the tents shone like huge white mushrooms, and the faces of all the houses were lively with green shutters and awnings brightly striped like the bathers. People, the gayest and best-born people in Europe, laughed and chattered, and made love.

It was at Trouville, you will remember, that the frivolous and naughty Lady Dolly received her large-eyed and serious daughter Vera, and where Vera fell in love with the golden-throated Corrèze, but where she was compelled to marry the evil Russian, Prince Zouroff. It is wonderful how the creations of literature can populate a place and give it interest. As I lie upon my back in the sand at Trouville, with half-shut eyes, and comfortably baking in the sun, the persons who move along the boardwalk (which is probably the grandfather of all the boardwalks in America) seem quite familiar to me. I have met them years ago. I know their stories, their hopes, their griefs, their jealousies, and I know also what is going to happen to them. Thus does literature impinge on life, and make life luminous and full of an added interest which if no one ever wrote good books it would never in the world possess.

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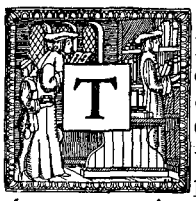
"DIAMOND CUT PASTE"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

BOOK II—A WEEK'S CHRONICLE

CHAPTER VII



HEY left the storm behind them. It had swept over Windsor and rolled eastward; and the Orange Court avenue was glittering and dripping from every leaf as they swung in. The air was delicious; the warmth of the sunshine, the smell of the wet earth, intoxicating after the gloom and depression.

Lady Gertrude came out to the porch to meet them, followed by Mrs. Lancelot and Norah lovingly entwined. At the news of the accident Emerald was so overcome that her hostess's sudden pallor passed unnoticed.

"How terrible! How awful!" cried the widow, clasping her little beringed hands. "Oh, Sir Reginald, are you quite, quite sure you're not hurt!—They were flung out, Lady Gertrude; isn't it terrible? Oh, the poor chauffeur, his face is all cut!" She covered her eyes with the expressive hands.

"You'll be glad to know, Mrs. Lancelot," said Coralie, "that I'm perfectly sound. And so is Ernest, and Sir Reginald has lost nothing but a box of jujubes."

But the General was now on his guard. As the others descended he remained seated in his place, as he was overhauling the contents of his bag with a convincing air of anxiety. "I'm very much afraid," he said, "that I've lost something of greater importance—an official letter—of some privacy. I am afraid I must go back."

Emerald gave a cry like the proverbial wounded dove as the car was started into motion again.

"Going back! Oh, Lady Gertrude—after the shock, the danger! Oh, Lady Gertrude!"

"Take me!" cried Norah, springing down the steps.

"Certainly not!" cried her father testily.

"You're *vurry* sensitive, are you not?" said Coralie in a derisive undertone to the widow, as she stood with misting eyes watching the backing and turning of the machine.

"Come in to tea," said Lady Gertrude, with her impassive air. "Norah, I did not invite you downstairs this afternoon."

Coralie, whose eyes nothing seemed to escape, caught here an interchanged glance between Norah and her friend.

"Poor darling!" compassioned the latter's gaze; and "Isn't it a shame!" rebelled Norah's.

The two parted, after a clinging embrace at the foot of the stairs. Coralie watched Norah disappear with an unwonted gravity upon her countenance. The girl, she thought, had subtly altered from what she remembered, and not—as Lady Gertrude had already given her to understand—for the better. She whose charm had been that of an April freshness and spontaneity had gathered an air of self-consciousness. She had always had a trick of tossing her head like a young colt, of pouting and flashing her displeasure; but it had been artless, with a childish petulance that disarmed, almost attracted. Here was the toss of the head, here the pout, the flash of the eye, but with a difference. It was as if she knew that her defiance became her; as if she was aware of its effectiveness upon others.

"The child is positively stagey," said the American to herself.

Doubts of Lady Gertrude's wisdom were creeping into her mind as she followed her into the drawing-room. The long, low, flowery room, with its charming cross-lights, its air of refinement and comfort, seemed to Coralie altered too. Perhaps it was only that the atmosphere of *trèfle incarnat* was peculiarly out of place in spaces consecrated hitherto to

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the delicate breath of flowers or the faintest sighs of old *pot pourri.*

Emerald Fanny herself, extended at her ease in a low chair, was a note of absolute discordance; her small feet crossed in high-heeled patent-leather shoes, with diamond buckles, emerged from an incredible mass of mauve muslin frills, mauve approaching to the pink that would so soon engulf her widow's mourning. No doubt of it the time was approaching when it would be *his* wish from behind the veil, that she should cease from trappings of woe.

An emerald brooch, one superb stone, fastened Mrs. Lancelot's transparent and somewhat *decolletées* laces just below her throat. Beneath the film of the muslin bodice a considerable portion of the widow's fair skin and a lace chemisette tied with pale pink ribbons were coyly visible.

"I thought the pink was not far off," said Coralie sardonically to herself.

As Mrs. Lancelot leaned forward to pass on effusively the cup of tea which had just been poured out Coralie noted, with further disgust, the large mourning ring of black enamel set in diamonds that flashed upon the bereaved one's finger; and, with a touch that could only have been conceived and carried out by Emerald Fanny, was further attached by a couple of loops of fine gold chain to the padlocked bracelet on her slender wrist. Coralie knew that bracelet. *He* had locked it upon Emerald's arm at their betrothal. She knew that the key of it was hanging somewhere among those pink ribbons on the widow's bosom. Poor Mr. Lancelot, with his civil service income, had not been able to rise above gold bracelets. But who had paid for the wonderful mourning ring? And who the donor of the brooch? *Mon preux?*

Refusing, for reasons of her own, to be divested from her damp motor cloak, Coralie sat in unwonted silence, sipping with much disfavour the tea handed by Emerald Fanny.

"It tastes of *trèfle incarnat,*" she thought peevishly. "The trail of the serpent is over it all."

"Poor Mrs. Jamieson," murmured Mrs. Lancelot, lifting her wide-pupilled eyes devouringly upon Captain Jamieson, "she's very much upset, I'm afraid. She looks so pale; not at all like herself. Indeed, I'm not surprised. Only to hear about your accident has given me such a shake. No cake, thank you. No, I don't feel as if I could eat anything. Dear Lady Gertrude, I wish I had your wonderful self-control."

Lady Gertrude was not feeling particularly in spirits or appetite herself. But the mere sight of the widow's sensibilities drove her to muffin. She knew very well how the contrast would presently be commented on in Sir Reginald's ear. She smiled at the thought. She could hear the very tone in which "your wife's wonderful composure and my silly impressionability about those I love," would be dulcetly depicted.

"I really think Coralie ought to go and lie down," said her husband, whose air and tone became ever gruffer in his anxiety.

"Well, I *reelly* think I will go upstairs," said Coralie. "No, please, I don't want anybody with me. No, Ernest"—a rare accent of pettishness rang in her voice—"you stay and sustain Mrs. Lancelot's fainting soul."

The eyes of the two women met. Coralie saw with some triumph a hard contraction of the pupil in the widow's would-be melting orbs.

"I shan't know a moment's peace till that motor car is back again," confessed Mrs. Lancelot in her trilling voice.

"Under Aunt Gertrude's very nose," muttered the American indignantly to herself. "How far has the creature got, in the name of heaven? Well, she little knows what's in my pocket." Aloud she could think of no better retort than a scornful repetition of her previous comment: "You're *reelly* very sensitive, aren't you?"

"I am afraid I am," sighed Emerald with much sweetness, putting down her unfinished cup of tea.

"Yours is the first room at the top of the stairs. Do you want me, Coralie?" inquired Lady Gertrude.

Her serene voice fell refreshingly on Mrs. Jamieson's exasperated ear.

"No, I'd rather be alone," she responded unhesitatingly, and closed the door in her husband's face as he still at-

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tempted to follow her. "I shall grow *puffectly* brutal," she said to herself, "if I live long with that mass of affectation."

Then slowly and painfully, for she was beginning to feel in every joint the shock of her fall, she ascended the stairs.

The pert soubrette was engaged in unpacking. Her Coralie dismissed, and locking the door, proceeded feverishly to draw the packet from its concealment. She opened the case and stood staring aghast. Then her knees shook under her. She let herself fall into an armchair, still staring.

She had expected a handsome piece of jewelry, but this—this was the gift of a king; of a king to a favourite; the gift of a millionaire to his *fiancée*. Upon the white velvet before her lay coiled a "dog collar." It was formed of links of white and green enamel fretted with small diamonds; four clasps, each set with a large, flat emerald, held the chainwork, which was some two inches wide, together. Not only were the emeralds singularly fine stones, but the workmanship of the whole was a wonderful piece of artistic craft.

Coralie knew that collar. And she knew its price. Holroyd and Rossiter were extremely proud of the production and made a point of displaying it to their best customers, more for their admiration than with any immediate hope of sale. Coralie might be counted among the valued patrons of the great firm, but even for her purse the price was prohibitive. She had gazed with wistful eyes, but had resolutely refused herself an extravagance which would have upset her budget for the year. Yet she knew that jewel would have mightily become her pretty, long throat. It is not every woman who can wear a collar with grace: she would have triumphed in it.

As now she sat and gazed, a sense of personal insult added itself to the fury that seized her. Emerald Fanny, Emerald Fanny—to disport herself in the gaud denied to Coralie Jamieson! Sir Reginald to be lavishing gifts worth over a thousand pounds on the creature, while to his wife and child—in her solitude Coralie laughed aloud; she had seen the Indian trinkets—the gold cross studded with topazes and peridots, the turquoise beads . . . which the general had brought home for Lady Gertrude and Norah respectively. With trembling hands she took the collar from its nest and went to the window. Behind the central clasp, which was larger and more elaborate than the others, ran a narrow gold plate. This was inscribed, in minute letters, *Emerald!* and the date, 1905—two years previous.

She had known without hesitation. Yet at this confirmation a feeling of faintness and nausea came over her. All her anger was lost in a tide of compassion for her aunt.

"Oh, poor Aunt G.! poor Aunt G.! and she so proud. To think that this humiliation, this outrage, should be dealt her, and in her own house!"

A moment Coralie knew terror for her audacious act. A moment she hesitated whether she should not rush out into the road with the horrible thing and drop it into the nearest ditch. But the sound of trailing accents in the passage, "Dear Lady Gertrude, aren't you anxious . . . ?" decided her. She sprang to the door and unlocked it, and stood awaiting her aunt's entrance. She felt she was coming.

"Not in bed, dear?" said the placid voice, as the expected visitor entered upon her. The next instant there came another question in altered tones: "Coralie, what is it?"

"Look, Aunt G.!" Coralie spread the jewels to her aunt's gaze. Lady Gertrude was quick to feel that importance, perhaps calamity, was attached to the glittering things. Silently she glanced from them to her niece's quivering face. Two scarlet patches of colour flashed on the American's cheeks. Her eyes blazed behind tears, her mouth quivered fiercely over the little white teeth.

"Uncle Reginald dropped this—I picked it up—I knew, I guessed. It's for . . . it's for that creature! This is what he's gone back to hunt for now—his important War Office letter—his jujubes; ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear," said Lady Gertrude soothingly. She laid a cool, firm touch for a moment on Coralie's twitching fingers; then she moved toward the door, locked it and came back.

"You don't understand!" almost sobbed Coralie.

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"I do," said Gertrude. "Quite. Now, my dear, sit down. All this is too much for you. Give me—this gorgeous thing. It is very beautiful. How do you know it is meant for . . . Mrs. Lancelot?"

There was actually a faint smile tilting the corners of her mouth as she spoke.

"I knew it!" cried the other tragically; then she added: "Look at the back of the great emerald in front."

The wife went to the window; except for the folding of her eyelids in the effort to read the small characters her face was unmoved. When she turned round again to her niece she found the latter in tears. Instantly she dropped the collar on the dressing-table and enfolded the slight, sobbing figure in motherly arms.

"But, Coralie, my little Coralie, my dear, are you weeping for your theft—for the trick you played your uncle?" The dusky head was shaken. "For me, then? Take it from me, there is no occasion."

Coralie gave vent to an incoherent indictment.

"Under your own roof—worth a small fortune!" She ended up with a high note of hysterical derision: "And you got a topaz cross!"

Lady Gertrude laughed gently. She sat down beside her champion, who was now mopping her eyes and blowing her minute nose with as fierce a hand as if it had Emerald Fanny's to tweak instead of her own.

"I know what you think, but, odd as it may seem to you, I don't believe it. You see, I know my poor Reginald pretty well by this time, and I have seen them together these days. Whatever is between them—a good deal of nonsense on my husband's side, ceaseless machinations on hers—it is not what you suspect. Why, my dear, do you think I should have kept her an hour if I was not certain—here with my child!"

Coralie lifted her tear-stained countenance and blinked, wondering, yet only half convinced.

"That thing there cost considerably over £1,000! Holroyd and Rossiter showed it to me only the other day."

"And you may be sure they showed it to Mrs. Lancelot, too," said Gertrude. "She was in the shop the morning she came here, I know, getting that ridiculous mourning ring——"

"Which Uncle Reginald paid for, you bet," said Coralie, savagely dabbing away at another irrepressible tear.

"I dare say he did." The wife was imperturbable. "Did you notice the date on the inscription—1905—when the poor dear fondly believes he was at death's door, and that Mrs. Lancelot saved his life by her devoted nursing? No, I'm not at all upset. In fact, it all confirms my impression. Reginald is getting sick of his little madame, and this—this splendid offering," she waved her hand toward the dressing-table and laughed again, "is a kind of final settlement. She can't say, with that round her neck, that he's not been grateful."

"Oh, dear!" ejaculated the American irritably. "What a lot of common-sense you've got, Aunt G.! I wouldn't have taken it like that if Ernest had given as much as a silver bangle to that snake!"

For the first time a look of sadness came over Gertrude Esdale's serene countenance. She smiled, and Coralie would rather have seen tears in the sweet eyes.

"My dear," she said, "that is a very different thing."

"Well, I seem to have made a pretty considerable fool of myself . . . at that rate! It will teach me to steal on the highway! Do you know," with yet another brisk change of tone, "he told me it was cough lozenges! When I heard that, I really couldn't let him have it back!"

Lady Gertrude laughed out, with a heartiness rare to her.

"Well, it shows one thing, Coralie—that he's not very good at lying. My poor Reginald! Why, don't you see what an innocent he is, through it all?"

She rose from her seat again, lifted the case from where it lay at Coralie's feet, and fitted the collar carefully back.

"And what are we going to do now?" inquired Mrs. Jamieson, a cold sense of apprehension replacing her excitement.

"You're going to lie down till dinner; and I'm going to keep this—for the present."

A gleam of joy sprang into Coralie's eyes, heavy now with fatigue.

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"Aunt G.," she hissed through her teeth, "I hope you'll punish him, all the same!"

Lady Gertrude paused on her way to the door: "Reginald's punishment, poor fellow, began a week ago," she said enigmatically. "As for this—well, you'll see to-night."

Before Coralie took the very sensible advice given by her aunt, she went to pull down the blinds. She did not want Jeanette "fussing around" prying at her tear-stained face, but she was just a "leetle" bit surprised that Ernest should not have come to inquire for her. He had been in the garden, she knew—she had caught a glimpse of him walking up and down between the roses. But it was at the moment of her examination of the collar, and she had no thought to spare for him. He was in the garden still, perambulating the rose-walk, puffing at a thick cheroot.

"He's sulking, poor darling!" said Coralie, as she surveyed him. She remembered her unprecedented tartness with him and how she had slammed the door in his face. "Well, I'd as lief he went on sulking. I can't have him asking me questions just now, Ernest being one of those blundering, one-idead people who cannot see that the end justifies the means."

CHAPTER VIII

Sir Reginald, returning from his bootless search, felt that fate was treating him extremely ill. He was, coining the phrase for himself, "on a three-horned dilemma," and a desperately uncomfortable position it proved.

There was the loss of an object of considerable value; there was the danger of its falling into wrong hands and subjecting him to unmerited suspicion, domestic misunderstanding, possible scandal; and there was the old complication—"that horrid, awkward state of affairs" in which he found himself between his little friend and his wife. The untoward accident had closed the issue which, in his masculine way, at the cost of much expense and diplomacy, he had been making for himself. Besides all this he was conscious that he had made an abject fool of himself before Coralie; and that she was very naturally suspicious of him in consequence. This was a minor irritation, yet it galled him.

Clouds had risen up again, after the break in the storm, and thunder was muttering in the distance, while angry rain-gusts swept against the land. He was shaken, too, and bruised from his fall, felt chilled and exhausted; he was the more easily affected by the English climate, coming from Indian heats. The memory of Emerald's anxious countenance, as he had last seen it, haunted him with a culminating sense of exasperation. This week of her visit! He would rather have gone through his most arduous campaign twice over than face such an experience again. And here he was, speeding back to it! Now his feeling swayed all to anger against his wife, who was responsible for the situation; now, on the swing of the pendulum, he told himself that Emerald Fanny was insupportable. If the woman wanted to compromise *him*, she could scarcely be taking a better way about it. Then his tortured mind would be struck by a hideous suggestion. *Did* she want to compromise him? Followed by its converse question, by the old doubt: was Gertrude basely suspicious, and had she laid a trap for him in his own house?

But, for all his faults, Sir Reginald had an ever-chivalrous instinct, which in some measure justified Mrs. Lancelot's favourite appellation of *mon preux*. He drove both thoughts from him with horror, however they might recur.

Nevertheless, his last private conversation with his visitor—the conversation which had resulted in the purchase in Bond Street—was one that undoubtedly provided him with food for reflection.

They had been together in the library: Mrs. Lancelot had a way of gravitating to that room, upon some transparent excuse or other. On this particular occasion she had found a new pretext—a letter for India to weigh. The operation having been duly

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performed on the scales of Sir Reginald's writing-table, she had remained standing beside him, with extended hand. And drawing his attention to the mourning ring, the diamonds of which were flashing in the sunshine, she had breathed softly:

"I have never been able to tell you all that is in my heart about this."

The absurd little chains had quivered with the trembling of the fragile hand. Sir Reginald had wheeled round in his writing-chair, an odd mixture of awkwardness, irritation, and the old protective tenderness struggling in his mind. However heartily he might wish her away, out of his house, out of his life, she had the power of stirring intimate and delicate emotions within him as perhaps no other woman.

"There is no need to say anything more," he had answered uneasily. "I am glad you found something you like."

"Like!" Here she pressed the ring to her lips. "What it is to me! Oh, I must tell you! It seems, in a strange way, as if *he* had given it to me, for *his* dear remembrance, as if you had given it to *him*—a tribute to one who was your friend."

Sir Reginald winced. This string so constantly harped upon, of his friendship for the late Mr. Lancelot—well, it was he himself who had first struck it! Now the fact that it should ring increasingly false was not made the more endurable by the knowledge that he had only himself to blame. If he had spoken some twenty condescending words to the little official, acknowledged his existence when they met at the club by a patronising nod, it was as much as had ever passed between them—such miles of social interval naturally separated the military magnate from the hardworking civil servant.

But Emerald Fanny had continued, with piercing sweetness:

"I won't thank you then, dear friend of us both, for this token of *his* worth. When I look at this ring, I shall think of your beautiful friendship and of my love—not of our happy days together. This is an emblem of mourning."

Sir Reginald rose from his seat and took a restless turn, his sensibility stung by a fresh discomforting thought. When he had bidden his little friend go to Holroyd and Rossiter, and choose for herself some pretty thing (of not less than a hundred pounds) he had intended to make a substantial offering of gratitude. Now it seemed this was hardly even a present to her. It was a funeral offering to the defunct—an emblem of mourning to the widow. The ministering angel who had soothed his wracked brow, whose devoted care had snatched him from the jaws of death, was as yet unguerdoned. She had received no earnest of his gratitude. Upon the thought flashed another, its natural sequence.

He turned and came quickly toward her.

"You chose for yourself; now I want you to let me choose for you."

She looked at him wonderingly, the tears that her emotion had gathered to her great eyes still dimming their gaze. He took her hand; his tone was caressing—who could help feeling caressing toward so pretty and appealing a creature?

"I want to give you something to remind you of me." She cooed an inarticulate disclaimer. "Something"—pathos began to gain on him as he spoke—"to help you not quite to forget the fellow whose worthless existence you kept from extinction. Something that will make you say, when you look at it: whatever he is, he is not ungrateful."

"Ah," she murmured, "yes. A token—not that I need it, but because I am but a foolish woman, and I should like a token from you, chosen by you, to hold, to love—to kiss. The veriest trifle." She smiled archly through irrepressible tears. "A half-crown safety-pin—a silver bangle, just with your name and mine upon it——"

"How," said he banteringly, "do you value my life at a silver bangle or pin, little madame?" He was beginning to enjoy himself again in her company.

"Your life, *mon preux!* Nay, then the mines of Golconda would not reach to it." The words broke passionately from her; she hung her head as if ashamed of the feeling that rang in

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them. Then, with an embarrassed playfulness, she went on:

"Whatever you give me I shall love; but I forbid you to go to Holroyd and Rossiter for it."

"Why?" he asked, peering to catch a sight of the blushes on the averted face, singularly grateful to his vanity.

"Because, sir, if you must be so curious, I won't have you spending fortunes on me. And Holroyd and Rossiter have got a collar, studded with emeralds, which they are flourishing in everybody's face—now what have I said? Now, Sir Reginald, I forbid you," she lifted and shook a finger at him. "*Mon Général,* if you want to make me very, very angry—no, no, I will have no present, nothing from you, but a thought now and again, a thought of your little friend." She laid a butterfly touch on his hand. He grasped her fingers only to relinquish them promptly in a spasm of realisation and self-reproach.

It was then that he had made up his mind—it was time to put a full-stop to this! The very pleasantness of these dangerous dallyings added to the subsequent distaste. At the cost of some sentimental suffering and what was evidently to be a considerable sum of money, the collar studded with emeralds should be his last token of affection to the woman who, after all, understood and appreciated him—who fascinated him too much still. He was conscious of some rather rueful amusement in his subsequent reflections. He had estimated his gratitude at a hundred pounds; apparently she had loftier conceptions of the worth of the virtue. He was loth—nay, he would not allow himself—to attribute sordid motives to her; yet he wondered what her estimate of his worth would "run him into."

When he found out, it fairly staggered him; and though he did not hesitate to purchase, he only did so because of his very determination that it was to be the end, the very end.

A more philosophic man might be excused for giving way to temper upon returning home in such circumstances. He stamped heavily up to his dressing-room, and, locking the door, flung himself into an armchair, where he sat in a kind of apathy of disgust. The dressing-gong rolling through the house roused him to a curse, but no more. A whisper of trailing skirts halting in the passage, a loud tap roused him; he sprang to his feet.

"Who's there?"

"'Tis I, Reginald." The answer was in his wife's voice.

"I can't let you in!" he cried irritably. The last thing he could endure was a *tête-à-tête* now.

"It's all right, dear. I don't want to come in. Only just to tell you a piece of good news. Your box has been found and brought home."

"What!"

He remembered afterward, blushing, the roar with which he put the question.

"The jewelry you lost—it has been brought back. I have got it quite safely."

The trailing skirts passed on. Sir Reginald stood, thunderstruck. The jewelry. She had opened the box. She had examined the collar. She knew whom it was for. The perspiration beaded on his forehead. "I have got it quite safely. . . ." What did she mean by that? What did she think of him? What could she be thinking of him now? Her voice was calm and sweet as usual. But, with Gertrude, one never could tell. . . . Perhaps she had not seen the dedication, perhaps she thought the magnificent gems were destined for herself? How horrible, when she should discover. . . . A moment he sought dizzily for ways and means to avert the discovery, then reason swept all possibility of such relief from him. He remembered what grateful pleasure she had shown over the miserable trinket he had brought her from India. She would never have spoken in that detached voice had she believed the gift to be for herself.

He dressed at length, and went down—some time after the second gong had sounded—with a stony composure. He blessed the presence of his nephew, even that of the hateful little Coralie; all explanation must be postponed, at least for the present. Yet, when he en-

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tered the room, a certain atmosphere of mystery and solemnity struck him with instant misgiving. Gertrude had departed from her usual, almost austere, simplicity of garment; she was robed beautifully and looked beautiful in white satin. Round the fair column of her throat she wore the pearls which had been his wedding gift. He halted a second, mentally seeking the reason of this gala attire, when she looked at him and smiled. And that smile, almost consoling, was the greatest enigma of all. She stood beside Mrs. Lancelot, who, for some reason explicable only to herself, had chosen to don the garb of her unrelieved black. In contrast to the majestic white figure the widow looked small, insignificant, almost faded.

The thought came like a searing flash of lightning: *Have I lost that woman for this one?*

On a low stool, clasping Mrs. Lancelot's pendant right hand and playing with the chains of the mourning ring, sat Norah; and Sir Reginald, less able than ever to endure the sight of their affectionate ways, turned his head abruptly, only to encounter the gaze of Coralie—Coralie with blue orbs, unnaturally dark in her pale face, staring at him (as he told himself irritably) as if he were a natural curiosity. And to fill his cup of annoyance to the full, there was that ass of an Ernest markedly avoiding his eye.

Dinner had been announced as Sir Reginald entered; but Gertrude now came forward and took an object from the table with the words:

"One moment before we go in."

Sir Reginald saw that it was the jewel case she held in her hands. His heart seemed to stop, while the even tones proceeded:

"There is a little ceremony to be gone through."

As in a dream the unhappy man saw his wife come up to him, felt her insert a hand under his arm, and lead him forward; heard the measured voice resume:

"Dear Mrs. Lancelot"—they were standing before the widow—"my husband and I ask you to accept this offering in token of our united gratitude for all that we owe to you."

Gertrude removed her hand from Sir Reginald's arm as she spoke, and pressing the clasp, displayed the magnificent sheen of the gems under the light.

Sir Reginald heard Coralie gasp hysterically behind him; then he was conscious that Emerald Fanny, his tender friend, his *petite madame,* had flung on him a look of extraordinary anger. The shock was so sudden that it restored him to his senses.

"Oh, Lady Gertrude!" said the widow after a second's pause. Her lids were cast down over the tell-tale eyes; her accents were dulcet as ever. "I don't know what to say; I am overcome." She faltered coyly; raised her eyes again, and the tears were there. "Oh, dear Lady Gertrude, oh, Sir Reginald, you owe me nothing—nothing!"

"You will let me fasten it round your throat," said her hostess gravely. "First, I must show you the inscription; just your name and the date—the date of those days when you were so kind and helpful."

Her glance sought her husband's as she spoke with a kind, warm, reassuring look. He drew a deep breath.

Thank God! Gertrude understood.

She was still speaking. And now it was to him:

"I approve of what you have chosen very much, Reginald. It is charming and artistic, and I'm sure will be most becoming. But I have one suggestion to make, and Mrs. Lancelot must spare us the collar *some time for a few days:* I want *both* our names added to the inscription."

Nothing could have been more gracious than the tone and the words; nothing more charming than the smile that accompanied them; but yet there was authority behind it all—authority and an incomparable dignity. Sir Reginald knew that he had been managed, rebuked and saved, all at the same time, yet could find nothing in his heart but intense admiration and gratitude. "Gad, she is a glorious woman!" he cried to himself; and, upon an impulse, took the lovely, generous hand that had just fastened his present round a rival's neck and raised it to his lips.

"Yes, aren't they too, too beautiful!"

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cried Emerald in response to Norah's enthusiastic shrieks. Never had those honeyed notes of hers rung so shrilly.

Sir Reginald coughed.

"I guess you're missing those jujubes," insinuated Coralie in a small, malicious voice.

"Come, come," interposed Lady Gertrude briskly, "lead the way, Reginald. Coralie, I have no better cavalier for you to-night than Norah. Ernest, your arm."

Norah could not for the life of her make out why Coralie should look as though she were going to cry, and why, when they were crossing the hall, she should suddenly pinch fiercely the arm she was holding and whisper:

"If you should ever cause that splendid, wonderful mother of yours one second's pain, you'd deserve—" Norah tossed her head in some dudgeon—a head attired, after Emerald's suggestion, with elaborate puffs and curls that altered the girlish face scarcely to its advantage.

"Oh, Emerald, darling," cried Miss Esdale effusively across the table to her friend, "you're too, too lovely with that collar!"

Sir Reginald frowned.

"I wish to goodness, Norah," he exclaimed, "you would drop that exuberant manner of speech! The adjective lovely is quite expressive enough by itself."

There was a moment's uncomfortable pause, during which Coralie's vindictive soul gave a jodel of jubilation. "The little rift within the lute is spreading apace," she thought. Then Gertrude spoke:

"Your father has taught you, Norah, how to express a compliment."

"Sir Reginald is always too, too kind," said Mrs. Lancelot, low-voiced, stealthily fingering each emerald.

"How did you like the *Merry Widow* the other night?" said Coralie, whose spirits were reviving by leaps and bounds.

Emerald started.

"Were you there?" Both voice and look were unwarily sharp. Then she felt Sir Reginald's eye darkly upon her. She caught up her rôle hastily.

"The long, sad hours were suddenly quite, quite intolerable to me," she murmured with her dove moan. "I fled from my loneliness to the theatre, only to find it waiting for me there."

Her misting eyes seeking sympathy from face to face halted suddenly, unexpectedly, at Captain Jamieson. He had not been in the least able to follow events, but he had a distinct notion that the little woman was being persecuted between his aunt and his wife, and that his uncle was not playing the game, somehow. He gazed at her compassionately.

"London is terrible when one is alone," she lamented.

"It's a devil of a place," assented he.

Her heart swelled with an acrid triumph. Her day might be over with *mon preux*—and nobody could be quicker to feel the moment of waning favour than she—but she had not lost her power. Why, she could have this simpleton at her feet as soon as she chose, in spite of his celebrated devotion to his little cat of a wife. Not that the game would be worth the candle. Again she unconsciously caressed her emeralds.

"Norah," said her father, as the girl came and perfunctorily offered her cheek for the good-night kiss, "since when has it become the fashion for children to go about reeking of scent like a hairdresser's shop?"

Instantly up was Norah's head flung, with its pert toss of defiance.

"I'm not a child any more, please, father; and I think my scent's very nice." She was about to add: "It is Mrs. Lancelot's, if you want to know," when some unwonted instinct of discretion restrained her.

"Well, you'll have the kindness to wash it off," said Sir Reginald shortly, "and to understand that I don't wish you to put it on any more. It's a sickening smell," he added, in an outburst, to which he would scarcely have given way had not Mrs. Lancelot already left the room. But the latter's ears were sharp and the general spoke loudly. She paused, her foot on the first step of her upward way. There was no witness to the spasm that convulsed her face—for an instant a small medusa mask of fury. Yet when she bade her hostess good-night outside her own door she was able to smile with the wonted honey-sweetness and even to

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offer an appealing kiss with renewed expression of gratitude.

"Aunt G.," cried Coralie, "how could you kiss that little toad?"

They were alone together in Gertrude's great airy, white bedroom.

"My dear," responded Lady Gertrude, "I feel so sorry for her."

Coralie remained meditative a minute. Lady Gertrude's tactics that evening had filled her with surprise and admiration. The mind that could conceive them seemed to her at once lofty and relentless. Dimly she began to understand an attitude of thought which could enable the wife to kiss without resentment the woman who had tried to rob her of her husband.

"You've just about conquered too completely to feel anything but a sort of pity for your enemy," she remarked musingly at last. "Grandma may as well think of sending to the bank for that tiara."

"I don't know that I am sure of it yet," said the other, smiling with that frankness which was so strange a concomitant to a very reserved character. "There's my poor little Norah to win back, too. I wish I had sent the child to mamma."

"Why, Aunt G., I believe it was just Norah that fixed Uncle Reginald; when he saw Emerald Fanny mirrored in his own child it fairly opened his eyes."

"But I never thought of making use of the child. I had no right to make use of the child."

The mother's face took an expression of trouble, almost of pain. Coralie flung herself into her arms.

"Darling Aunt G. Never fear—I'll help you with Norah. It's only a passing fit of school-girl nonsense at the worst." Then, holding the tall woman embraced, she whispered in her ears: "I hope you don't just despise me for what I did to-day. I'm not going ever to tell Ernest—now mind that!"

"How could your accomplice despise you?" said Gertrude. Then she pressed her lips to the small, flushed face, murmuring: "It is good to kiss such an honest little bit of nature as you are."

Emerald Fanny showed no disposition to-night to keep Norah, her young worshipper, lingering long in her room, after the custom which had grown up between them. It even might be said that she dismissed her—but with such loving words as to obviate anything approaching to offence.

"My darling, I must be alone to-night. I am sad. No, not even you—not even you, beloved, can I admit to this hour. I would not sadden your exquisite brightness. May you never know such an hour of woman's struggle, of soul desolation, of heart abandonment! Alone I must go through it."

She held Norah's face between her two hands and looked solemnly, profoundly into her eyes. Then she deposited a kiss of almost sacramental solemnity upon the girl's brow.

"Good-night, my beautiful Norah. Good-night, my comfort."

Norah went slowly to her room in a whirl of bewilderment and ardent affection. The mystery of Emerald's air and words excited her imagination to the utmost. She felt that her friend had been injured in some cryptic manner and was suffering in the depths of a soul that was all poetry, refinement and nobility. "Could Emerald have heard her father's beastly remark about the scent?" the child asked herself angrily. Though the reason seemed scarcely adequate for such an exalted state of misery, her Emerald was over-sensitive for every-day life. On the other hand, her mother had been very kind over the jewels.

"But there, she likes father best," argued the child sagely.

Then illumination came to her: Emerald was that pathetic and wonderful thing, a widow recently bereaved. This was a phase of her inevitable woe. To Norah, on the threshold of life, her friend seemed surrounded with a double halo; she was consecrated by love and sorrow, a priestess of mysteries, hidden as yet to her innocence. "May you never know such an hour of soul desolation!" The words rang again in the girl's ears as she sat by her open window gazing dreamily out into the garden; rang with their sweet and stabbing note of pathos. She suddenly thought of Enniscorthy—Enn—whom she had not seen for six days; who had been so odd and off-hand and indifferent that night he dined; who had

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not answered her letter nor made the smallest effort to see her again! Was she, too, to know, after all, the woman's struggle, the heart abandonment? Worse fate than her friend's, was she to lose without even the certitude of having been loved? In her mind's eye she saw the widow on her knees before that portrait of *"him"* which stood beside her bed, her hands clasped and uplifted, tears streaming down her pale cheeks. Flung from her lay the jewels, mocking her mourning with their colour and radiance, her heart's poverty with their richness. What were such baubles to a soul bereaved? Norah began to understand, through her own sense of misery, her friend's frame of mind. Tears of pity for herself began to trickle luxuriously down her cheeks. She, too, felt the worthlessness of everything in life, failing the one supreme good.

Could she but have seen the widow at that moment! The electric lamp pulled low upon the dressing-table, to concentrate its full light upon the object she held, Mrs. Lancelot was examining, clasp by clasp, almost link by link, the stones of the collar. Its price she was aware of —£1,400. To her, as an asset of fortune, she might look upon it as worth about £700 or £800. With her ring and her brooch, say, £1,000 ready cash. Add her widow's pension of £300, there was all she had to reckon on for her new start in life. She had come to a new start in life, of that she had no doubt.

A bitter smile twisted her lips as she made a rapid calculation of what *mon preux's* friendship had been worth to her. She had of late lived practically at the rate of his own income. She thought of her little flat overhanging the park, and cursed her folly in accepting the invitation to Windsor. "If that man wasn't such a fool," she muttered mentally, "he'd have warned me it was a trap. Oh, that hateful, designing woman!" If it had not been for Lady Gertrude she might still reign queen over her husband's heart, still return in comfort, appreciation and sympathy the more substantial benefits it was his pleasure to lavish upon her.

Why—it might have gone on and on, she thought, with a groan of mingled exasperation and lament; on to a final triumph over which even she had hitherto hardly ever allowed her thoughts to hover till to-night. But to-night, she told herself boldly, that such things had been and were every day—every day now with increasing facility and fewer penalties. She had been blind; all this past week inconceivably blind! Sir Reginald's capricious moodiness, his airs of trouble, his occasional avoidance of her, she had chosen to regard as signs of his passion, suffering and impatient of the thralls that circumstances imposed. Whereas the base wretch, with the utter selfishness of his sex, was merely sickening of one who, after having been his help and inspiration, had suddenly become a cause of discomfort. She ought to have put miles between herself and his wife; the while she had had the folly to believe that the juxtaposition increased her value. Well, it was done! She could deceive herself no longer; the moment when their eyes had met over the gift had been a revelation. She had read in his glance revolt, aversion, even disgust.

"I suppose I dished myself with the price of the emeralds," she thought cynically, "and that was his silly revenge, making his wife give them to me!"

She turned over the collar to examine the writing on the clasp. Lady Gertrude had thought it a very subtle snub, no doubt, to say that she would have her own name and Sir Reginald's added. As matters turned out it would suit Mrs. Lancelot's book very well, and she would not let that promise remain abortive. "The present that dear Lady Gertrude and her husband gave me!" would fit a great deal better into her new landscape than the illicit offering of an admirer, however distinguished. For Emerald Fanny, her thin fingers clutching the emeralds, was quite certain she could never let them go again. Fortunately she need not be cast adrift upon the cruel world—other people were capable of an attachment more honest or more faithful than that of her late *preux*.

There was a letter she must write at once. As she opened the blotter and addressed herself to her task, her mind was busy upon further resolutions. Perhaps they expected her to take her departure to-morrow, now that she had been paid

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off—with a dog-collar! She would do no such thing. She had too much sense of her own dignity to allow herself to be so treated. And there was little Norah. Insensibly Emerald's mind, which in the fierce light of her anger had been working with an unwonted frankness, began to glide back into those delicate and concealing shadows with which the most interested prefer to veil their motives and their projects, even to themselves. Norah was devoted to her. The child wanted help; she would not abandon her at the very moment when her poor little love affairs were in such a bad way.

Norah had not been half-hearted in her confidence; she had laid bare every fold of her soul to her new friend.

"If I could facilitate matters for the lovers," signed the widow sentimentally, "the memory of this visit will not be all pain." And underneath, hidden away in the shadow, was the unavowed but prompting thought: "To have brought together young Lord and Lady Enniscorthy would be no bad starting-point for the social climb."

Now she began to write, rapidly at first, then with some pauses for reflection. The letter began: "Dear Cousin John," and ended: "Your lonely little cousin, Emily."

Mrs. Lancelot's caligraphy was large and bold; there was no mistaking the signature; it was—Emily. She reread the document with a quiet, business air, seemed satisfied with its contents and proceeded to seal it. The envelope soon bore the superscription:

John MacCracken, Esq.,
Beaconsfield Lodge,
Paisley, N. B.

(*To be continued*)

THE MEASURE OF A SONG

In praise of Omar rose the voice
Of each that gathered there that night,
But o'er the measure of his verse
Straight rose a bitter fight.

For some there were that stout maintained
That since in stanzas strong and pure
He sang the glories of the cup,
In couplet form should they endure.

But loud replying boisterous cried,
Vine garlanded a joyous crew,
"This singer of the long and deep
Claims Quart drains are his due."

Roland Holt.

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GEORGE MEREDITH: A REVIEW

N the decision that Meredith is not to lie in Westminster Abbey his sincerest admirers may acquiesce with a certain consolatory pride; they may even applaud the discriminating sense that inspired an attitude so in consonance with the novelist's own wish, had he expressed it. There is a fitness to be observed in the bestowal of such honours. When Tennyson was borne to his place in England's Pantheon, mourned by a nation, the ceremony was a solemn crowning of his career. He was for his time the great representative poet of a race that has had many great poets and has esteemed them. The last tribute was offered spontaneously by a whole nation. The fame of George Meredith is, it may be, as secure as that of Tennyson; but it is of a different order. He has never been—it is in no way likely that he will ever be—a popular hero. Not until the history of the twentieth century is written will it be possible to estimate fully the influences he has set in motion. That he will ever bulk large in the popular eye as certain of his contemporaries in the arts he practised—as Tennyson, for example, or Dickens—is not to be expected. Let us accept for exactly what they are worth the pious excuses that have been put into the mouth of the wise Dean: that Meredith was a rebel against conventional society; that his views of marriage were not orthodox. It is enough that the demand for this last honour was not imperative. And with this inexorable fact we may well be content. For many a fameless poet and poetaster already crowds the giants of the Poet's Corner; it is a sadly mixed company. And the great latter-day preacher of democracy was an aristocrat of art. He would not have traded the freedom of all the world for the doubtful Valhalla of Westminster Abbey.

Even such fame as he now has, covering but a small area, though securely won and held, is of recent conquest. Twenty years ago his most ardent disciple might have had misgivings as to the ultimate verdict. Until *Diana of the Crossways* came in 1885 he was not even a name to the great majority in England and America. The publication a dozen years ago of the complete and revised edition of his novels may be taken as marking roughly his acceptance as a writer of the first rank. Within a much shorter time —not more than two or three years— there has been a noticeable stirring of interest akin to a revival of a half-forgotten writer of an earlier age. In this period a handful of books has appeared in which Meredith has been discussed as a man whose assured permanence in English literature justifies serious attempts at critical evaluation. Before this time it had been hard to realise—as it is still, because of the man's nearness to us —that his actual place was with those of a generation and even two generations ago. Meredith's first volume was published in 1851. Tennyson had but just succeeded Wordsworth in the laureateship. Dickens had published *David Copperfield,* while *Bleak House* and all its successors were yet to come. Thackeray was the author of *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis,* and was writing *Henry Esmond.* The most famous of Trollope's books were still in the future, and George Eliot was a religious controversialist, not a novelist. Rossetti, born in the same year with Meredith, had written *The Blessed Damozel* as a precocious boy four years earlier; Swinburne had not been heard of. While Bulwer Lytton and Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot and Trollope and Kingsley and Reade were sharing the applause of the English novel reader, George Meredith was working almost unnoticed, pouring into book after book the brainstuff, the profound observation, the vital humanity that make them to us to-day as fresh as the work of one of our younger contemporaries.

Yet even in these early years he was not wholly without appreciation. The first of his prose works, the fantastic *Shaving of Shagpat,* was greeted by George Eliot as "a work of genius." Even Carlyle, with all his scorn of fic-

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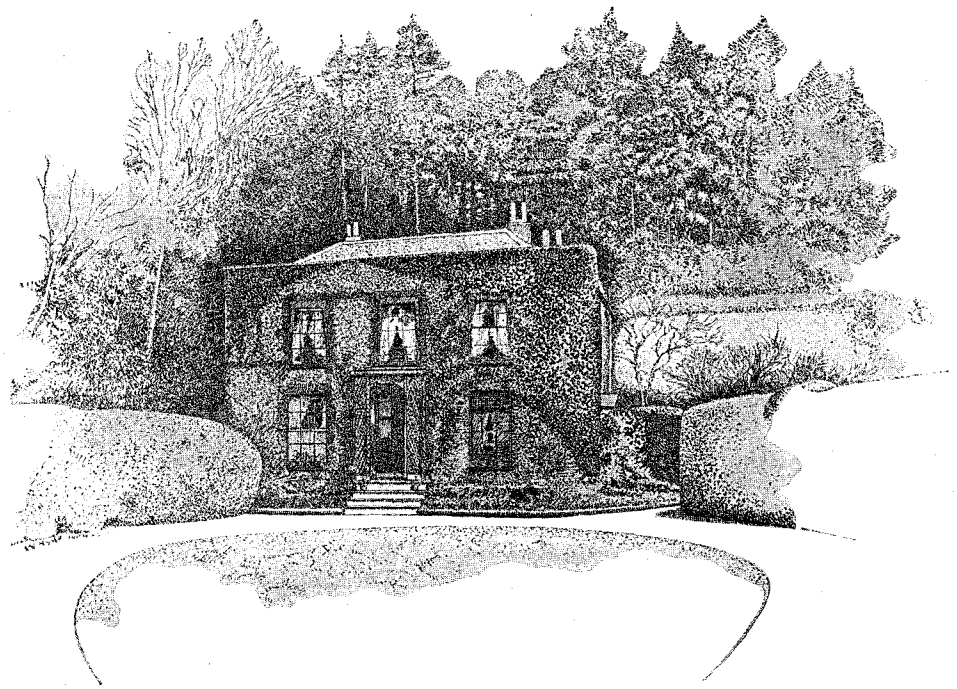

FLINT COTTAGE, BOX HILL. GEORGE MEREDITH'S HOME

tion, was stirred from his attitude of contempt by *Richard Feverel*. "This man's no fule!" was his terse remark. Swinburne, always ready with generous praise, met the critics of *Modern Love* with the declaration that it was "in some points, as it seems to me, a poem above the aim and beyond the reach of any but its author." But such whole-hearted acceptation, cheering as it must have been, could not take the place of the wider recognition which every artist needs for the maturing of his work. Even without Meredith's own testimony, it would be apparent that the long period in which he was left to write in his own way, without the restraining influence of an audience, had its effect on him. The curious effect of such neglect on the really big man, as may be seen in the lives of many an artist—in Browning's, for example, or Schubert's, or Whistler's—is not to make him careless, but the reverse: more and more pertinaciously scrupulous in response to the demands of the art itself, more and more disdainful of easy concessions to mere intelligibility. It is not neglect that saps an artist's conscience, but popularity. And yet, since in the long run he exists only for an audience, the very integrity of his purpose, carried to the extreme, becomes his undoing. The drag of popular clamour is a needed counterbalance. And perhaps one man in an era finds in his own experience the happy compromise.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel appeared when its author was thirty-one. Whatever its defects—and they are as plain, if not as important, as its merits—it is hard to understand now how it could fail to be received as a great novel. It is recorded that the first edition satisfied the demand for nineteen years. The indifference of its contemporaries is a measure of the distance we have traversed in fifty years. *Richard Feverel* strikes its roots deeper into the present day than into the society of '59. When it was written its contemporaries were not yet born. Shakespearian it has more than once been called, and it would not be easy to find another novel better deserving the epithet; yet it uncovers complexities of soul peculiarly modern. It was followed in two years by *Evan Harrington*, which stands at the opposite pole of Meredith's world. More con-

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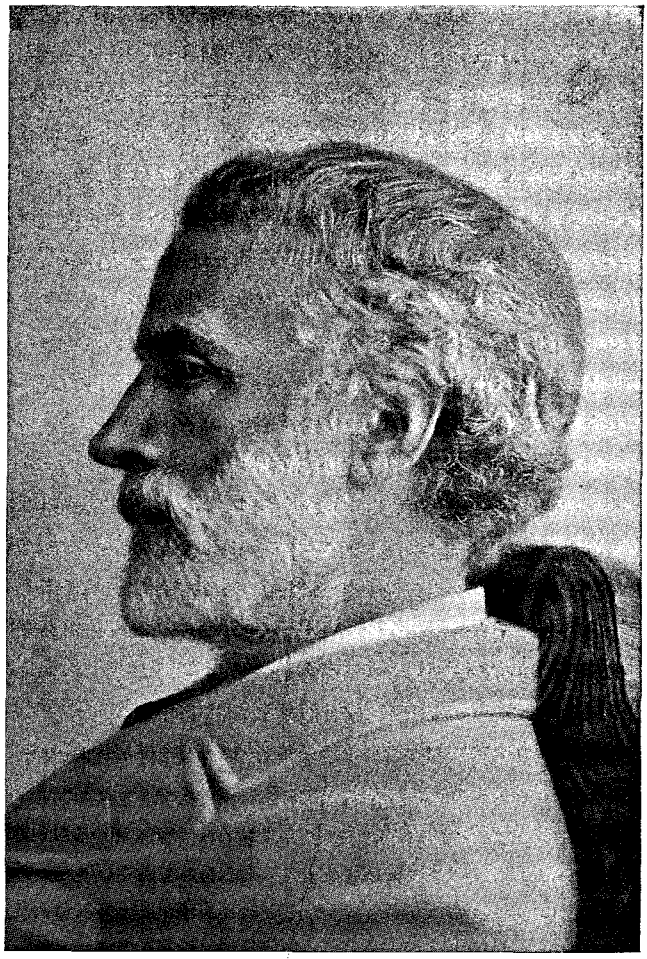

George Meredith

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sistently than any other of his novels it preserves the conventional aspect of comedy, as *Richard Feverel* presents most clearly the traditional face of tragedy. The two books might be taken as the starting-points of the converging lines along which tragedy and comedy move to an ideal identity. The perfect tragedy and the perfect comedy, were they conceivable, would be one.

An admirer of each of Meredith's books, with all their rich individuality of character and content, must be on his guard against any temptation to rank them in order of merit. Yet in spite of the manifold delights to be found in his comedy of the tailor turned gentleman—above all, perhaps, the inimitable Great Mel, who being dead throws his portentous shadow across the entire book—no Meredithian would place *Evan Harrington* at the top of his list. *Sandra Belloni,* which followed it (in 1864, when it was called *Emilia in England*), ranges itself more naturally with *Feverel,* not only in its characters, but also in the sententious wisdom in which it abounds. That it is a wholly successful novel could scarcely be maintained; it holds sufficient brain-stuff to sink a dozen otherwise "successful" novels. And then it holds Emilia and Wilfrid Pole—holds them at least until they overflow into its sequel. *Vittoria* is an impossible story. Only infinite patience could untangle its snarled skein of plot, and it is crowded with unindividualised, lifeless figures. It is a great, chaotic song of liberty, with a heroine who personates the glory and tragedy of liberty. Emilia in Italy is one of the most truly dramatic of Meredith's creatures; the last chapters, in which she seeks and finds her dead husband in the mountains, are of a piercing beauty. For pathos that never misses its true note they are to be matched only by the scenes of Lucy Feverel's death and of Carinthia's last parting from her husband of *The Amazing Marriage.*

Between the first book of Emilia's story and the second came *Rhoda Fleming.* It is Meredith's one book in which the principal characters are of the peasant order. Elsewhere he has sought his material in the society which is, theoretically at least, the flower of civilisation. *Rhoda Fleming* is a challenge to George Eliot on her own ground; and though it is a book of noble and lasting beauties, it is not felt as one of Meredith's most characteristic works. The epithet Shakespearian has been requisitioned again to describe the brooding sense of tragedy that hangs over the entire action; there are admirable bits of low country humour that bring to mind the clowns and fools of Shakespeare's tragedies. Yet despite Stevenson's high praise of the book, it is one of the last to be recommended for the true Meredithian flavour.

The four or five years that intervened between *Vittoria* and its successor are the most noticeable hiatus in Meredith's steady, determined prosecution of his career. In these quiet years he seems to have found his place. Hitherto, in spite of brilliant achievements, there was an element of the experimental in all that he had done. *Richard Feverel* is, to be sure, a novel of astonishing maturity and assured power; but it stood and still stands by itself. *Evan Harrington* was comedy, as original in conception as it was brilliant in manner—yet comparatively a matter of surfaces. In *The Adventures of Harry Richmond* we have the comic spirit in full swing, and in its principal character, perhaps the greatest comic figure in recent literature. Certainly his match is not to be sought outside of Meredith's own pages. One balks the attempt to characterise this amazing creation; he is absolutely unbelievable; one turns from him with the countryman's incredulous ejaculation at first sight of the hippopotamus. Yet there he is, a living, breathing entity; no stuffed effigy, but a man. Like Falstaff and Tartuffe, he is more real than the arch-impostors and quacks of history, than Apollonius and his eighteenth century follower, Cagliostro. To measure his greatness, place him beside the best of those in contemporary fiction who approach his kind: say, for example, Barry Lyndon. For mingled greatness and littleness of soul his only fellow among the moderns is Ibsen's Peer Gynt. His grotesque egoism, his boundless belief in his destiny and the pitiful inadequacy of his efforts to realise it, are always on

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the point of exciting our disgust; yet the line is never quite reached, and in the great scene where Squire Beltham undertakes to strip from him the last rag of self-respect, and does it with the most brutal thoroughness, the man actually emerges with our sympathy. "Excepting the essentials, he possesses all the equipment of a hero," says Mrs. Sturge Henderson. There are many pages in this, the longest of Meredith's books, that might well be spared; but even with this handicap of superfluous baggage, I suspect that Roy Richmond may march as far into the future as any of Meredith's characters. That the book was the direct inspiration of Stevenson's *Prince Otto,* and through it of the whole train of *Zendas,* good and bad, may be accounted to it as at least a positive and not insignificant influence.

On the whole, *Harry Richmond* is to be reckoned one of the quintessential Meredith works—one of the three in which he appears in his full panoply of comic artist. If one would know Meredith in his most characteristic phase from a single book, it must be from *Harry Richmond* or *The Egoist* or *One of Our Conquerors.* Probably the general choice of *The Egoist* for this distinction is correct; no other book exhibits with such amplitude and at such a uniformly high level all his powers as a revealer of the souls of men. It is pure comedy, and its purity is the measure of its remove from the merely funny, which is so often accounted comic. "To awaken thoughtful laughter": it is Meredith's own test of comedy, as searching as Aristotle's test of "pity and terror" for tragedy. The laughter awakened by *The Egoist* is prone to become a sorry grimace, distorted by pain and humiliation, as the knife touches the raw nerve. In Stevenson's phrase, he has dissected and laid bare a whole set of nerves running through the human frame, the existence of which was not before suspected. I know of no other book that gets so close home under the skin, that produces in the reader the same wince as of physical pain. No wonder that, in spite of the profound impression it has made on the mind of the time—greater than that of any other book by its author—it has never been popular. To call it a novel, and then proceed to point out its faults, is to betray the very stupidity against which Meredith tried to protect himself by calling it "A Comedy in Narrative." Method as well as substance are of the true comic; Sir Willoughby Patterne is a comic "type," as truly as Molière's Misanthrope. It is one of the triumphs of Meredith's dramatic genius that he is at the same time so superbly individualised.

At fifty-one, when *The Egoist* was published, Meredith was at the top of his powers in the creation of character; yet a dozen years later he gave us, in *One of Our Conquerors,* an even subtler, more complex egoist, if a less typical one, than Sir Willoughby Patterne. I am aware that I am in a minority in the high value and interest I attach to this novel. It is held, and rightly, to be one of the most difficult to read, filled as it is with those elisions and compressions of style, which many regard as wilful obscurity. No book is more baffling to one who has not learned the Meredith idiom. But those who can read it at all find in Victor Radnor one of his most astounding and significant characters, in Nataly perhaps the most human and appealing of his women, and in the situation the freest possible scope for the play of his intelligence on the great social problems. It is a tragic comedy, and Victor Radnor is a man of true heroic proportions, who just misses mastering his fate. Meredith's social wisdom, his clairvoyance into and through the complex web of conditions into which civilised man has woven himself, are nowhere more plainly in view. Organised Society—"Circumstance"—is the chorus of the drama, pressing the lesson of its law home on Victor's confused sense and Nataly's premonition of failure and Nesta's innocence.

Classifications of Meredith's books are necessarily superficial and abstract, but I have mentioned these three works together because they seem to display a kind of unity of method, in spite of the years that separate them. In chronological alternation with them came three books which it may not seem altogether fanciful to associate in another group as

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showing a more distinctly romantic spirit. They all have to do with political life, and the earliest of them, *Beauchamp's Career* (published in 1876), is avowedly a political novel. It is doubtless mere coincidence that each of these novels is founded on actual occurrences. *Beauchamp's Career* is one of the most winning of its author's stories, though it shows notable complexities of plot and character. Young Nevil Beauchamp is obviously one of Meredith's own favourite heroes; through him and his mentor, the grotesque Dr. Shrapnel, the author preaches more plainly than elsewhere his political gospel. In *Diana of the Crossways* politics is merely the background for one of the most brilliant and the most popular of Meredith's stories. Diana is a radiant creature, who takes a strong hold on our affections; she is one of the rare characters of fiction, described as witty and intellectual, who actually live up to their reputation. To designate as superficial a book in which every scene is vitalised by her commanding presence would be a misuse of terms; yet one feels that Meredith here deals with the outward aspects of his characters more frankly than is his wont.

For *Lord Ormont and His Aminta* I confess a liking that is independent of critical justification. It is much simpler in manner and in content than *One of Our Conquerors,* which it followed (in 1894), though it is related to that book in its treatment of the problem of marriage and divorce; there are inconsistencies of character, there are situations rather artificially produced, which make it impossible to regard this as a perfect novel. Yet Aminta, though she has less character than Carinthia Kirby, less innocent purity than Lucy, less wit than Diana, less delicate winsomeness than Clara Middleton, less beauty than Renée, less nobility of soul than Emilia, is one of the most adorable of women; Matey Weyburn is one of Meredith's fine, healthy, straightforward young fellows, own brother to Richard Feverel and Nevil Beauchamp and Harry Richmond; and Lord Ormont, with all his exasperating treatment of Aminta, is one of the world's great. The book possesses as much of the spirit of youth as *Richard Feverel,* written thirty-five years earlier, and its characters are as intimately related to Nature; Meredith renews his strength magically when he touches Earth. The swimming scene near the close is remembered with the chapters of Richard and Lucy in the garden, of Wilfrid and Emilia by Wilming Weir, of Carinthia Kirby and her brother "calling the morning," as one of his matchless prose lyrics—not "prose poetry," but the sheer stuff of poetry, in which words have become once more the primitive symbols of pure emotion.

The Amazing Marriage, the last of Meredith's novels, followed *Lord Ormont* by a year. Its vigour and intensity are astonishing; no falling off in the author's creative power is discernible. Its theme is a variant of that of the ill-assorted marriage, already used in *Diana* and *Lord Ormont.* Carinthia Jane Kirby is one of Meredith's greatest heroines, a woman whose superb spirit almost matches Emilia's. She is not "sympathetic"—she does not win your love as do Lucy and Janet and Nesta and the other simple-minded, innocent heroines, and the profound consistency of her character is one of the difficulties of the book. Lord Fleetwood marries her to keep his word, leaves her at once, and returns only when her love for him has been killed by almost incredible neglect and cruelty. It is as impossible for her to receive him back as it had been for her to refuse any service that had come to her as a duty. The girl who accepted her lover's early neglect as right because he was her lover, and the woman who met his last passionate appeal with the serenity won at the cost of love itself, are one and the same person; the seam of character is unbroken. Fleetwood is of as mixed nature as Carinthia is simple. Gower Woodseer, whom Meredith first intended as a portrait of Stevenson, is delightful; to his charm Mr. Hewlett has lately paid the tribute of imitation in his pedlar of *Halfway House.* Vital as the book is in its main characters and incidents, it is over-long and contains some unnecessary episodes, among which the formalist would perhaps reckon the famous prize fight to which Fleetwood conducts his bride, and the four or five

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GEORGE MEREDITH'S WORKSHOP

chapters of prologue. Yet these are among the last portions of the book that its admirers would spare.

In this hurried catalogue of Meredith's fiction I have passed over the shorter tales, to which a separate article might well be devoted: the early romance, *Farina,* the serious, grim comedy of *The House on the Beach,* and the contagious farce of *The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper. The Tale of Chloe* deserves more than a word. Artistically it is one of Meredith's finest achievements—a thing to fill the soul of the emulous craftsman with joy and despair. It is perhaps not a short story in the technical sense, but rather a novel in little, perfect in proportion and brought to completion through a marvellous compression and finish of detail. *The Tragic Comedians,* though short, is a volume by itself and is usually reckoned among Meredith's novels. Also it is frequently alluded to as a failure, which emphatically it is not. Its special interest lies in the fact that it is but half-fiction, being a rendering of the true story of Ferdinand Lasalle, the brilliant leader of German Socialism, and Helene von Dönniges. The book is written with immense energy, and its radical defect is one of the curious paradoxes of fiction. The portrait of Sigismund Alvan is brilliantly real, and Clotilde is at least credible; but one is balked by the curiously fortuitous character of the *denouement*—the death of Alvan in a duel, and the marriage of Clotilde shortly after to the slayer of the man she loved. Of course, Meredith but followed literally the actual story. It is not the fictitious element in the book that fails to "convince," but the real element; a lesson worth heeding on the relation of fiction to life.

It is on his fiction that Meredith's reputation is chiefly based at the end of his life; yet there are not wanting critics, whose opinions are entitled to consideration, who hold that his fame will finally rest on his poetry. With this judgment I do not by any means agree; yet it is indubitable that no one knows Meredith thoroughly—no one, indeed, knows all the best of English poetry—who does not know and love his verse. If *Modern Love* is not a true and great poem, profound in its insight, charged with passion, beautiful as it is original in form, then every known test of true poetry is fallacious. The noble and mysterious beauty of the *Hymn to Colour* makes it not unworthy of a place beside the greatest of Spenser's Hymns. Stevenson has recorded his sense of the haunting rhythm of *Love in a Valley.* The brawny vigour of *Attila,* with its sonorous refrain,

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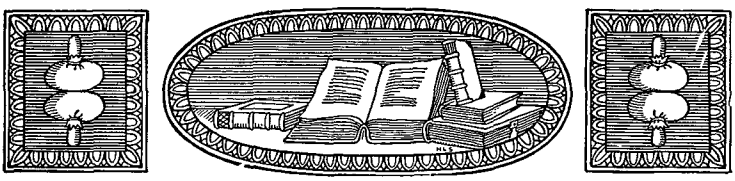
and the subtle philosophy of *The Sage Enamoured and the Honest Lady* mark the boundaries of a wide-sweeping talent. Nor could there be a greater mistake than that of regarding Meredith as a mere philosopher in rhyme, a man of thought to whom the poetic medium is not native. It is worth recalling that his first work and his last were in verse. And in some of his lyrics he is as simple and sensuous, as much the pure singer, as any English poet since Blake. To those who have not considered this side of Meredith's genius may be recommended, first a reading of the poems themselves, and then of Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's admirable book concerning them.

Naturally Meredith's critics have not forgotten their usual fling at a man who does more than one thing: he is, you will be told, too much a novelist to be a poet of the highest order, too much a poet to be a great novelist. True, he travels farthest into the future who travels lightest, and it is not easy to predict what portions of Meredith's product, almost all of which now seems significant, will be discarded from time to time as unnecessary impedimenta. It seems reasonable to believe, however, that a man is most likely to be remembered, not by what he has done almost or even quite as well as other men, but by what he has done incomparably better than any one else—provided always that the thing is worth doing in itself. What Meredith has done best may be learned by reference to his *Essay on Comedy*—an essay, by the way, which may one day come to stand as a landmark of constructive criticism. Comedy, he tells us, is the fine flower of a highly civilised society—a society cognisant of conventions, conscious of the nice adjustment of rights between the individual and the body social; a society in which woman holds her proper and independent place. Comedy, moreover, addresses itself to the intelligence of men, is a mouthpiece for ideas. Granted Meredith's definition of Comedy, which is surely exclusive enough, it may still be questioned by those who would rank the arts in an order of importance whether it is the highest of forms. "Is Aristophanes the greater, or Sophocles?" It will hardly be denied by any one who has read a half-dozen of Meredith's books that by his own severe test he is the greatest comic artist the English have had since Shakespeare. And this, which is his proper praise, is also the explanation of his limited appeal. A popular comedy is a contradiction in terms. "People are ready to surrender themselves to witty thumps on the back, breast, and sides; all except the head: and it is there that he aims. He must be subtle to penetrate. A corresponding acuteness must exist to welcome him. The necessity for the two conditions will explain how it is that we count him during centuries in the singular number." Luckily, George Meredith was born into a society capable of generating the prime impulse at least for the writing of comedy. Given this impulse, a peculiarly sane, balanced temper, and the greatest brain, as it seems to me, that has been devoted to the writing of English fiction, and the product was inevitable. Meredith's fame is safe in the hands of the "acute and honourable minority" to which he made his appeal.

Edward Clark Marsh.



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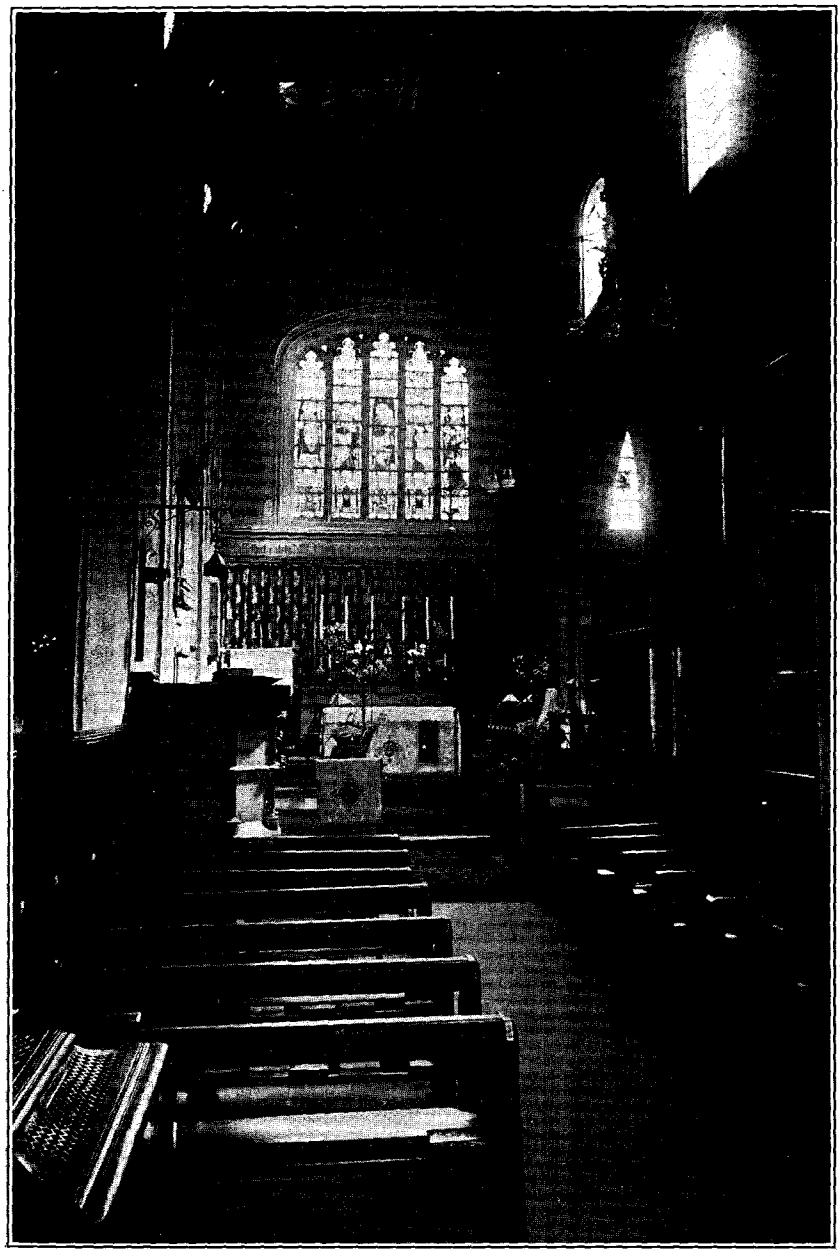

THE CHURCH OF ST. ETHELBURGA THE VIRGIN—INTERIOR VIEW

The existence of the Church of St. Ethelburga the Virgin, dedicated to the daughter of King Ethelbert, King of Kent (A. D. 552?-616) is mentioned in English history as early as the middle of the fourteenth century. It was noted for its short services for *city* men, and according to tradition was frequented by sailors immediately before proceeding on their voyages and upon their return therefrom. To this quaint old-time place of worship, Hudson and his crew, we are told, repaired to partake of the sacrament before sailing under the direction of the "Muscovy" or Russian company (the first joint stock company, says John Fiske, formed by the English for the prosecution of maritime trade and colonisation, incorporated February, 1555) to attempt a Northwest passage to Asia.

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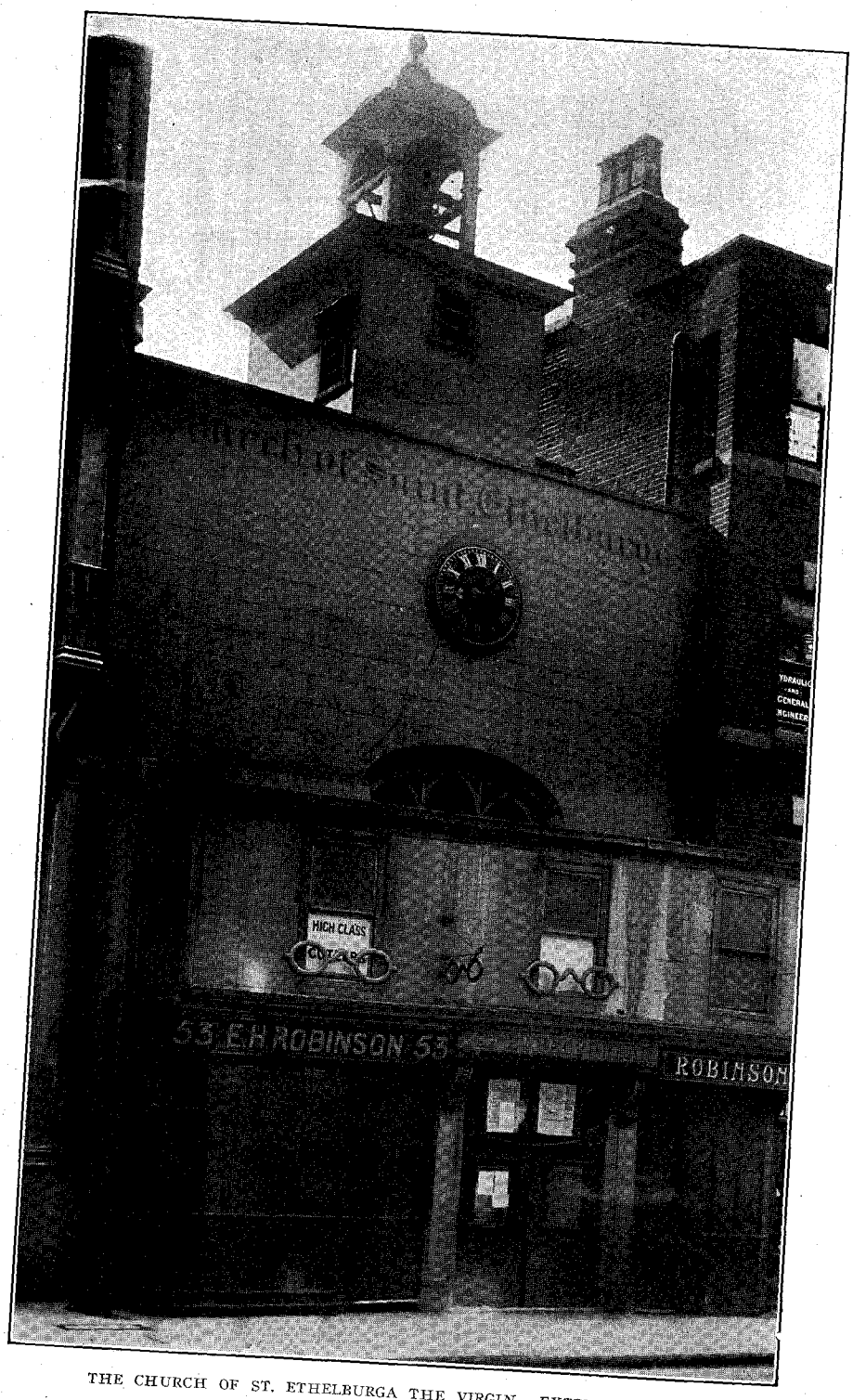

THE CHURCH OF ST. ETHELBURGA THE VIRGIN—EXTERIOR VIEW

Hudson made two arctic voyages in the years 1607 and 1608 in prosecution of this fruitless quest, but in making them he approached nearer to the pole than any man before him, and established his name and fame as a skilful navigator and courageous explorer. In 1609 he entered the service of the Dutch East India Company, and on the 4th of April of that year set sail in the *Half Moon* on the Zuyder Zee. On the 3d of September he dropped anchor somewhere—writes the author we have quoted above in his *Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America*—between Sandy Hook and Staten Island. Mr. Fiske concludes his chapter on Henry Hudson by according him the credit of starting two immense industries, the Spitzbergen whale fisheries and the Hudson Bay fur trade, as well as that of bringing the Dutch to Manhattan.

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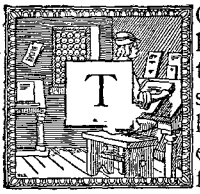
THE FOREIGN SETTING AND SOME RECENT BOOKS*



TO any one thinking carelessly of the question, the stage setting of stories whose scenes happen to be laid in foreign lands appears at first sight to involve only a special aspect of what novelists generally include under the terms "atmosphere" and "local colour." It needs, however, very little argument to show that while in some respects the Foreign Setting is a much more restricted term than local colour, in other respects it is much broader; and that a successful attempt at a foreign setting often depends as much upon the discreet omission of local colour as upon its intelligent employment. To guard against the possibility of any misunderstanding, it is well at the start to define what is meant in the present article by the term Foreign Setting. It will be used to mean the background of novels and short stories the scenes of which are laid in some portion of the world foreign both to the author and to the public for which he is mainly writing. Hawthorne's Salem, Thackeray's London, Flaubert's Rouen, Verga's Sicily, are not foreign settings, for they picture the scenes in which the authors felt themselves most at home—and whether the reader happens to be English or American, Italian or French, he brings away from his reading no sense of anything strange or foreign or exotic, but simply an impression of having been in company with human beings swayed by essentially the same desires and hopes and fears as himself, and moving in an environment that was part and parcel of their character, their lives, their story. And the reason you feel no strangeness is because the author felt no strangeness as he wrote. You cannot conceive of the setting being different, because the author could not have conceived of a difference; he simply described the places he had known all his life with total absence of self-consciousness, and only to the extent needed for an understanding of the narrative. But when Hawthorne pictured Rome as the background to his *Marble Faun;* when Thackeray took the Newcomes across the Channel to Ostende; when Flaubert lavished all his verbal colour to picture ancient Carthage —one is almost tempted to add, when Verga strays so far afield as to lay his scene in Milan rather than in Aci Reale —then we have at once a foreign setting, because the author himself is conscious of a sense of strangeness, and must deliberately choose just what degree of that sense of strangeness he wishes to pass on to his readers.

In other words, in handling a foreign setting it becomes impossible to paint in the local colour quite naturally and as a matter of course, as a native would do it. You either are so conscious of it as to over-colour, or else you deliberately restrain yourself, with the inevitable result that your background becomes too colourless instead of too brilliant. In short, the various difficulties of the Foreign Setting constitute one of the most effective arguments in favour of the doctrine that a novelist writes best when he writes nearest to his own home—in his own State, his own village, his own particular street and block. Nevertheless, there are a few simple rules that ought to simplify materially the difficulties of the Foreign Setting. In the first place, let us assume for the sake of simplicity that the imaginary writer whom we are undertaking to

*In the Wake of the Green Banner. By Engene Paul Metour. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dragon's Blood. By Henry Milner Rideout. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Beyond the Skyline. By Robert Aitken. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Redcloud of the Lakes. By Frederick R. Burton. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.

Heather. By John Trevenna. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

The Inner Shrine (Anonymous). New York: Harper and Brothers.

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advise is an American, writing for American readers, but for valid reasons laying the scene of his story in Italy or India or the Philippines. His acquaintance with the country he chooses may be of any degree, ranging from that intimate knowledge that comes from years of residence, to the ignorance of one who has never been there but writes from second-hand information. This last case we may eliminate at once, since that sort of local colour is at best dishonest and unworthy of critical analysis. Now our author, whatever his degree of knowledge may be, has the choice between telling a native story, from the native standpoint, or of telling a story in which both natives and Americans take part—and in the latter case, the simple and obvious thing to do is to see the story through the eyes of one of the American characters. In so far as the question of Foreign Setting is concerned, the practical difference between the two types of story is that in the former case the local colour should be used abstemiously, with careful avoidance of emphasis upon those features which are a commonplace to the natives, however odd they may seem to a foreigner; while in the latter case, since the impression the writer wishes to convey is that of the visiting American, it becomes not merely permissible but highly desirable to throw into high light all those simple every-day details which a native would not notice and which strike the foreigner with a persistent sense of surprise.

But this is none of it as simple as it sounds, for the very good reason that a story with a Foreign Setting is at best an attempt to find a common measure between two quantities that are incommensurable—an attempt at a statement of facts, by a person who only half understands what they signify, to an audience who has no prior knowledge at all of their significance. If it were practicable to emulate the literal exactness of the camera in describing foreign scenes the whole problem would at once be vastly simplified; but while in English scenes a mere catalogue of names will often evoke a definite picture, and "the murmuring pines and the hemlocks" convey as much as a whole paragraph of description, a similar list of African flora, culled from one of the novels of the present month, "They entered the belt of prickly oak, cork oak, lentisc, caper bush and arbutus," conveys rather less than a florist's price list.

Some writers make the serious mistake of thinking that a sense of local colour and of a foreign atmosphere may be conveyed by the use of a strange nomenclature, by a sprinkling of foreign phrases and a glib mention of unfamiliar utensils, garments and articles of food. Here again, it is largely a question of point of view. If you are writing the story of a young American girl, let us say, who has gone to make her home in Athens or Constantinople or Tangiers, and is struck every moment of the day with the strangeness of it all, and the hopeless difficulties of a language that she cannot master, then a liberal sprinkling of Turkish or Arabic or Modern Greek is part of the requisite colouring because it helps to reflect and to explain the frame of mind of the central character. But if you are writing some simple story of Greek or Turkish or Moorish life, and trying to write it from the inside point of view, then the more closely you adhere to plain Anglo-Saxon, the more appropriate will be your style to the mood of your story—because otherwise the straightforward simplicity for which you are striving is spoiled by the odd, polyglot form of narration, which serves constantly as a reminder that you are performing the task of an interpreter, and performing it rather badly.

"In the Wake of the Green Banner"

There happen this month to be several novels which in their various ways serve admirably to illustrate the different ways in which the Foreign Setting may be used and misused. And conspicuous among them is Eugene Paul Metour's rather noteworthy story of Northern Africa, *In the Wake of the Green Banner*. There could hardly be a book better adapted to serve as text for the present discussion; first, because it is just at present rather prominently before the general public; secondly, because it is undeniably a book of splendid raw material, big with possibilities; and lastly,

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because in spite of much that may be frankly admired, it is in many respects a useful object-lesson in the way not to use the Foreign Setting. In the first place, let us see just what Mr. Metour has attempted to do in this vast and crowded canvas, with its endless perspective of burning deserts, warring hordes, fanaticism and lawlessness run riot. One brings away from it, even after a careful and deliberate reading, with frequent backward glances to straighten out certain involved points, a confused sense of having witnessed, without half understanding the meaning of the different moves, a titanic game of war, in which all Islam, from Egypt to Morocco, is in revolt, for the purpose of proclaiming Abd-er-Rhaman the true and only Commander of the Faithful. We are allowed to witness the abortive attempt of two Europeans and some native spies to crush the movement by taking Abd-er-Rhaman prisoner, when he comes disguised to Marakesh; their failure, and the consequent massacre of the whole foreign colony, men, women and children; the flight across the desert of a bare handful who make their escape, carrying documents and messages to the French Army in Algiers, and including a Corsican Captain of Zouaves, an American artist, a Moorish camel-driver, a giant Senegalese negro, and two women, one of them the daughter of the late commanding officer of the post, the other a Circassian slave girl. We witness the almost miraculous flight of this little band over the Atlas Mountains and across the breadth of the Sahara, insufficiently equipped, unacquainted with the territory, relentlessly pursued, and constantly in danger from tribes which even under most favourable conditions are hostile and now are in a ferment of war fever. And finally, when they reach a goal of safety, we see the mounting waves of war roll on, gathering force and volume, and break and spend themselves in mad, fanatical carnage. But over this succession of vivid pictures we are conscious of a mental haze. We do not bring away a clear sense of relative values. We are not sure at all times from what standpoint we are permitted to be spectators—whether we are looking through the eyes of the camel-driver, or the Corsican, or the Senegalese, or the Anglo-Saxon, or from a standpoint that shifts with each shifting scene. And as we try to grasp the significance of it all, we involuntarily draw comparisons between this book, with its obvious shortcomings, and another one in which a similar attempt to sum up, in epic magnitude, the soul of an entire race was for once supremely well done—namely in Kipling's *Kim*—and measuring these two books together we realise the extent to which the author of *In the Wake of the Green Banner* missed his opportunities. It is only by making the personified figure of a race or nation his central figure—as Kipling did a personified India, as Mr. Metour might have done a personified Islam—that he can succeed in giving a unity to a host of isolated scenes, and make all his happenings, all his motives, all his consequences converge and intersect at a common centre. *Kim* leaves behind it an impression of a wonderful and vast and intricate network of secret and tribal ties stretching out to the utmost confines of Hindoo life. *In the Wake of the Green Banner* is at most only a chronicle of certain episodes that happened in the course of a great racial upheaval—and between and behind these episodes we are allowed to guess dimly at other, even more tragic and gruesome happenings—but when all is said and done, the Arab remains as much of an unknown quantity to us as he was before. It may seem ungracious to pick flaws where so much has been well done; and undoubtedly Mr. Metour's book is full of scenes that refuse to be forgotten. Nevertheless, it is distinctly exasperating to see how easily, with a little knowledge of technique he might have raised this uncommon volume from the second to the first rank.

"Dragon's Blood"

Dragon's Blood, by Henry Milner Rideout, has one defect in common with Mr. Metour's volume—it is not strictly a novel, but rather a string of more or less closely associated episodes. But, considered from the standpoint of Foreign Setting, it shows distinctly better workmanship. It is not a pretentious

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piece of work—just a picture of a small colony of Europeans exiled, through various necessities, in an isolated Chinese river town—but one might search a long time before finding more poignantly portrayed the loneliness, the nostalgia, the abject loathing of their lot, that is the daily portion of these unfortunates whom pride or poverty or a sense of duty inexorably holds in bondage. It is not a pleasant book, and yet not one easily laid aside; for there is a sort of reluctant fascination in the very grimness of its descriptions, the impression one gets of foul sights and fouler odours—the reek and slime of Chinese streets, the blackness and the ooze of the river banks, the pervading sense of degradation and uncleanness. To praise a book that is written in this sustained note of revulsion is not equivalent to saying that this is necessarily a true presentment of China—but it is unquestionably a true presentment of the way in which a Chinese river town must appear to the prejudiced eyes of lonely and dispirited European exiles. What Mr. Rideout has attempted to do, by way of story, is to introduce into this melancholy little colony a timid and rather sentimental young German, to make him fall in love with the utterly selfish and unworthy wife of a big-hearted, brave souled Englishman—and then, after he has lost all sense of ethics and of morals, to let him acquire a liberal and painful education in human nature, civilised and barbaric, through the protracted horrors of a Boxer uprising and grim and decimating siege that follows. Unquestionably the book should be numbered among the stories of good fighting—and of equal right it should be numbered among those books that actually make us see, as clearly as though we ourselves had been there, the foreign setting, for it is full of graphic glimpses like the following:

> The sunken flags in the road formed a narrow aqueduct that wavered down a lane of mire. A few grotesque wretches, thatched about with bamboo matting, like bottles, or like rosebushes in winter, trotted past, shouldering twin baskets. The smell of joss-sticks, fish and sour betel, the subtle sweetness of opium, grew constantly stronger, blended with exhalations of ancient refuse, and assailed the throat like a bad and lasting taste. . . . Overhead a slit of cloudy sky showed rarely; all points of the compass vanished; all streets remained alike,—the same endless vista of mystic characters, red, black and gold, on narrow, suspended tablets, under which flowed the same current of pig-tailed men in blue and dirty white. From every shop the same yellow faces stared, the same shaven foreheads bent over microscopical tasks in the dark.

"Beyond the Skyline"

A volume of short stories from various distant lands, and gathered together under the appropriate title of *Beyond the Skyline*, makes any chance reader promptly register a vow to make a further acquaintance of the writings of their author, Mr. Robert Aitken. They range through various degrees of merit, as well as a great variety of stage setting—from the Cordilleras to the Firth of Lorne, and from Cape Town to the Upper Niger. The story called "The Brand of Cain" possesses a certain original strength, for it tells how a man saves the woman he loves from massacre by Indians by impressing his cattle-brand upon her white shoulders—because he has a pact with their tribe to spare all possessions bearing his brand. And again there is the story of "Meretrix," telling how a man loves and honours a woman, in spite of evil gossip, and would make her his wife, though all Cape Town believes her to be unworthy; but the day comes when she herself forces him to give her up, because for very shame's sake she finds herself obliged to tell him that she is all that gossip says, and worse—she has paid her father's debts by selling army secrets to England's enemies. But easily the best in a collection that averages well is "A Second-Class District." It is an intimate little drama, enacted somewhere in that portion of Africa which Joseph Conrad has christened the Heart of Darkness; and it might easily have been written by him and included in his characteristic and little known *Tales of Unrest*. There are only four actors in the story who really count: the new Commissioner, young, attractive and ruinously self-satisfied;

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Hermann Brandt, the representative of an important German trading company, who unwisely entertains the Commissioner; Hilda Brandt, the mild, fair-haired wife of the trader, who allows herself to look upon the new Commissioner with—who shall say how much favour? and Boma, Brandt's native cook, who has an inborn distrust of women, and whom the new Commissioner makes the fatal mistake of kicking. Now just whose fault it all is, no one ever finds out—but the known facts are that Brandt lends Boma to the Commissioner as his body servant during his trip up the river to headquarters; that somehow there is an attack by hostile natives, and at the crucial moment those who should have protected the Commissioner's boat are not on hand; and later, the only part of the Commissioner that is ever recovered is his head, which Boma, the cook, thoughtfully returns to Hilda in the identical bag which she gave the Commissioner as a keepsake.

"Redcloud of the Lakes"

A book which ought to attract serious attention, because of its ambitious attempt to interpret the life of the American Indian in a big, comprehensive manner, is Frederick R. Burton's *Redcloud of the Lakes*. It will, of course, be remembered that Mr. Burton already has one Ojibway Indian novel to his credit, in the shape of the novelised version of the popular play *Strongheart;* and, in spite of the necessity of adhering to a flagrantly melodramatic plot, Mr. Burton's intimate understanding of Indian life and character is consistently and plainly revealed. Nevertheless, the scope and the strength of the present book comes as something of a surprise; and frankly it may be pronounced as admirable of its kind—so admirable, in fact, that, like *In the Wake of the Green Banner*, one wishes that it had been just a little bit better in a technical sense. It is essentially epic in scope, for it covers the history of a tribe through three generations, from the day when the grandfather of the tribal chief goes forth as a young man to fast, and sees a vision, until the vision is fulfilled in the lifetime of the grandson. The vision which old Megissum, the grandfather, saw in his youth was of a buffalo, the symbol of the tribe, and of a strange monster, which came and plucked out the buffalo's heart and tore off his horns and left him helpless. And the fulfilment of the vision, in the lifetime of Redcloud, the grandson, is explained in the coming of the white men, who win the Indians from their wild life, bring them within the reservations, teach them white men's ways, and slowly but surely destroy the old tribal life. This is essentially an epic theme, and it deserved an epic treatment. Mr. Burton has chosen to tell his story in straightforward, chronological order, with the directness and simplicity that would characterise an actual Indian narration. There is much vivid drama in the separate episodes, and one need not be told in order to feel convinced that many of the chapters are drawn straight from the tribal annals of the Ojibway Indians. Nevertheless, one feels that the book suffers from looseness of construction; and that it would have greatly gained had the traditional form of epic narration been followed, beginning the action at a point farther along in the story—at the point, let us say, where the grandson first hears of the vision of the buffalo, from his grandfather's lips, thus keeping a certain unity of time and compactness of interest, which as the book now stands, is to some extent lacking. Nevertheless, *Redcloud of the Lakes* will take its place among the very few sincere attempts to put the Real Indian into fiction.

"Heather"

All readers of *Furze the Cruel,* which formed the first volume of Mr. John Trevenna's proposed trilogy of the moorland, should be interested in the second volume, just published under the title of *Heather,* which the author explains is intended to symbolise the spirit of Endurance. To the present writer, who has a very sincere admiration for Mr. Trevenna, and is inclined to rank him rather high among the younger generation of English novelists, *Heather* does not have the strong personal appeal of the earlier volume—notwithstanding the fact that the consensus of critical opinion gives it

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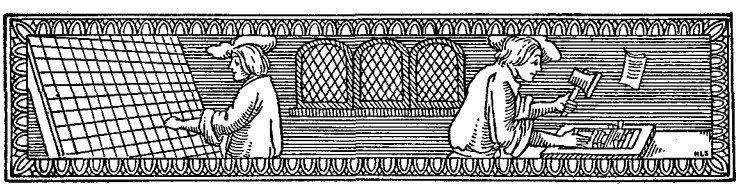
an even higher place. The explanation, or at least one explanation—for there may be others—seems sufficiently simple. *Furze the Cruel* was a story of Dartmoor people told from the Dartmoor point of view—it was in no sense a story with a Foreign Setting, in no sense an attempt to explain or interpret the moorland folk either to themselves or to the world at large, excepting in so far as their own character and deeds would serve to interpret them. In *Heather,* however, we have, in addition to the Dartmoor folk, the inmates of a sanitarium—people of various grades of society and from various corners of England, but all having in common the quality of representing the outside point of view—so that through their agency *Heather* becomes in a technical sense a story with a foreign setting, and therefore, to the reader who likes to have his thinking done for him, it is a book more easily understood, and, therefore, a better book than *Furze the Cruel.* But to those who really understand and rightly value Mr. Trevenna, the relative importance of these two books will seem to be a question that deserves to be decided less hastily and on somewhat firmer grounds.

"The Inner Shrine"

A book which, owing to the wholly irrelevant fact that it is published anonymously, has attracted rather more attention than it deserves, is *The Inner Shrine.* It is not strictly speaking a story with a Foreign Setting, and yet the foreign atmosphere of the opening chapters and the foreign training of the heroine are intended to be the key to whatever valid and serious psychology the book possesses. We are to imagine a young woman, partly French by birth and wholly so by education, married to an expatriated American, and living a life of reckless gaiety in Paris—half in the American colony, half in the more exclusive French circles. She flirts with the skill of a Frenchwoman, and with the openness of an American—and she remains unscathed both in her affections and in reputation—until she plays the game once too often, and with a type of man that she does not understand. For the man, chagrined at his defeat, ingeniously lies about her; and when the stories he circulates come to the ears of her husband and a challenge to a duel follows as a matter of course, the husband apparently believes that they are true, because on the field of honour, instead of firing at his adversary he turns the pistol against himself. The story, to which the duel is merely a sort of prelude, really concerns the history of the young widow when, having secretly surrendered all her property to her husband's mother, she comes to America to earn her livelihood; and when, on the eve of marriage with a man who is in position to give her wealth, position and sincere devotion, she finds the wretched story of her earlier flirtations rising up, to bar the path to happiness. Of course, it is difficult for American society to accept French standards; yet one feels that a little plain speech, a little trouble to get at the facts from people qualified to give them would have saved a lot of heartache, and incidentally have materially abbreviated a story that is better written than the substance of it deserves, and for all its good writing is apt to seem needlessly long drawn out.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



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NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

The International Year Book of the World's Progress for a Year*

It is curious to contemplate that no oblivion is deeper than that of yesterday. When yesterday becomes the last decade it takes its place in a recorded procession, but almost every person has felt strangely baffled in trying to piece out the interval and pick up the events not yet permanently registered. From the daily newspaper and the monthly review it is a long cry to the orderly story of the year's accomplishment in any particular field—a story not to be resurrected except by laboriously unearthing and fitting together many separate fragments. This is what the Year Book has done in tabulating, selecting, comparing, and arranging the world's reports of itself for a twelvemonth; and one has only to read with ease and confidence the completed narrative. The Year Book is the apotheosis of the pigeon-hole.

The present volume is also unique in that it is not only much more succinct but wider in its scope than a newspaper almanac or any other annual published—the nearest approach to it, the *British Annual Register* and the *Statesman's Year Book*, being confined either to politics or statistics. Thus the book should prove invaluable to journalists and to writers on current topics. To the general reader, however, it is mainly directed. If the touch-and-go ubiquity who passes under that title—a personage who is now receiving more than amends for centuries of disregard—is ever likely to perceive how he has come to be the headstone of the corner and the centre to which the whole arch leans, he may do so by investing in the Year Book. It is for him that this account of the year's doings is no dry itemisation but a lively and embellished story; for him, too, that it is clarified with a half-dozen excellent maps of new national boundaries, and humanised by well-selected and exceedingly good photographs ranging from the "Don de Dieu"—the ship of Champlain reproduced for the Historic Procession at the Quebec Tercentenary—to the Atlantic Battleship Fleet entering the harbour of Melbourne, from the start of the Marathon Race at Windsor Castle to a suffragette in her self-imposed manacles being removed by the police. Here the general reader may get the same sensation as when he sees the whole fire department dashing madly along the street to put out his defective flue or reads how many pins go to a paperful, which he buys for three cents. The machinery of the world is at work for him, the wares of the universe are spread before him, and he is the product of the ages.

Lest this be thought too lyric a strain to be struck from a Year Book, the reviewer hastens to confess just such a glow of importance on emerging from his tonic plunge into the 776 pages of this well-sorted and accessible presentation of recent fact that every one should have at his immediate disposal. He has also a glow of gratitude when he remembers how impossible it is for him (or for any reader, general or otherwise) to get a perspective on the year's doings in any field except of his particular interest, and that only when he has the mind and time to link separate items together into a continuous chain. Furthermore, almost everybody has the annual experience of a gap in his year—he goes to the wilds or to Europe, he takes to his bed or his hobby; for some reason or other he absents himself from the routine of his reading—and there is a hole in the record, one which never gets filled in unless he makes a business of doing so. In these days, too, when not even the irresponsible general reader is exempt from semi-professional activities, when we are all members of something or other and women prepare club papers while they market by telephone, such a record of fresh knowledge is indispensable. One never knows when he will be haled from his obscurity to enlighten his clamouring fel-

*The International Year Book. A Compendium of the World's Progress for a year. Edited by Frank Moore Colby and Allen Leon Churchill. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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lows on Sewage Purification and Street Cleaning or the state of the Balkan Question or the long-distance records for Swimming. Now, when Aeroplanes and Submarines have become table chit-chat, when Factory Inspection and Pragmatism and the Tuberculosis Congress are topics every hostess should have at her finger tips, and when they are crying to-morrow's papers as you go home from dinner, one is doubly thankful for finding some way to keep up. And besides a pleasant sense of his own importance and a lively recognition of a friend in need, the reviewer (since he has become so personal) might as well admit to something like fascination in the volume. Here is, as it were, a tabloid drama of the world's work—of the discoveries, inventions, researches, projects, and advances of its mighty corps of workers—a throng toiling to an end they know not, but with a known purpose to help humanity. Frankly he confesses that the very feel of the book is more intimate and human than any encyclopædia he has ever handled.

Much of this feeling, doubtless, arises from its persistent modernity. He perceives at once that it is the only encyclopædia not hopelessly behind before he caught up with it. Of the year alone is the Year Book designed to be a record, and of those subjects only in which change or progress has taken place. Whatever subjects are at a stand-still go unrecorded. Chimneys is inserted only because in 1908 the tallest chimney in the world was completed in Montana; Niagara Falls gets mentioned because the shut-down last year of its power plant proved that the tapping of the river above the falls was almost inconsiderable; under the head Saint Helena the editor even resists the temptation to inform you that Napoleon was imprisoned there; and there is nowhere an allusion to Shakespeare. Throughout is the evidence of this design. Most of the biographies of the Year Book differ from those of an encyclopædia by beginning with death rather than birth, since the recent death of the subject is as a rule the reason for his admission. It may be for this reason that Theodore Roosevelt, who was to enter into rest on March 4th, receives an impartial summing up of his efforts under his own name, or it may be because he is incapable of being contained under any other head. Whichever reason appeals to your humour, you may doubtless find it significant that for Bryan and Hearst you must see Presidential Campaign—an interesting and well-composed essay comprehending the national conventions and platforms, the issues of the campaign, its progress and the results of the election. For the rest, the biographies concern those whose doings are of perennial importance or who came into unusual prominence the past year. Débussy and Ferrero, for instance, are included because of their American eminence in 1908. One recalls that everywhere the editors of the Year Book bestow Greek honours on the word "encyclopædia" when he perceives that although Esperanto and the internecine conflicts of the International Language Delegates are honoured by lengthy mention, our own particular Reformed Spelling and its recent warfare, offensive and defensive, is passed by without comment. Every State in the United States, the United States as a whole, and every nation and territory in the civilised world receives a comprehensive treatment of its year's record. The major articles are all written by specialists, and some of them are presented with brilliance. There are many tables of statistics prepared with the aid of government officials, and a complete Necrology and a list of Gifts and Bequests. An instance of the thoroughness of the work is a blanket article on universities and colleges and separate mention of each under its own head.

To the worthy general reader abovementioned, of especial interest are the topics of Drama, Music, Painting, Sculpture, and of American, English, French, and German Literature. In 1908 comedy, largely of English origin, continued to be the most popular with the American play-goer, and there was the promising advent of Eugene Walter as a dramatist of high rank. The chief plays of the year in New York, London, Paris, and Berlin are briefly reviewed. The year in music the world over surpassed any previous year as to phenomenal ac-

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tivity, the production of novelties, and the support of orchestral and chamber concerts. The Metropolitan Opera showed the same undue preponderance of Puccini as the year before; Gustav Mahler surpassed all other conductors ever heard at the house in subordinating the orchestra to the singers; Toscanini brought his Italian fire and melodic appreciation to Wagner. At the Manhattan the success of *Pelléas et Melisande* made New York the heart of the Débussy cult, and Tetrazzini and Mary Garden determined the repertory as surely as Caruso and Bonci at the rival house. In one way and another New York had grand opera the year around, while the enthusiasm awakened throughout the country led to the projects for permanent opera houses in Philadelphia and Boston. Abroad, the modern French school has been distinctly discriminated against. In Paris the new regime at the Grand Opéra failed to fulfil expectations, but *Götterdämmerung*—presented there for the first time—was an overwhelming success even without cuts. In painting, the dearth of new men in American exhibitions continued to disquiet native art lovers, and the London Academy offered but little of interest. In sculpture, the most interesting exhibition was the work of Saint-Gaudens, while the winter exhibition of the Academy of Design was notable for the first adequate display in New York of American sculptors as a body. In literature, the tables of THE BOOKMAN for the year are drawn upon. The number of successful women novelists still goes on increasing, as does the preference shown in the United States for native novels. At home the tendency to disregard the conventional limitations of American fiction, and both here and in England the recrudescence of symbolism are noteworthy. Of literary biographies there were none of supreme distinction, but there were notable contributions to ethics and philosophy. The reading of plays—so indispensable to good drama—is slowly gaining ground in America. In France, the year carried on the reaction of 1907 against radical theories and a resurrection of art for the sake of art. There was an unusual number of good novels, but, as elsewhere, little striking work in poetry. The French Academy came before the public more than usual in protests against its conservative attitude and its constant antagonism of the Government which supports it. In Germany, literature teemed with intellectual suggestion, but lacked the emotion and the imagination to create a lasting impression. The plays of the year lacked enduring vitality and suggested a return to older standards. The output in fiction was more satisfactory; recent problem novels showed a more artistic handling of their material, and the ruling tendency was to have the evolution of a human soul from childhood to maturity. The only American authors mentioned as translated are Robert Hunter and Helen Keller.

Enough has been said to indicate that this stupendous compilation has been made unexpectedly handy and attractive. It would seem that only one thing is lacking to comparative perfection—namely, that the year's bibliography, which has been appended to most of the major subjects, be added to all. This, while taking up little extra space, would greatly increase their serviceability. Both editors and publishers should be proud of a work of such magnitude and importance, thoroughly co-ordinated and well discharged. It is to be hoped the Year Book will prove a hardy annual.

Algernon Tassin.

II

PROFESSOR PECK'S "STUDIES IN SEVERAL LITERATURES"*

It was Gladstone, if I remember aright, who declared that Leibnitz was the last man of universal knowledge. Since his time the realms of science and literature have become too extended for one man to traverse. Probably Dr. Peck has never set himself deliberately, like Bacon, to make all knowledge his province; yet his studies have covered an extraordinary range. The volume under

*Studies in Several Literatures. By Harry Thurston Peck. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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review, for example, begins with Homer, and ends with Conan Doyle. Even in these modern days, when criticism, according to Matthew Arnold, to be of any account must regard all the literatures of Europe as one, the names of Homer and Doyle mark the limits of a fairly inclusive purview. Nor is it to a single kind of subject that Dr. Peck's attention has been directed. His lateral is as extensive as his linear range. Thus, if he praises Longfellow, so he does Daudet's *Sapho* (which he spells with a double *p*); if he approves the *Odyssey* as a masterpiece of romance, he equally approves *Anna Karénina* as a masterpiece of life; zestfully he admires those two antithetical pillars of our own ancient literature, Emerson and Poe. He is evidently an insatiable reader, and his retentive memory has guarded a large store from which to draw for allusion and illustration. On the testimony of this single volume, without recalling his writings on the classics, his biographies and histories of our own time, Dr. Peck might justly be branded as an "encyclopædic" writer.

This is, I am aware, a serious charge to bring against a man who is also a university professor of a dead language. It is the ideal combination for the forming of that juiceless by-product of literature, the "scholarly" critic—in other words, the pure and essential pedant. Luckily vital combinations do not always work out with the inevitability of a chemical reaction; the paradox, like the poor, we have always with us. It is a case in point that the man of wide knowledge who is also a professor of Latin happens to be precisely the least academic of critics. Accuse him of a thousand other faults: call him dogmatic, opinionated, prejudiced, self-assertive, inconsistent, frivolous, lacking in due respect for the conventions; but academic—never! And if there is a single amiable human weakness discernible in his entertaining pages, it is a touch of pride in his freedom from the trammelling orthodoxy of the walks of scholarship.

Not that scholarship, when it is in requisition, is ever at fault. Nothing is plainer than that Dr. Peck's acquaintance with the classical literatures is not only wide, but essentially human. If an argument in favour of the study of the classics is required, it would not be easy to find a better than the essays in this book on Tolstoi and on the modern detective story. Dr. Peck is not more frankly enthusiastic in discussing his favourite Trollope than in translating and annotating the delightful letters of Alciphron. In his translations there is no account taken of the time that separates the Greek novelist—"a Hellenic Hugues Le Roux"—from Zola. Perhaps the strongest characteristic felt in his essays is the humanistic spirit in which he approaches all literature, seeking always to draw out its relation to life itself.

But with his abjuration of the pedant's mantle, Dr. Peck relinquishes the opportunity to become the guide of those who would be led in the safe paths of literature. Read him by all means for stimulation, but not for the purpose of getting your opinions ready-made. If there is in your mental composition anything stiffer than the backbone of an earthworm, you will find yourself rebelling as often as not. When you agree with him, he is delightfully informing, intelligent, perspicuous; when he runs counter to your own likes and dislikes he is unaccountably perverse, even irritating. Then he becomes dogmatic and opinionated. It would be a pleasure, had I the space, to point out the numerous critical judgments, the estimates of men and books, in which he is absolutely mistaken. One of his favourite pastimes is what Mr. Chesterton would call "baiting the Realists"—and it must be said that, if any one nowadays still holds the theory of realism which Dr. Peck attacks, he will be hard put to it to defend his beliefs. But Dr. Peck himself seems to regard the difference between life and art as quantitative rather than qualitative—as a matter almost wholly of selection. Concerning the novelist's practice of eliminating superfluities, his exclusion of the irrelevant, he says: "This method of writing fiction is essentially artistic, but it is not true to life." Of course, no fiction can in this sense possibly be true to life—and no history as well. Again, he seems repeatedly to test an author's greatness by his "universality of appeal"

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—that is, popularity in the long run. Yet in the admirable and sympathetic essay on Trollope—perhaps the very best thing in the book—he places the author of *Barchester Towers* "first upon the roll of England's realistic novelists"—apparently ignoring the fact that Trollope has probably never reached a quarter of the readers Thackeray has. More than that, the test of universality becomes suddenly a subjective test; and now the measure is perilously near to the merely geographical. Trollope is greater than Thackeray—because Thackeray gives us only London, while Trollope gives us London, and then throws in all England and even Ireland for good measure. Thus does Dr. Peck strive to justify by reference to an objective standard a statement which he had done better to base on his own opinion. After all, the best reason in the world for a critic is, "I think so."

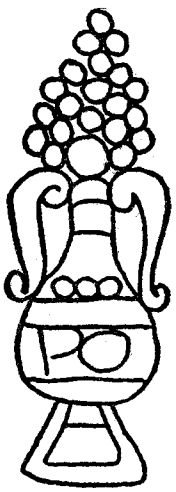
Curiously enough, considering his emancipation from many of the restrictions of orthodoxy, Dr. Peck's chief admirations seem to be for what are commonly considered the saner manifestations of genius. Homer, Vergil, Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Longfellow, Trollope, Balzac—these be his gods. The whole brood of modern exemplifiers of morbidity, Swinburne, Whitman, Huysmans, Bourget, James—to name a few—are hateful to him. To this solidly conservative attitude his praise of Daudet and Zola and Tolstoi is only an apparent exception. Evidently he came under the sway of these men in his youth, when every man must have his touch of radicalism. It is interesting to note that he cares nothing for the later works of Zola and Tolstoi and—most significant of all—George Moore. If one may guess his psychology from his writings, he was never a genuine radical, and whatever surface sympathy he may once have had for the rebels of art has long since cooled. Like every other critic, he is worth reading only where his sympathies are warmly engaged. Fortunately he has written in this book almost wholly of his admirations; it is in his *obiter scripta* on the subject of his aversions that his perversity chiefly shows itself. And even these I, for one, should be unwilling to spare; they add the touch of obliquity to an otherwise sound and keen intellect, and give it an unhealthy, human interest for the unregenerate who abhor perfection.

Ward Clark.

III

Harold Bayley's "A New Light on the Renaissance"*

That the paper makers and printers of the Renaissance were originally in close touch with each other and were associated in identical aims; and that the most innocent of watermarks very often carried a secret message that was practically international in scope is the curious theory that Mr. Harold Bayley advances and bolsters up with specious cleverness in his *A New Light on the Renaissance.*



THE HOLY GRAIL

The bunch of grapes at the top is said to represent the celestial food which Caleb and Joshua brought from the land of Canaan as a sign of the milk and honey reported to be overflowing there.

His propositions are based on the symbolic meaning of watermarks in the papers and typographical decoration of the printed book of the period. Ingeniously and almost convincingly he reaches

*A New Light on the Renaissance. Displayed in Contemporary Emblems. By Harold Bayley. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

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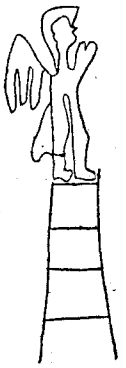
astonishing conclusions, and in doing so he sweeps the whole field of symbolism—philosophical, religious and artistic.

To Provence he attaches an unprecedented importance in an endeavour to show that that land enjoyed an advanced state of civilisation at the time, a civilisation far ahead of that of the rest of Europe. According to Mr. Bayley, it was the first paper makers of Provence, the Albigenses and the Waldenses, who became the particular objects of persecution by the Roman Church, and it was when this persecution finally drove them from their own country that they became real heralds of the liberal and spiritual thought as opposed to the materialism of the Church of Rome and which found its complete success in the great Reformation.

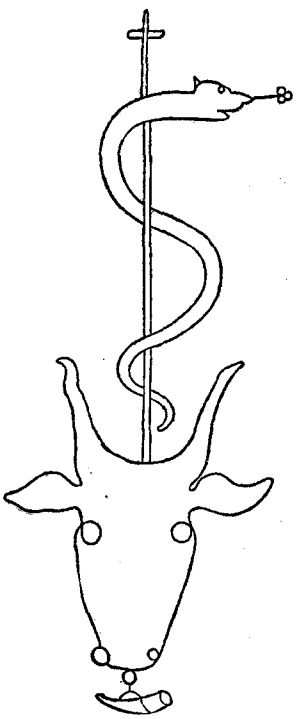
This Humanistic or anti-clerical movement has heretofore been accredited to Italy, and Mr. Bayley has totally disarranged accepted ideas by transferring the first activities of the Humanists to a French country. However that may be, it was to be expected that these devout paper makers of Provence should adopt various religious emblems as watermarks, and numbers of most curious symbols are shown, such as the globe and cross, the Unicorn and stag (symbols of Purity), Jacob's Ladder and the Sacred "Tau." Here it is worth quoting the author's understanding of the Albigensian idea of God, certainly a conflicting combination of Christianity and Mysticism. "The father they regarded as All Wise and All Good, but not as All Powerful; otherwise he would not have permitted the existence of evil. Matter they regarded as the creation of some opposing Evil Principle, and the creation of the human race as a catastrophe by which the immortal were imprisoned in flesh cages." The emblems of the Deity and elements of the perfect man are shown in such forms as the bunch of grapes (the true vine), the crown, the anchor, the dove, and the fish. Then the emblems of persecution and preaching—the sword, the pincers, the axe, and particularly the bull's head as being emblematic of patience and strength. It was regarded as a type of all those who bore the yoke and laboured in silence for the good of others.

The chapter on Romaunt Emblems is lively with descriptions of the Trouba-



JACOB'S LADDER

The Albigenses regarded this ladder as a symbol of virtues and good works, by the practice of which Earth is brought into close touch with Heaven. An angel stands at the top of the ladder.



THE BULL'S HEAD

Emblematic of patience and strength—above the head is the Tau or Cross of Regeneration and the Serpent of Healing. Suspended from the mouth is the Horn of Roland, emblematic of the Preaching of the Albigenses.

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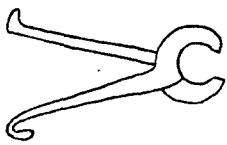

THE PINCERS—AN EMBLEM OF PERSECUTION

dours who were ardent auxiliaries of the Albigenses in their crusade against the Church, and these emblems indicate how close the association was. Such emblems are The Horn of Roland, "The Mystic Lady," The Grail, and the Castle belonging to the Grail. The author takes up the Legend of the Grail, presenting at the same time the observations of various early writers in connection with the Legend.

It will be surprising to most readers to see the importance Mr. Bayley ascribes to the Alchemists as an element that contributed largely to the success of the Reformation. He speaks impressively of the value of their accomplishments and real power. He would not have the reader accept the encyclopædic definition, which says, "they compiled mystical trash into books and fathered them on Hermes, Aristotle, Albertus, Magnus, Paracelsus and other really great men." Mr. Bayley prefers to take these old philosophers at their own estimation of each other, which is expressed in a dedication from *The Triumphal Chariot of Alchemy* as follows: "To the illustrious, venerable, saintly and blessed men, adepts of the true philosophy, lovers of virtue, lords of fortune, despisers of the world, whose life is holiness in holiness, knowledge in knowledge, and whose work consists in the relieving of the sick and poor." Fulsome praise, indeed, but the author does not doubt the virtue and effect of their allegories and transmutations.

The final chapters of the book deal with Printers' Devices. By examples Mr. Bayley undertakes to demonstrate the significance of the emblems incorporated into the decorative headbands, tailpieces, colophons, et cetera, and their resemblance and relation to the watermarks of the period. It must be said that the author's conclusions at this point are more ingenious than convincing, and this obtains in a greater or less degree throughout the book.

However difficult it may be to accept the author's conclusions as a whole, it must be admitted that he has really shed a new light on the Renaissance, and in so doing has evolved a theory that carries with it genuine interest, and moreover he has extracted from these ancient emblems facts and interpretations that must enter into any consideration of the subject in the future.

Laurence Burnham.

IV

W. E. Griffis's "The Story of New Netherland"*

The American Dutch are like Hannibal in having had their story written by their enemies. Written, at least, for readers of English. And worse than their enemies, for surely the good Washington Irving was nobody's enemy. That fact by no means appeases the manes of the Knickerbockers, but should agitate them the more. "Who can refute a sneer?" asked the pious Anglican concerning Gibbon. Who can refute a joke, might as pertinently be inquired. But it is certain that the English governors of New York, in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, did not find the Dutchmen comic, any more than the Englishmen at home in the former century, than the Spaniards in the century before, than the Englishmen of the late nineteenth century found their descendants in South Africa. The late Sir Redvers Buller assuredly, failed to see the joke.

In the multitude of centenaries, it is liable to be lost sight of that this is also the centennial year of the publication of *A History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker*. Yet the fact ought not to be forgotten "here and now." That historical work is not only mythical but myth-making. One

*The Story of New Netherland. The Dutch in America. By William Eliot Griffis. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company

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mythicule to which it has given rise the present reviewer is in a position to explode. That is the story that *Knickerbocker* was originally conceived as a burlesque on a little guide book called a *Picture of New York,* by Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill. This tale is given in Mrs. Martha Lamb's *History of the City of New York,* and even in the article on Irving in the *Encyclopædia Britannica,* written by no less an omniscient than the late Dr. Richard Garnett. But there is absolutely nothing in it. Dr. Mitchill was a person of importance in his day, in turn a Representative and Senator from New York, and socially a very leading citizen. His namesake, the late S. L. M. Barlow, inherited his bibliophilist and amphitryonic capacities, but Mr. Barlow's library has been dispersed. The *Picture of New York,* however, may be found in the collections of certain local antiquaries, and from the copy belonging to Mr. John D. Crimmins one finds the material to explode the mythicule. The little book is a most modest and straightforward account of Manhattan, with nothing at all in it that lends itself to satire, no "lying about the wealth of my uncle" whatever.

Having disposed of which fable, one recurs to the fact that Irving managed to transfer the origins of Manhattan from the realm of history to that of folk-lore. Most historians have insensibly acquired his view of the essential absurdity of the Knickerbockers, notably John Fiske. It is in vain for Mr. Janvier to attempt to cheer up the Dutch-descended inhabitants of New York by assuring them that their ancestors were in fact as energetic and unscrupulous a set of scoundrels as ever went unhanged. Knickerbocker still, after a hundred years, prevents most readers and writers from taking them seriously. Wherefore there is room and welcome for a straightforward story like that of Dr. Griffis, a writer among whose qualifications for his task is, as he tells us, that he is "not of Dutch blood or inheritance." His interest in the subject has been acquired in the ministry of what, until a few years ago, was still officially known as the "Dutch Reformed Church." And he unites the qualifications of a long residence in Schenectady, which he plausibly considers as Dutch a settlement as there is left in the United States, with seven visits, some of them apparently to be called rather sojourns, in Old Netherland, where he could trace at his leisure correspondences and survivals which are apt to escape the hasty tourist and to avoid any literary record.

It is curious how many common notions this plain tale overthrows. That Manhattan was "conquered" by the English is an article of lazy belief especially congenial to the resident descendants of the cunning men of Pyquag. As a matter of fact, it was the victim of a raid made in time of peace which cost the country of the victors very dear at the hands of Ruyter and the second Tromp (Vide Pepys, passim). And if the treaty of Westminster in 1674 had been made, like the treaty of Breda in 1667, upon the basis of the "uti possidetis," Dutch New York would have rebecome. It was traded for Dutch Guiana simply because the Dutch thought the tropical the more valuable possession, a delusion which the English partook. At the date of neither treaty was Holland in a position to be bullied. But it is by no means these "old, unhappy, far-off things" that constitute the main interest of this volume. That interest one finds to lie in the first place in the straightforward historical story, and in the second place in the excursuses upon manners and customs that go to show the persistency of the Dutch racial traits, and the influence these have had on our cosmopolitan blend. Dr. Griffis points out anew how cosmopolitan Manhattan Island was from the first and how much more Dutch were the "back districts," in New Jersey, up the Hudson, and in the Mohawk valley. The reviewer finds himself able to supplement the author on some of these points. Even in *Knickerbocker* it is set forth that across the North River there was a land more Dutch in 1809 than Manhattan Island. In fact, by climbing Bergen Heights

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now, the wayfarer may find Dutch inscriptions on tombstones of as late a date as the second decade of the nineteenth century. An old gentleman born in that decade and dying at the end of the century spoke Dutch in his childhood in "the Genesee country." A coeval old lady who died only the other year related that, in her childhood, in the Hudson valley, her New England mother refused to give her children their food until they asked for it in English. Nay, I have myself witnessed the disgust of the New England wife of a Dutch-descended clergyman at hearing her husband addressed, by a layman brought up on the shores of the Hudson, as "Domine," imagining that vocative of Dominus to be familiar and disrespectful, instead of being, as Mr. Griffis has it, "respectful, affectionate, and honourable."

Mr. Griffis's "story" is worth telling, and he tells it very well. Especially interesting are the chapters which deal with the condition that followed the transfer of government from Dutch to English, and in which the difficulties of the situation varied inversely as the tact of the Governor. British colonial governors have not a particularly good name for tactfulness the world over, but taking the whole list through, from the Restoration to the American Revolution, New York fared very well at their hands. The untactful among them paid for their untactfulness. The disreputable Cornbury was, as one might expect, the greatest stickler of them all for the rights of the Crown and the Church, and in consequence spent the entire term of his governorship in hot water, while more reasonable viceroys or vice-dukes, Bellomont, Hunter, Dongan, had correspondingly easier times. Mr. Griffis's version of the Leisler "rebellion," so called, will be new to many readers, especially to those who have derived their notions from John Fiske. But it is a well-stated and well-supported version. The Stadtholder of Holland, become King of England, could by no means have approved of the persecution of a colonial official at the hands of a Jacobite junta for being the first to apply in America the principles of the "Glorious Revolution" in England. The reversal of Leisler's attainder, acquiesced in as it was by those very New Yorkers who had been most active in procuring the attainder, was a vindication and an apology.

Montgomery Schuyler.

V

Professor Schinz's "Anti-Pragmatism"*

Professor Albert Schinz, of Bryn Mawr College, in this volume on Anti-Pragmatism has entered the lists as the champion of philosophy as opposed to the claims of Pragmatism. For such is the issue, Professor Schinz very stoutly insists. Pragmatism is not worthy the name of a philosophy; it is inimical to the very idea of philosophy itself. A philosophical view of things is an attempt to unify our experiences, and to discover in the midst of the fleeting and shifting scenes of nature and of life something which is stable, something which is capable of furnishing an underlying ground of coherency, necessity and universality. Call it law, or principle, or truth, or what you will, it is to be regarded as a constant and determining factor among the many variable factors of our experience. And it is just this element of unity and necessary connection among the phenomena of the world which Pragmatism most vehemently denies. It considers experience solely in the light of its variable factors. It discovers no constants. The world is fluid, mobile, loosely put together, ever changing and with nothing determinate or determining, so that "what is true to-day may be false to-morrow." Pragmatism insists, therefore, that the expedient is the sole test of truth and guide of action. From such a point of view, success is the supreme sanction of conduct, and every idea of worth is to be estimated by its "cash

*Anti-pragmatisme. Examen des droits respectifs de l'aristocratie intellectuelle et de la démocratie sociale. Albert Schinz, Professeur à l'Université de Bryn Mawr (Pensylvanie). Bibliothèque de philosophie contemporaine. Paris: Felix Alcan, Editeur 1909.

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value" in terms of utility. Professor Schinz contends very forcibly and conclusively that such a theory is not a philosophy; that it is at best a modern form of "opportunism," a recrudescence of certain scholastic systems which regarded philosophy merely in the light of an ally for the support of dogma. In much the same way in our day, the convenient doctrines of pragmatism are made to serve a like purpose, of giving a scholarly sanction to an easy-going code of morality and a comfortable philosophy of life. Pragmatism, however, fails to prove itself. It is absurd to invoke reason in order to demonstrate the untrustworthiness of the very foundations of reason itself. The Italian Pragmatist, Papini, virtually concedes this point in a statement of his which appeared in a recent number of the *Popular Science Monthly:* "Pragmatism is really less a philosophy than a method of doing without a philosophy." However, the followers of Pragmatism generally would not allow this concession, but would insist upon its claims to be a philosophy, and that of a new and higher order.

Not only has Professor Schinz most admirably exposed the unphilosophical character of Pragmatism, but he has also attempted to show that this present-day movement of thought is a natural response to certain needs of the age in which we live, and particularly that it has been greatly accelerated by the conditions which exist in America. These needs may be indicated briefly in the popular demand for a theory of life that is grounded upon ideas of utility. There is a tendency, perhaps unconscious, not only to regard practical success as a supreme test in all fields of activity, but to regard it also with a certain religious fervour, and to seek to surround it with the sentiments and sanctions of a philosophical *aura.* There is a demand for an apotheosis of the practical. These ideas are in the air; they are the expression of the spirit of the times, and the attempt to constitute a pragmatic philosophy is both a proof of their presence and a formulation of their demands. To these tendencies Professor Schinz has drawn attention in a comprehensive and striking manner. The alarm which he sounds is timely and we refuse to heed it at our peril.

He himself indulges in rather a pessimistic prophecy concerning the future of Pragmatism, especially in this country. He regards the demand for an expression of such a view of life as irresistible. For in a democratic land, where the character of the population is ever changing, there can be no body of philosophical traditions sufficiently strong and sufficiently permanent to contend against it. Consequently, Professor Schinz predicts the success of Pragmatism, not because it is true, but because it is false. This is based upon the ground that the masses generally, and the unreflecting portion in particular, do not care to behold the truth face to face. The truth is not always convenient, and, therefore, a gospel of convenience such as Pragmatism heralds will always be welcomed with acclaim. The God of things as they are or the God of things as they ought to be is not a popular deity—rather the God of things as we would like to think them to be.

Professor Schinz, in the expression of this opinion, however, is not to be interpreted too literally. There is a satirical vein which one may detect throughout his pessimistic description of the future of philosophy in America. His essay is in itself a protest against the set of the tide. Pragmatism may appeal to certain needs of human nature; they are the needs, however, of the frailty of human nature and not of its strength—of its lower levels and not of the higher. It is a prostitution of the offices of philosophy to attempt merely to render people happy and comfortable in mind. Philosophy is not an anæsthetic. There are certain needs which it should combat and to which it should not stoop to minister. It should quicken apprehension and not dull it. It should discern the springs of knowledge and not obscure them. And in the long run the demand for the truth will assert itself. Even from the standpoint of Pragmatism itself the lead of expediency and of the convenient is a blind lead unless it follows the light of knowledge and obeys the necessities of law both physical and moral. An individual or a people may forge ahead to-

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ward certain desired ends and attain them, but there is sure to come a great awakening to a sense of disaster and humiliation when it is discovered that in the keen zest of pursuit the fundamental principles of honesty and the laws both of God and man have been ignored.

Moreover, in the spheres of mere utility, where all moral questions can be eliminated, the worshippers of success may be slow to learn the lesson, but nevertheless will come to learn it in time, that the man who bases his reckonings upon the stable foundations of necessary and universal truth is the one man of all others who is best qualified to adapt means to ends, and so command efficiently and resourcefully the various practical situations of life. In this age of large enterprises there are certain undertakings where it is impossible to make the successful outcome a matter of experiment. A certain end is desired, and it is out of the question to hazard the certainty of its accomplishment. There must be an initial assurance that the plans and calculations will work and work in a rigorously exact manner.

In a great engineering problem, for instance, such as the construction of a tunnel under a river, where the work is to begin at either shore, meeting at the centre and with a margin of error of a fraction of an inch, what question can arise of the convenient, or the expedient, or the agreeable leading? It is solely a question of fundamental and necessary principles of mechanics which must be known, and consistently followed, and upon which alone the success of the undertaking depends. This is not a question of interesting speculation, but the most practical of problems. A very large area of the practical affairs of life rests upon a basis of knowledge which is not derived from results of successful experiments, but, on the contrary, arises from the mastery of certain fundamental principles of necessity and universality. Permanent success and permanent satisfactions in life come from a deep knowledge of the rules of the game, and a disposition to play fair. There is another kind of success and another kind of satisfaction where the end desired is attained by short cuts and the turning of sharp corners, but the end fails to glorify the means when the truth has been ignored in the process. If there is to be a "philosophy for the masses," let it be the knowledge of the true, and not the art of the expedient. The weakness of Pragmatism may be its strength, as Professor Schinz evidently fears; but is it a strength which can withstand the reaction of a sober common sense, and sane judgment which in the long run are bound to assert themselves?

John Grier Hibben.

VI

Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marriage à la Mode"*

I chanced to overhear a bookseller the other day expressing plaintive wonder at the slowness with which his customers were relieving his counter of the fifty copies of Mrs. Ward's latest book which he had confidently ordered. Usually, he said, Mrs. Ward went off like hot cakes; he couldn't make out what was the matter with this marriage book. The fact is, it is an irritating book for the American reader. We love Mrs. Ward very much as long as she stays on her own side of the fence. We like to have her lean upon it in her serious, stately way, and tell us all about what is happening on her side, behind the shrubberies, among the Georgian pillars—what political history is making, what human hearts are breaking, among those aristocratic groups which for ourselves we can discern but dimly. In short, we like to have her expound the noble Briton to us—all the more because she takes him quite seriously. But it is a different matter when she suddenly mounts the fence and begins to lecture us on our faults. Everybody knows that the American divorce laws are not all that they should be; but I doubt whether it is worth the while of Mrs. Ward or any other literary artist (that is, interpreter) to harangue about them. The author of *Marriage à la Mode* (published in England under the far more self-respecting title of *Daphne*) is so intent

*Marriage à la Mode. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Doubleday, Page and Company.

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upon teaching her lesson, scoring her point, that she fails of her usual success in creating the illusion of character and life. Daphne is a disagreeable puppet, an awful example, an effigy of the American woman at, as it were, her damndest. She is unspeakably selfish, wilful, ill-bred, charming, jealous, rich. There is no detail in which she is not framed for the undoing of any young British "Apollo" (yes, Mrs. Ward actually so names him) who may be under family orders to pick up an American heiress. Roger Barnes is such an Apollo; he has been so enjoined; and he is in due season undone, according to our dearest expectations.

His father has reared him in luxury, but died insolvent. The young man, to relieve his mind, makes off to America, and presently finds himself joined by an uncle, General Hobson, who is afraid his nephew may be looking to him for aid, or at least for a legacy. The general, a crusted old Britisher who hates America because it remembers Bunker Hill with a certain satisfaction, insults him generously, but "contemplating his nephew, and mollified . . . by his splendid appearance, kept saying to himself: 'He hasn't a farthing but what poor Laura allows him; he has the tastes of forty thousand a year; a very indifferent education; and what the deuce is he going to do?'"

Poor Laura is the British matron of mature years, the dowager without fear and without self-reproach. She writes the absent Apollo that it is his business to marry money in America; the uncle cordially seconds the motion; and the son and nephew makes a go of it. Daphne, the prize, or victim, is a young American girl (with the somewhat unusual asset of a Spanish-American mother) who possesses much ante-marital charm, not a few accomplishments according to the local standard, and no end of the root of all evil. Roger has no difficulty in marrying her; she, too, is pleased with "his splendid appearance." In fact, she loves him in a quite innocent and disinterested way. Up to the end of Part I she presents a rather engaging figure—distinctly the more engaging figure of the two, though Roger is a decent enough young chap.

But there have been mutterings of thunder in the distance, and we cannot plausibly feign surprise when at the beginning of Part II (three years later) we find ourselves in the midst of matrimonial excursions and alarums. After the lapse of so much time, passed, if not in the inexpirable honeymoon of romance, at least in a relative condition of peace and mutual understanding, Apollo and Daphne, with the little Beatrice whom they both adore, return to the ancestral home of the Trescoes, and to that consummate Tresco, poor Laura, who, thanks to her son's successful venture in matrimonial stocks and bonds, is now freer than ever to lady it over the countryside. She has indeed, by virtue of her Trescosity, a Lady to her name. But Daphne here develops an unpardonable trait of barbarism. The House at "Heston Park" seems to her a sad middle-Victorian monster. "The outside, the shell of the house—delightful. But inside—heavens! what taste, what decorations—what ruin of a beautiful thing! Half the old mantelpieces gone, the ceilings spoiled, the decorations 'busy,' pretentious, overdone, and nothing left to console her but an ugly row of bad Lelys and worse Highmores—the most despicable collection of family portraits she had ever set eyes upon!" The dowager and her consort had been responsible for most of these enormities, but Daphne, being an ill-bred American, had not sense enough to feel that the dictates of kindliness are at times of more importance than those of taste. She set herself forthwith to restore what poor Laura had improved. Hence anger and an added series of chins on the part of the dowager, and much simple-minded perturbation for Apollo. Enter a Mrs. Fairmile, who can discount and outdo the *"expertise"* (as Mrs. Ward calls it) of Daphne's art-chatter. Unfortunately Mrs. Fairmile is a former flame of the Apollo's whom he has neglected to name in the course of those marital confidences during which Daphne has religiously discharged her conscience of any possible cause of offence to the man whose name she bears. Apollo Roger is, in fact, a good-natured invertebrate, whose chief virtue, apart from his "splendid appear-

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ance" and his race, lies in his devotion to his child (I am tempted to spell "cheeyild"). Of that object of affection Daphne (with the aid of a British spinster whom she has easily subsidised and after an absurdly melodramatic scene in a garret) presently deprives him. "Mrs. Barnes bought the show"—in America, of course, where, if people do not so often marry for a consideration as in most other parts of the globe, they can at least unmarry for that same. Mrs. Ward has no trouble in making a monster of Daphne. She obtains her freedom in some accursed United States court, but the Apollo is still bound by British law. No chance of an heir for Heston Court: how else can he vindicate his manhood than by taking to drink, going into consumption?

There is only one thing that can happen in Part III. Daphne must be made to repent, to eat dirt. The cheeyild has died in America, after the divorce, away from its father—has called his name in its last hours. The fact is brought home to Daphne that the father is on the road to the dogs. She posts off to England, under a blind impulse to help him, to bring him back to life in some way. But he will have none of her: Apollo is avenged.

The situation is not absurd, but pathetic, tragic even, if you like. It is the shrill note in Mrs. Ward's treatment of it—a note unworthy of her and not to have been predicted of her—which admirers on either side of the Atlantic must, one may think, deplore.

H. W. Boynton.

VII

James Lane Allen's "Bride of the Mistletoe"*

There are books which should be read, as it were, on one long breath. They exist as the sweep of a bird through the clear ether exists—by one beautiful motion, one fine gesture. It is impossible to take such a book apart, to point to such or such portions as being better or not so good, as meaning less or more. Whole, complete, nothing except in its completeness, such a book affects you as the sudden opening of a flower might—there is mystery behind the bloom, slow days of growing toward the moment; but of these you are for the time being unconscious. Effortless and inevitable, the petals stir, unfold, reveal the accomplished wonder—form, perfume, colour, a whole which you cannot convey to another save by plucking the flower and presenting it in its entirety.

To many people James Lane Allen has given a particular and exquisite pleasure yielded by no other writer. A certain indefinable spiritual quality lives in his books, an abiding quality that subsists long after the incidents of the story have grown dim in the memory. Deeply refreshing, it comes to the mind like a wind from wide fields and mighty forests, with a sense of space in it, yet remaining strongly individual—so individual that it does not appeal to every one. Some it passes by, some it antagonises. But those who love it love it strongly; for it is a quality virile as manhood itself.

Mr. Allen looks out upon the world with an eye at once sensitive and courageous. What he sees he does not hesitate to tell, but in the telling he transmutes the rough fragments, the mud and dust of life into a new thing, a beautiful thing complete in itself, as the plant transforms the soil and water in which it is set to the blossom that is its crown. Always one returns to nature, to the growth of trees, the quiet spaces of the fields, in speaking or thinking of Mr. Allen's work. This is from something inherent in itself, and not only because he has given Kentucky to the world in many a matchless description of its hempfields and farmsteads, its roads winding through forests, its undulating bluegrass meadows and fruit and flower gardens. A young strong land and in his books a passion strong and young, men and women who feel, whose actions are the spontaneous outcome of their personality.

There are pictures and moods induced by them which remain always with you. Who forgets the tender playfulness of

*Bride of the Mistletoe. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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Georgiana in the *Kentucky Cardinal,* bending from her window and asking the young Adam, crouched over his strawberry plants, "Old man, are you the gardener?" Who forgets, in *Aftermath,* that moment when the eyes of husband and wife meet, dark with the sudden realisation of inexorable parting? Or, in the *Choir Invisible,* John Gray's ride through the forest, or his last interview with the woman he loved. They are like happenings in one's own life which remain fixed in the heart.

Behind the scenes and the characters he portrays lies Mr. Allen's philosophy of life. It is the philosophy of a scholar, of a man who has pondered upon the race, upon its strange birth, its stranger growth. It is the philosophy of one who recognises both the animal and the spirit that make us human, the gross elements that have come up through the ages from brute ancestors, the divinity which, through ages, has flowed down from God and Heaven. We, who are created from the union of these two elements, were not born for happiness, this somewhat stern philosophy says. But we have power to be noble; a sweet and piercing light shines through the tears of life and illumines them with a rainbow radiance. The hardly built castle of happiness in which Mr. Allen's characters abide for awhile crumbles away under the assaults of life; but in the open, under the stars and close to the forces of nature, something else comes to them, something it may be even finer than happiness.

In his latest book, *Bride of the Mistletoe,* Mr. Allen has achieved a work of art more complete in expression, more cohesive, than anything that has yet come from him. It is like a cry of the soul, so intense one scarcely realises whether it is put into words or not. The high note which is to dominate is struck in the first page, where the contour of the land and the ancient brotherhood of man is set before you. This stage of green and gold and white, this past that presses upon us, this future upon which we press, and which make for tragedy as surely and inexorably as the relentless Fate of the Greeks.

The story occupies some twenty-four hours on the edge of Christmas in the life of a man and a woman. It takes, perhaps, a couple of hours to read. Nothing happens to change the outer life of these two. To those nearest them, to their children, their friends, no perception of any change has come. Nevertheless, within them summer has turned to winter, the flowers of their life are killed, a deadly wind has frozen the springs of their laughter and their joy. Not willingly, not consciously, did they bring this blight upon their Garden of Eden. Their inheritance—his inheritance—the facts of life, the passing of the seasons, brought it. How to meet it, what to be, beast or angel, that is what matters to them, to us, to all. The story is a story of one of the great experiences of the human soul.

A beautiful love has bound these two for years. A love which, in the wife, is deep as the sea and unchangeable as the hills. The man's love is still there, is a part of him, too. He breathes and lives in love's atmosphere and one feels that, should it fail him, he would stifle, would disintegrate, for all his strength of limb and mind. But a fiercer youth burns in him than in her, and an instinct, a desire as surely handed down to him from remote forbears as are his golden Saxon head and mighty thews and sinews, is passionately alive in him.

After the truth is spoken between them, told in a way of which only a great artist could have conceived, the wife, during the night that follows, climbs her Calvary. She searches, too, the depths of her own being and finds hell there; but like the white soaring of a dove she rises again and on the height where she at last alights the glory of the dawn will always be about her. She has attained to a new region in her own soul. Henceforth, perhaps, her husband will be closer to her than ever before; a sublimer element will live in her love. But she will also be forever solitary, having within her a height no earthly shadow can darken nor whose flashing snows any earthly heat can melt.

In the great bedroom on a spot of the carpet under the chandelier—which had no decoration whatsoever—stood an exquisite picture of youth, more insubstantial than

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spring morning mist, yet most alive; her lips scarce parted—her skin like white hawthorn shadowed by pink—in her eyes the modesty of withdrawal from love—in her heart the surrender to it. During those distracting hours never did she move, nor did her look once change: she waiting there—waiting for some one to come—waiting. Waiting.

Under that chandelier one Christmas Eve the wife had met the first kiss of her new-made husband. Thereafter, from this last Christmas Eve her spirit would wait, who knows how long, for the new coming of his. The Epithalamion of this world had sunk to silence. She whose ears it had gladdened stood, in a new virginity, awaiting the first spiritual notes of a diviner marriage hymn.

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

VIII

Richard Harding Davis's "The White Mice"*

Coming as a successor to *Vera the Medium,* and having substantially the same background as *Soldiers of Fortune* and *Captain Macklin, The White Mice* forces the reluctant conclusion that Mr. Davis is no longer the competent and conscientious workman that he was a few years ago. Not that *The White Mice* is quite so dreary as *Vera the Medium;* that story in which Mr. Davis first belied the saying that he had never published a dull line. It has plenty of action, its hero and heroine are nearly, if not quite, up to standard, and if the tale drags in places there are times too when it moves swiftly enough and furnishes genuine excitement. As the casual, ephemeral story of a casual, ephemeral author, it would deserve a few hundred words of pleasant commendation. Coming, as it does, from the pen of the man who wrote *The Exiles, The Princess Aline, Captain Macklin,* and *The Bar Sinister,* it provokes, to say the least, a certain exasperation. Perhaps, however, the spectacle of Mr. Davis as an exponent of mediocrity will have the effect of bringing a great many readers to a proper realisation of how well he once wrote.

The White Mice begins in a tea house in Yokohoma where are gathered four young Americans of the conventional Davis type. They are Rodman Forrester, son of the Forrester Construction Company, Peter de Peyster, from the banks of the Hudson, the "Orchid Hunter," son of the man whose beer had "made his home town bilious," and Lieutenant Perry of the United States Navy. The naval officer casually mentions that the most important member of the ship's company on a submarine does not draw any pay at all, and has no rating; he is a mouse, a white mouse with pink eyes, who bunks in the engine room, and when he smells sulphuric gas escaping anywhere squeals; and the chief finds the leak, and the ship isn't blown up. Thereupon the others, having imbibed rather freely, and being at the proper state of enthusiasm, form the Order of the White Mice, the object of which is to save lives, and celebrate the occasion with a famous dinner.

And just to show how small this world is, and that "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," at three o'clock that morning, when the dinner-party in rickshaws were rolling down the Bund, singing "We're Little White Mice Who Have Gone Astray," their voices carried across the Pacific, across the Cordilleras and the Caribbean Sea; and an old man in his cell, tossing and shivering with fever, smiled and sank to sleep; for in his dreams he had heard the scampering feet of the White Mice, and he had seen the gates of his prison-cell roll open.

A few months later Forrester and De Peyster find themselves in Venezuela, whither the former has been sent by his father as an inspector for the Forrester Construction Company, which is buoying the harbour of Porto Cabello. They hear the story of General Rojas, the Lion of Valencia, imprisoned in an unhealthy cell in the fortress by the infamous Alvarez, President of Venezuela, and of the General's wife and daughters, who, driven into exile, have found a refuge in the Dutch island of Curacoa, where from the

*The White Mice. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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cliff at sunset they can look out over the Caribbean toward Porto Cabello and pray for the speedy release of the unhappy prisoner. "I hear something," says De Peyster when the tale comes to an end, "I hear the call of the White Mice."

The call leads them to Curacoa and a series of adventures. They find themselves in the midst of a conspiracy involving the Forrester Construction Company. Forrester saves Colonel Pino Vega, the hope of the party working for the overthrow of Alvarez, from assassination at the hands of one of the President's emissaries and is welcomed enthusiastically by the insurgent Venezuelans. Incidentally he falls in love with one of the daughters of General Rojas, meeting her surreptitiously and unfolding to her his plans for the rescue of her father. The girl has received from the prisoner a message which reads simply "Page 54, paragraph 4," and she and Forrester find the key to the cipher in a history written by Rojas which tells of a secret passage to the fortress. Forrester undertakes to inform the imprisoned general that his message has been received and interpreted. In company with De Peyster he visits the fortress. The two are shown about by the physician Vicenti, secretly a sympathiser with the prisoner. Finally the cell of General Rojas is reached.

The Americans saw a room some forty by twenty feet in size, with walls, arched ceiling and floor entirely of stone. There were no windows, but it was well lighted by candles, and the lanterns carried by Vicenti and the turnkey threw a full light into each corner. They saw a cot, a table, a chair, a number of shelves loaded to the bending point with books and, at one end of the cell, an immense archway. This archway had been blocked with stone, roughly hewn and held together by cement. At the first glance, it was obvious that this was the other entrance to the tunnel. As he beheld its solid front, the heart of each of the young men sank in dismay.

General Rojas had risen, and stood shading his eyes from the unaccustomed light of the lanterns.

"I have taken the liberty of intruding upon you," Vicenti was saying, "because these two gentlemen are interested in the history of the fortress."

General Rojas bowed gravely, and with a deprecatory gesture, glanced at the turnkey, as though to explain why he did not address them.

"This part of the fortress," Vicenti began hurriedly, "is very old. It was built in the sixteenth century, and was, I think, originally the messroom. It is now used only for the most important political prisoners."

For an instant there was an awkward silence, and then Roddy broke it with a laugh, short and contemptuous.

"You mean traitors," he sneered.

General Rojas straightened as suddenly as though Roddy had struck at him. The young doctor was no less moved. He turned on the American with an exclamation of indignation.

"You forget yourself, sir!" he said.

Though Peter had been warned that Roddy might try by insulting Rojas to make capital for himself, his insolence to a helpless old man was unpardonable. He felt his cheeks burn with mortification. The turnkey alone showed his pleasure, and grinned appreciatively. Roddy himself was entirely unashamed.

"I have no sympathy for such men!" he continued defiantly. "A murderer takes only human life; a traitor would take the life of his country. In the States," he cried hotly, "we make short work with traitors. We hang them!"

He wheeled furiously on Peter, as though Peter had contradicted him.

"I say we do," he exclaimed. "It's in the Constitution. It's the law. You've read it yourself. It's page fifty-four, paragraph four, of the Constitution of the United States. 'Punishment for Traitors.' Page fifty-four, paragraph four."

Of the development of the tale from this point it is unnecessary to speak. For there is nothing that is in the least in the nature of a surprise. Apparently insurmountable difficulties are overcome, the White Mice extricate General Rojas from his dungeon, Alvarez is overthrown, and Rodman Forrester wins the heroine, but all by the old stock devices of this kind of romantic fiction. Everywhere is evident the hand of a workman of long experience. The book shows Mr. Davis dextrous in the handling of his

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tools, but the old spirit of other years—the dash, the fire, and above all the buoyant enthusiasm that marked even the most preposterous pages of *Soldiers of Fortune*—seems irrevocably gone.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

IX

Miss Martin's "The Revolt of Anne Royle"*

"If you can't accept the gospel of the Church, accept the gospel of science, which is simply this: Be wholesome. Let your force be health-giving, not blighting." That is the heart of Miss Martin's book, which in spite of its crudities and its quite startlingly modern views—on marriage, for instance—is wholesome and has the ring of sincerity.

As has been pointed out by more or less deep "thinkers," woman's position in the civilisation of to-day is wholly illogical. An increasingly large number of women are doing the same work as men, though almost never for the same compensation. They have become self-supporting through stress of circumstances or enlarged opportunities. Others—and the number is still great—are taken care of by some man in the "sphere" so lovingly dwelt upon by pulpit and commencement orators. There would seem to be no sound reason for withholding equal rights from the former class nor for giving them to the latter. This question of the province, in the larger affairs of the world, of the woman whose mind and soul have been awakened, is not easily answered. As yet it has been answered only in individual cases. But the process of adjustment is going on, and, in the course of a generation or two, a new *modus vivendi* may be established.

The changing status of women is beginning to be felt within as well as without the walls of the home, especially with regard to the theory and practice of marriage. A very modern note indeed is struck in the present volume when one of the characters remarks, "I always *have* thought that every unmarried woman ought to be allowed to have one child and no questions asked." This same young woman, by the way, when she discovers that her fiancé has had a most discreditable affair with a girl during his college days, promptly breaks the engagement. In the end, however, she is induced by the arguments of her friends (including the curate) to forgive the slip—thereby showing herself, as usual, more feminine than consistent.

As one so often thinks in the case of Edith Wharton's dialogue, the author seems a little uncertain as to the ways of gentlefolk. People are constantly "measuring up" to this or that standard, they consider one another as "smart" or "real mean," are afraid of being "fired," get into their "best clothes" (including the "vest") and see their friends in the "parlour." College girls (of a sort) do indeed mention men by their last names; but for one of them to call a man a "mucker" seems rather a strong order. So, too, for a man to be spoken of as "hanging round Anne like a fly trying to get to the 'lasses," or for the gifted Anne herself to say to an amorous cousin, "Let me be!" gives one a decided pause.

The character of Anne Royle is beautifully and consistently drawn. Her unloved childhood is spent in the home of a domineering aunt and cousins, with a father who almost hates the sight of her. She is pathetically sensitive to tenderness and is driven by the lack of it not only to "think her own thinks," but to many baby subterfuges that would have been fatal to a nature less well balanced and sweet. After her return from college one of the girls says of her:

> "At college," observed Sally, "she was always too shy and reserved to be popular—popularity's a cheap article, any way, isn't it—but every one thought her utterly lovable. You see, while she had brains enough to win our respect, and originality enough to be lots of fun, she never excited any one's envy by high rank in scholarship; she was too indolent and dreamy to be very studious. I used to have a little theory of my own at college that every girl stood for something. One girl stood for music, one for skill in mathematics, one for style, one for social grace—and so on. It seemed to

*The Revolt of Anne Royle. By Helen R. Martin. New York: The Century Company.

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me that Anne Royle—a girl that never would let you spoon over her as girls do at college—stood for just one thing!"

"Well?"

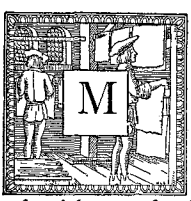
"For love."

"The one thing," said Kitty, pensively, "that the poor child has never had in all her life and that she *needed* more than any one I ever knew!"

Nothing is more thoroughly in drawing than Anne's acceptance of an unworthy suitor out of sheer loneliness, mistaking gratitude for love. She soon discovers her true feeling, however, and her "revolt" ends in a great and unselfish love. An individual solution, this, and in no way affecting the general problem; but, perhaps, in the present state of advancement, it is the only possible solution.

R. W. Kemp.

SOME NEW OUTDOOR BOOKS*



MANY good people profess an abhorrence for "bugs" of any kind, classifying them in this respect with snakes—which probably doesn't grieve sensible members of either of those families. But that there are bugs and bugs, and interesting things that may be told in an entertaining way about many of them, Mr. Smith demonstrates very happily in his straightforward and readable volume, *Our Insect Friends and Enemies.* He is not exactly a Maeterlinck in imagination, nor is his style quite so attractive as Dr. McCook's, but he writes clean-cut, idiomatic English, and his descriptions are gratifyingly free from the scientific terminology by which many of his scientific brethren appear to be obsessed—perhaps because they are too lazy to think up common words. For example, not until he has told you in very simple language just what an insect is, does he venture to say: "We are now ready to define an insect as an articulate, anthropod, tracheate hexapod"—thereby making the reader feel proud that he really is ready for that fine mouthful—"but," Mr. Smith very sensibly adds, "it will be equally correct and much easier to say that it is a ringed animal, with six jointed legs, breathing by means of air tubes or trachæ; this definition applying more particularly to the adult stage, and only to the adult stage of many of those having a complete metamorphosis."

The scheme of the book, too, is one which will appeal to lay readers. The various chapters treat of insects "in their Relation to the Animal Kingdom"; "in their Relation to Plants as Benefactors"; "in their Relation to Plants as Destroyers"; "in their Relation to Each Other"; "in their Relation to Animals that Feed on them"; "in their Relation to Weather and Diseases that Affect them"; "in their Relation to Other Animals"; "in their Relation to Man: as Benefactors," and "as Carriers of Diseases"; "in their Relation to the Household," and "in their Relation to the Farmer and Fruit-grower," and there is also a discussion of the "War on Insects." There are also numerous line cuts, most of them redrawn from the Bulletins and Reports of the Division of Entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture, and all of them in keeping with the clearness and simplicity of the text. One would

*Our Insect Friends and Enemies. By John B. Smith, Sc.D. New York: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Wild Life on the Rockies. By Enos A. Mills. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Camping and Camp Cooking. By Frank A. Bates (Matasiso). Boston: The Ball Publishing Company.

The Home Garden. By Eben E. Rexford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Practical Guide to the Wild Flowers and Fruits. By George L. Walton, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Sunset Playgrounds. By F. G. Aflalo. London: Witherby and Company. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

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have to search far in the literature of entomology to find a volume at once more readable and informing than is this book by Mr. Smith.

There is something very genuine in the manner of Mr. Mills's writing about nature, in his handsome little volume *Wild Life on the Rockies,* with its two dozen very fine half-tones of speaking photographs. Perhaps he strains the point a bit at times, as, for example, when he talks about the distracting, if not demoralising, effects of even having a firearm with you when you go into the woods; nevertheless there is truth and real eloquence in this passage from his chapter on "The Wilds without Firearms":

> The camp-fire was a glory-burst in the darkness, and the small many-spired evergreen temples before me shone an illuminated cathedral in the night. All that evening I believed in fairies, and by watching the changing camp-fire kept my fancies frolicking in realms of mystery, where all the world was young. I lay down without a gun, and while the fire changed and faded to black and grey the coyotes began to howl. But their voices did not seem as lonely or menacing as when I had had a rifle by my side. As I lay listening to them, I thought I detected merriment in their tones, and in a little while their shouts rang as merrily as though they were boys at play. Never before had I realized that coyotes too had enjoyments, and I listened to their shouts with pleasure. At last the illumination faded from the cathedral grove, and its templed top stood in charcoal against the clear heavens as I fell asleep beneath the peaceful stars.

In another chapter, Mr. Mills writes interestingly and understandingly about "The Beaver and His Works," of which evidently he knows much. The literal and amply verified truth about the intelligence this animal displays makes a sufficiently wonderful story, and it is reassuring to note that Mr. Mills does not repeat the venerable fiction that beavers *always* build their dams with the curve, or angle, up-stream; also that he is at least in doubt as to whether the animal uses his tail for a trowel, though careful naturalists long ago relegated that performance to the kind of natural history which, at this writing, might cause an explosion that would astonish the natives —in Africa. But we can imagine a cloud at least as large as a man's hand appearing in the neighbourhood of "Slabsides" should this observation be read there: "When the tree was almost cut off, the cutter usually thumped with his tail, at which signal all other cutters near by scampered away. But this warning signal was not always given, and in one instance an unwarned cutter had a narrow escape from a tree falling perilously near him." These, however, are practically the only instances of Mr. Mills's getting near the danger zone. The story about "Bob and Some Other Birds," descriptive of the friendship between a quail and a huge St. Bernard dog, makes a very pretty animal picture, and the yarn the two prospectors spin about being besieged in their cabin by three bears who were determined to dine on the fresh hams the men had just got, is a capital one, and not hard to believe, either.

Mr. Bates's pocket-size volume, *Camping and Camp Cooking,* is an excellent little treatise, presented in a spirit which will appeal to any man who really appreciates what camping means. That Mr. Bates does will be made apparent from the following excerpts from his text:

> Nowhere will human nature be developed as in a camp, where quarters are limited and where there is no opportunity to get out of the way, and stamp down "that ugly feeling" that the best of us have at times. If there is a single bristle on a man's back it will rise on an uncomfortable rainy day in camp. If a man is a gentleman he keeps his coat on, and *it bothers no one but his own conscience;* but a surly grumbler, . . . or a selfish, lazy man will disturb the feelings of all the rest.

And again: "If [upon arriving at the place to pitch the tent] Joe or Tom grabs his rod the moment it is taken from the conveyance, unless he is so ordered by the captain, just insert your fingers under his coat collar and politely kick a little sense into him." Besides comment and advice of this character, Mr. Bates gives tabulated lists of camp outfits for a ten days' tramp, and for a ten days' camp, which show sensible selection, though doubtless the experienced camper could dispense with some of the articles with-

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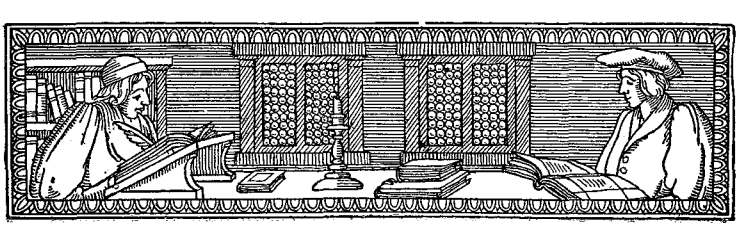
out great discomfort. And he has also a good chapter on camp shelters, and fifty-odd pages of receipts for camp cooking.

In *The Home Garden,* Mr. Rexford makes out a very plausible case for the practicability of growing vegetables and small fruits on tracts which need be no larger than many a commuter has at his disposal, and which too often are sown to tin cans, fractured crockery and crippled culinary appliances. He argues: "The old theory—which was *not* a theory, after all, but a fact—that 'a little piece of land well tilled' is a source of revenue that the wise man cannot afford to overlook, holds true in this case as much as it does when the farm is considered." As to the amount of land needed, Mr. Rexford gives a hint when he says that "an acre-garden is too large, at least by half, for the ordinary family, for it will grow a great many more vegetables than can be used." He then proceeds to describe the ideal land for a garden, and land or conditions that are not ideal, and how to make the best of what is available. All this is explained clearly, and in non-technical language. There is an enlightening chapter on the art of planning a garden, and another one which goes into the fine points about planting, while garden implements, weeding and transplanting, insecticides and fungicides are treated with sufficient detail for the purposes of small gardens. The chapters "What to Grow" describe the cultivation of twenty-odd of the common vegetables, and four chapters are devoted to berries, and one to the grape.

Dr. Walton has produced a very useful book in his *Guide to the Wild Flowers and Fruits,* thanks particularly to his scheme of employing distinctive colours, and easily recognised structural characteristics as means of identification. In this way yellow or yellowish flowers, white or whitish flowers, green or greenish flowers, pink and rose-coloured flowers, and so on are treated, with an ingeniously arranged chart for each class, referring the reader to non-technical descriptions of the flowers in the text. This idea has been made use of before, but never, so far as we are aware, with such elaborateness as is employed in the present volume—a capital one to be taken into the country.

Mr. Aflalo gives us, in his *Sunset Playgrounds,* an exceedingly well-written account of his fishing excursion to California and Canadian waters. Like many Englishmen, he must needs pause now and then to criticise American ways and things, and sometimes his criticisms seem none too intelligent, perhaps even a bit childish. We must suspect Mr. Aflalo's sagacity, for example, when he says such things as this concerning the negro in the South: "The more you see of the emancipated negro, the nearer you are to the saddening conviction that the 'execrable sum of all villainies' could not have been so very much worse than the state of affairs that has resulted from its abolition." Nor is this a very intelligent study in contrast: "In the City of the North each good citizen demonstrates his equality, liberty and fraternity by shoving his neighbour's wife off the pavement. In the City of the South he shows it by his perfect courtesy to all and sundry." But he has little but good to say of the fishing he got, both off the Pacific coast and inland; and his description of Lake Tahoe is glowing indeed.

George Gladden.



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TALES OF THE CITY ROOM

TO the general public the place where the word-spinners of a great newspaper weave their close-meshed, ephemeral web of the day's news holds much of mystery. Stories about the big and little people there, those who rule or who write the tales the world reads every morning or afternoon, are many, but they are seldom told outside. Nevertheless, some of them are interesting and illuminative. Take, for example, the anecdote of the city editor who could not be scared.

This city editor, who is still one of the big men in his line in New York, has the reputation of being one of the harshest-mannered persons that ever slaughtered "copy." He still drives those under him relentlessly, and will accept no excuse if a reporter comes back empty-handed—or empty-headed—from an assignment.

Some years ago, the story goes, he sent a man uptown to ask a prominent and choleric plutocrat a lot of distressing questions about some of his troubled domestic affairs. The reporter reached the house, was admitted to the wrathful gentleman's presence, and began his disagreeable task, framing his interrogations as inoffensively as possible. The prominent person "went up in the air" at once. He heaped mountains of verbal abuse on the reporter, whose physical agility alone kept him from being kicked down the steps. Scared to death by what he had already gone through, and by the prospect of the wrath to come when he got back to the office, the reporter returned and told the city editor that the man who was having the domestic troubles had not only refused to answer his questions, but had also grievously assaulted him. He painted the dangers he had passed in words that he tried to make expressible only in red-inked letters a foot high. The city editor jumped from his chair in a towering rage.

"Go back to that man's house immediately," he roared, "and tell Mr. Blank that he cannot intimidate *me* in that way."

Here is a story that aspirants in any line of work should take to heart. About twenty years ago a man who is now a great publisher was a clerk with a commercial house. He decided that he was not cut out for a mercantile career, and that newspaper work was the field which he was particularly fitted to adorn. He called on the biggest editor he could think of, and was kindly received, listened to attentively and answered encouragingly. But "there was nothing at present." If any place opened where he could be used, he would be informed. The young man went back several times during the ensuing month, but still there was "nothing doing." One day, however, after the great editor had politely informed him of the futility of his making further calls, the boy had an inspiration, and did not rise and fade away as he had been accustomed to do after the editor had swung around in his chair and resumed his work. Two or three minutes later the editor's subconsciousness told him that the boy was still there, which he confirmed by a glance out of the corner of his eye. No man before had continued to sit in that chair after having been turned down. Possibly this one would depart soon—no matter; and he was immersed in his work again. Five minutes passed and the boy still sat there. Finally the editor swung around again, looked at him, but said nothing, and turned to his desk once more. At last the youth's presence began to get on the editor's nerves. He could stand it no longer. With what passed with him for severity he turned and inquired:

"Didn't I tell you there was no opening here?"

The young man responded huskily—he was so nervous: "Mr. Blank, a good many years ago you were in just the same position that I am in now—asking for a job. If it hadn't been given to you then, you wouldn't be where you are now. All I want is the same chance that the other fellow gave you, long ago."

The editor looked at him in silence, pivoted around to his desk and back again. Then he rose to his feet and

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shook himself in a way that was characteristic.

"Come with me," he said, and they walked across the big room to a desk where a man was hard at work—the city editor.

"This young man joins us to-day," said the chief to him. "His salary will be $15 a week. My boy, if you do as well for us as you have done for yourself, you will make a very good reporter. Good afternoon."

Speaking of good reporters brings up the story of something that once happened in Philadelphia. There was a man on one of the papers who was a most charming writer, but very much inclined to "fake" when it came to details. The managing editor warned him that the first time he caught him romancing he would have to go. The man promised a strict adherence to truth, and all went well for many weeks. One day he appeared in the office, somewhat excited.

"I know it's poor policy to kick, and that it's my business to do what your city editor tells me to," he said. "I had an assignment this morning—a man had been leading a double life; had a family in one street and another around the corner. He killed his number two wife and then himself."

"That's a very ordinary story," interrupted the managing editor; "I don't see any feature in that."

"Yes, but on the mantel of the furnished room where they lived was a little shrine affair with a candle burning before it. Instead of some sacred image in the shrine, however, there was a little red devil. The man was a devil worshipper! And the city editor told me to hold it down to half a column!"

"That's one of the best stories I've heard in years," exclaimed the managing editor. "Write at least three columns. Have the photographer play up the devil shrine, of course."

The next morning the story took up three columns on the first page and one on the second, making a big sensation. No other paper had noticed the "devil-worshipping" feature, but it was taken up in the afternoon editions, and appeared as authentic beyond the shadow of a doubt. About three months later this same man came into the managing editor's office again, this time to say good-bye. He had resigned and was about to open his office as a lawyer.

"Do you remember that devil-worshipping story I wrote a while back?" he asked as he turned to go. "Well, I feel that I ought to tell you now one of the details that I omitted then. My luck with stories had been bad and I wasn't making much of a reputation. I was getting discouraged. Going to the scene of the murder I was passing a toy shop and saw in the window a bunch of small red chenille monkeys. I bought one, intending to give it to a little girl I know. On my arrival I saw the shrine and noticed that the niche for the image was vacant. While the police were not looking I slipped this little red chenille image into the empty space. It looked as much like a devil as it did like anything else. I simply couldn't resist the temptation to make a good story. But that was my only slip while I was with you. Good-bye."

It is getting the news and getting it accurately that counts. There is one newspaper, at least, in New York that backs up its well-tried men to the utmost. A reporter on this paper was once sent to interview a very rich and prominent man on a matter of considerable public importance. The interview was printed, and it was hardly noon of the same day before the man who had seen the reporter called on the managing editor.

"That interview with me is absolutely false," he declared. "I never said anything like it."

"Very well," replied the managing editor, "let us see what the reporter who wrote it has to say."

In due time the reporter appeared.

"Mr. Jones, did you interview this gentleman yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was the story that you wrote accurate in every respect? Did you quote this gentleman's words exactly?"

"Yes, sir."

The managing editor turned to the caller and remarked calmly: "You hear what Mr. Jones says. That is all there is to say. Good-morning."

The reporter—Jones was not his name

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—is now a managing editor himself—of one of the greatest newspapers in America.

It is commonly supposed by the public that the one essential of a first-class newspaper man is to be a brilliant writer. Most people lose sight of the fact that getting the news and having an original point of view are of far greater importance. A man entirely ignorant of newspaper work was in an editorial office in New York one day in midsummer, and in the course of his conversation remarked that he supposed the editor had considerable difficulty in getting good writers. The editor made no answer, but wadded up a handful of paper from his desk and pitched it out of the open window into the crowded street below. Without looking to see where it struck he remarked to his friend:

"I hit a 'good writer' then. There are so many 'good writers' out there looking for jobs that I could get fifty in no time by simply shouting out of the window."

A decade ago, when three or four of the New York papers were feverishly vieing with each other as to which could get out the most striking Sunday supplement—the one that should contain the greatest number of "features"—there sprang up a group of space writers who made a specialty of catering to the wants of these sensational Sunday editors. These writers frequently chanced to meet in the editorial anterooms, and would exchange compliments and badinage regarding the hits that they were making. One of them was a little, dark-eyed, Roman-nosed youth that none of them had ever met before the craze for "features," prehistoric and modern, arose. This young fellow had been particularly successful in having his stories advertised in advance, as was then and still is the custom. One Sunday there had appeared a tale of Mamelukes and massacre, illustrated in all the colours that the presses could handle, and particularly noticeable for the quantities of gore that the vanquished were shedding. It was a yarn that the paper that printed it seemed to pride itself on especially, judging from the prominence that was given, and the fact that it was mentioned in the Monday morning edition as a distinct "beat" over all contemporaries. The group gathered about the day's hero and congratulated him.

"Where did you ever dig up all that stuff?" asked one.

The little man cocked his eye and grinned at the group.

"I've been reading a lot in the libraries lately," he whispered, "and that was a beat from Josephus."

Thaddeus S. Dayton.

THE NEW TARTARIN

EVER since the time when Daudet libelled the Tarasconais Tartarin has been the cynical patronymic by which the men of the Midi of France have been known. With truth, it is a good name for them, though indeed it need not be interpreted as libel; that is taking it too seriously.

The Tarasconais resented the familiarity—few indeed among men can stand a cynical estimate of their foibles and virtues without a protest—and blustered and fumed and drank absinthe on the tree-lined Cours of the little Provençal town, and sought by word of mouth and many vociferous gestures to deny that they were different from other Frenchmen, except that they didn't talk through the nose as did the Parisians, nor drink blood-thinning cider as a beverage as did Jacques the Norman. No, they were not barbarians at all, but men of real soul and sentiment, who spoke the patois of their *pays,* the real descendant of the romance tongue of old.

All this was of no avail, however.

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Tarascon had at last been drawn from obscurity into the spot-light and Tartarin was recognised by all the world as typical of his environment, as was Angot of the *pays du Maupassant.*

The word Tartarin has got into the dictionaries, and, with the addition of e-s-q-u-e, has become an adjective which may be applied to the character of an individual when no other can be found to suit as well; and how well it does apply to thousands, perhaps millions, among the inhabitants of the midi of France only one who has lived among them can really know.

Daudet is out of date; he has been forgotten even by Tarascon. The author of these lines knows, for he himself, within the year, attempted to seek out "Daudet's Mill"; but not a mother's son of a Provençaux—*coquin de bon sort*—could tell him anything about any *moulin* belonging to a Daudet in the neighbourhood.

"There was a Daudet," one said, "living out on the Bellegarde, but he was too poor to even have proprietorship in a *moulin à café.*" Daudet's *Lettres de Mon Moulin* meant nothing to this *bon* Provençal.

A new delineator of the brave Tarasconais—the *vrai type du Midi*—has arrived in the person of M. Jean Aicard (indeed, he has arrived since quite a while, for he has been long knocking for admittance at the portal of the French Academy), who has evolved, or limned, rather, from nature, a new humorous hero of the southland, a little more serious than Tartarin, a little less a fool than Don Quixote.

To many Frenchmen who have never been in England the national type is represented by the male creature who wears large plaids, possesses inordinately long, prominent, yellow front teeth, a mere slit of a mouth, pointed, always-in-the-way elbows and a long, red neck.

The same exaggerated point of view holds with regard to the habitant of the midi of France when viewed through the baffling cross-lights of a vista of a Paris boulevard. The provençal is to the Parisian simply Marius of Marseilles, armed to the teeth when he goes out to hunt rabbits, as wise as a sage and as garrulous as a monkey when he speculates and attempts to figure out the destiny of the rest of the world and his own. He is a sceptical, good-natured rover; not a villain, but able to accomplish unwitting harm to any who trust their fate or affairs in his hands. His conversation is plentifully interlarded with strange oaths and exclamations: "Pardie," "Coquin de Dieu," "Troun de l'air," "Bagasse" and many more, all in his beloved polyglot patois, which cannot even be translated, and resembles nothing so much as dog-Latin, though it professes to have a literature of its own.

Not only for the Parisian are there no other Marseillais than Marius, but there are no other meridionaux. For the Parisian there is but one Midi—Provence in general, and the Bouches du Rhône in particular. A finer distinction can be made by the travelled person; but not all Parisians are travelled persons; many of them have never got beyond Poissy on one side and Charenton on the other; the Frenchman in general has never travelled his own country to the extent that have Anglo-Saxons.

The Basque differs from his fellows of the south of France in that he is more hardy, and the Gascon is more agile, the Rhodanien (of Avignon, Ailes and Tarascon) is more self-conscious and pompous, the Marseillais more cosmopolitan and tolerant, whilst the men of the Var and the Alpes—Maritimes—the old Comté de Nice—are more avaricious than an Arab. Admit these differences, if you can, but remember that the Parisian of the boulevards knows only one Midi and one type of habitant—*tapageur, vantard, grotesque! Té Marius! Ohé Marius!*

The Marseillais has been caricatured, of course, but chiefly in kindly fashion—as the peasant sitting in a Cannebière café on his day in town, as the workman and as the bourgeoisie of the city. But even caricature has refined him. It presents nothing *malin* and shows him up in nowise a different phase than that in which he really exists. M. de Mirabeau, the "grand Mirabeau of Aix-en-Provence," if you please, was a very real personage, possessed of very real, if extraordinary, emotions; so, too, was the

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Roumestan of Daudet; and the two resemble one another as do two drops of muddy Rhone water, as much as a native of Picardie resembles a Belgian.

"In France nearly every one is just the least bit of a Tartarin," said Daudet in extenuation of his having brought his hero into being in the haunt of the mythical tarasque of Sainte Martha's time. This one is apt to forget, if, indeed, he ever realised it, for not everybody sees the ludicrous side of things.

The Parisian *ouvrier* who with rod and line fishes all Sunday from the quais of Charenton might as well be in the madhouse on the opposite bank for all the "sport" he gets out of it. But to him there is nothing ludicrous in his actions, nor even futile. He is always hopeful.

A dark-barbed young man of thirty, with a companion of a similar age, only his beard is blond, will play "diabolo" all a long summer morning in the Luxembourg Gardens. A long-haired youth in velveteens and sabots sits in a café on the Boul' Mich' and drinks the subtle green with a drowsy, nonchalant air. All these are Tartarins in their own special way, and many others there are besides; you see them in all walks in life and on every street corner.

Sometimes, by a concerted, spontaneous action, the Men of the Midi accomplish great things. They can only do this *en masse,* however, as in the protest against the wine frauds of the past year; as in the march on Paris of the Marseilles Batallion in Revolutionary days. With these instances before one he wonders if the meridionaux have not been libelled, but on second thoughts realises that these were only waves of impulse which, like lightning, seldom strike twice in the same place.

The inconsistency of the Provençal is notorious. He will cry famine with gayety and joy in his voice; he will organise a *Mise à Mort*—the Provençal apology for a Spanish bull-fight—and will weep bitter tears over the final death of an asthmatic old taureau, but if some "amateur" bull-fighter, a fellow-townsman, enters the arena to have a go at the bull, and incidentally manages to get bowled over, trampled upon and gored by the infuriated bovine, Marius immediately shouts in glee and *blagues* his brother Provençal in most unseemly fashion, even though he may be near death. He has a great contempt for progress of all kinds: the telephone is to him but a toy, the telegraph more vague still, and he continues to write his *billet-doux* on post-cards, which sell at two sous, notwithstanding the fact that French inland postage has for two years past been reduced to the same popular figure.

But he has his noble side, the Provençal, and it is as apparent as the reverse of the medal. He will martyrise himself through all his misfortunes and forgets never to be jovial and gay through the most terrible sufferings. A *pirouette* and a *bon mot* from an Avignonais with a load of bird shot in his jaw, returning from a flaming hunt in the Camargne, would be no anomaly.

The *gens du midi* are a rare species and it ill becomes those of the north to revile them and think them only faineants like the Arabs or bluffers like the Spaniards. Their ancient spirit of Attica and Gaul is after all to-day united in the enveloping *esprit français.*

All the same, Marius of Marseilles, the rightful successor of Tartarin of Tarascon, is like the men of no other race on earth. Jean Aicard in *Maurin des Maures* and *L'Illustre Maurin* has taken the French novel-reading world by storm. When these admirable satires have been translated as often as *Tartarin* and *La Belle Nivernais,* Maurius, the *gaillard,* will become as well known as the chicken-hearted, rattle-brained *loin* hunter of Tarascon.

Francis Miltoun.

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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

VERSE

Mitchell Kennerley:

The Joy o' Life and Other Poems. By Theodosia Garrison.

The first collected volume of Mrs. Garrison's poems that has been issued. It contains about one hundred short miscellaneous poems reprinted from various magazines.

The Neale Publishing Company:

When Skies Are Gray. With a Rift or Two. By Clarence Watt Heazlitt.

A collection of short miscellaneous verse.

The Whitaker and Ray Company (San Francisco, Cal.):

Joaquin Miller's Poems. Volume One. An Introduction, etc.

A new and revised edition of the poems of Joaquin Miller in six volumes.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

Dodd, Mead and Company:

A Handbook of Modern French Painting. By D. Cady Eaton, B.A., M.A.

This handbook is for those travellers who desire more information about modern French painting than is given in ordinary guide books, and who have not at hand the volumes of art history and criticism necessary to fully satisfy their desires. Here, in compact and convenient form, one can find brief biographies of all French artists of any note whatever, from the time of Watteau to the present day. Besides the biographies, the volume contains interesting and illuminating criticisms of the masterpieces of modern French painters, written in a non-technical manner.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

Plays, Acting, and Music. A Book of Theory. By Arthur Symons.

A new and revised edition. This work is a part of a series on which the author has been at work for many years. The first volume of the series was his *Symbolist Movement.* Other volumes are now in preparation, the next to appear being *Studies in Seven Arts.*

Harper and Brothers:

The Mother and the Father. Dramatic Passages. By W. D. Howells.

Mr. Howells tells the story of a wife and husband in three momentous hours —the hour of the birth of their child, the hour of her marriage, and the hour of her death.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The World's Triumph. A Play. Prologue —Five Acts—Epilogue. By Louis James Block.

Following the modern prologue is a five-act drama, with the scenes laid in Modena during the fourteenth century. The epilogue brings the play down to modern conditions.

The Macmillan Company:

The Playhouse and the Play. And Other Addresses Concerning the Theatre and Democracy in America. By Percy MacKaye.

The theme of Mr. MacKaye's new book is the pressing need of an endowed theatre.

A Pocket Lexicon and Concordance to the Temple Shakespeare.

A very useful addition to the popular Temple Edition of Shakespeare.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus. By Christopher Marlowe. With an Introduction and Notes.

The text given here is that of the 1604 edition, with some readings adopted from the edition of 1616, in general agreement with the texts of Dyce and Bullen. The introduction gives a brief sketch of the life and work of the author of this poetic drama.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

Broadway Publishing Company:

Memoirs of a Senate Page (1855-1859). By Christian F. Eckloff. Edited by Percival G. Melbourne.

By way of throwing light upon the political affairs of a memorable period in the life of our nation, a period which was the prelude to a great civil war, the author discusses many of the important and brilliant speeches delivered in the U. S. Senate by some of the most illustrious Americans of the day.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

Charles W. Eliot. President of Harvard University (May 19, 1869—May 19, 1909). By Dr. Eugen Kuehnemann, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Breslau.

In the first chapter Prof. Kuehnemann describes in brief the college at the time of Dr. Eliot's inauguration and then gives an account of the expansion of the elective system in college development, and of the growth of the professional

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schools into branches of the first real university in America. He then takes up Dr. Eliot's educational and social philosophy, his life, public activities, and personality.

The Valley of Shadows. Recollections of the Lincoln Country 1858-1863. By Francis Grierson.

Being the author's recollections of scenes and episodes of his early life in Illinois and Missouri. Mr. Grierson has pictured a most interesting epoch in American history.

The Macmillan Company:

A Life of William Shakespeare. By Sidney Lee.

This new and revised edition embodies all that has been added to our knowledge by the labours of Shakespeare scholars in the years which have intervened since the appearance of the first edition in 1898.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

The Ball Publishing Company:

How I Know That the Dead Return. By William T. Stead.

An account of the remarkable personal experiences of the author which dispelled all doubt in his mind as to the reality of a future life.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

Socialism Versus Christianity. By Edward R. Hartman.

Contrasting Christianity and Socialism. Not, the author writes, "with any view of antagonising the Socialist movement or of throwing so much as a straw in the way of its progress; but only with the purpose of letting in the light upon this great issue, that individuals may the more clearly discern the principles involved, and thus be the better prepared to make an intelligent decision."

Dodge Publishing Company:

Do the Dead Depart? And Other Questions. By E. Katharine Bates.

By the author of *Seen and Unseen.* In the new volume the author discusses such subjects as "Some Objections to Spirit Return;" "Some Instances of Spirit Return;" "A Mother's Guardianship in America;" "A Curious Illustration of Spirit Methods;" "Biblical Incidents;" "Clairvoyance;" "Reincarnation;" "Automatic Writing;" "Materialisation;" "How the Dead Depart;" and "Guardian Children."

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, D.D., LL.D. (Editor-in-Chief). With the Assistance of Charles Colebrook Sherman and George William Gilmore, M.A. (Associate Editors). Volume III.

This third volume includes 755 topics ranging from "Chamier" to "Draendorf." It contains a number of articles of special interest to churchmen, among which are those on "Christology;" "Comparative Religion;" "Congregationalists;" "Church and State." It contains many biographical and historical departments and treats of many subjects purely theological in character, such as "The Christian Church;" "Church Discipline;" "Confession;" "Confirmation;" "Constantinopolitan Creed;" "Councils and Synods;" "Creation;" "The Cross and Its Use;" "Crucifixion." It is expected that the remaining nine volumes in this work will be issued at intervals of about three months.

Henry Holt and Company:

Fifty Years of Darwinism. Modern Aspects of Evolution.

Centennial addresses in honour of Charles Darwin, before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Baltimore, Friday, January 1, 1909.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

Human Nature in Politics. By Graham Wallas.

Mr. Wallas, a politician and psychologist, analyses existing forces and tendencies and presents a new statement of the problem of democracy. In Part I, "The Conditions of the Problem," he takes up such topics as Impulse and Instinct in Politics; Political Entities; Non-Rational Inference in Politics; The Material of Political Reasoning and The Method of Political Reasoning. Part II, "Possibilities of Progress," treats of Political Morality; Representative Government; Official Thought; and Nationality and Humanity.

Is Immortality Desirable? By G. Lowes Dickinson.

Being the Ingersoll Lecture of 1909, delivered at Harvard University.

The Eternal Values. By Hugo Münsterberg.

Written in the service of the search for a new philosophy, for a new expression of the meaning of life and reality. The work first appeared last year in Germany, written in the author's mother tongue, and its success there led the author to publish the work in English, not as a mere translation, but with certain side issues omitted, and many parts added which link it more closely with practical life.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Our Insect Friends and Enemies. The Relation of Insects to Man, to Other Animals, to One Another, and to Plants. With

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a Chapter on the War Against Insects. By John B. Smith, Sc.D.

In treating of the relations of insects toward their surroundings, the author not only takes up the insects disastrous to animal and plant life but also those whose relations are beneficial to humanity.

Practical Guide to the Wild Flowers and Fruits. By George Lincoln Walton, M.D.

The arrangement is such as to enable those without a previous knowledge of botanical analysis to identify many wild flowers and fruits common to this country. After chapters on definitions and general directions, Dr. Walton gives charts for each colour, so arranged that one may trace a given specimen through successive divisions to the group of which it is a member.

The Macmillan Company:

The Psychology of Thinking. By Irving Elgar Miller, Ph.D.

Dr. Miller shows in clear language, as free from technical terms as it can be made, how the mind wrestles with everyday problems and then "the growth in control over the forces of the world and of life that comes through the development and perfection of the higher psychical processes which we designate under the head of thinking."

(*For the Columbia University Press*)

Principles of Politics. From the Viewpoint of the American Citizen. By Jeremiah W. Jenks, Ph.D., LL.D.

Dr. Jenks explains as simply as possible the principles by which political action is in the main guided in the United States and in other countries similarly situated. The text in this volume was originally prepared for a course of lectures to be given on the George Blumenthal Foundation at Columbia University in the fall and winter of 1907.

The Faith and Works of Christian Science. By the Writer of *Confessio Medici.*

Composed of the following brief articles on Faith and Christian Science: "Philosophy and Christian Science;" "The Christian Faith and Christian Science;" "Life and Christian Science;" "The Reality of Diseases;" "The Reality of Pain;" "Testimonies of Healing;" "Opposing Testimonies;" "'Common Sense' and Christian Science."

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Mental Hygiene in Everyday Living.
A Talk on Relaxation.
The Point of View.
By Alice Katharine Fallows.

In the Making the Best of Things Series. Three practical and non-technical articles on the subject of self-help through mind cure. The author is the daughter of Bishop Samuel Fallows, of Chicago, and is herself a co-worker in the Emmanuel Movement.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Psychotherapy. By Hugo Münsterberg.

A consistent dealing with the whole subject of Psychotherapy, from the standpoint of modern psychology, for the benefit of the unscientific as well as the professional reader. The book is divided into three parts: "The Psychological Basis of Psychotherapy;" "The Methods and Results of Psychotherapy;" and "The Place of Psychotherapy."

The Open Court Publishing Company:

Spinoza's Short Treatise on God, Man and Human Welfare. Translated from the Dutch by Lydia Gillingham Robinson.

The Short Treatise is the key to Spinoza's masterpiece, *The Ethics,* and provides an introduction to the study of his philosophy. The present translation is the first English version of *The Short Treatise,* although one French and two German translations have been made from the published Dutch version.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Epochs in the Life of Paul. A Study of Development in Paul's Career. By A. T. Robertson, A.M., D.D.

A companion volume to *Epochs in the Life of Jesus.* It is a narrative of the life of St. Paul from the time of Stephen's martyrdom to his own.

The Whitaker and Ray Company (San Francisco, Cal.):

The How and Why of the Emmanuel Movement. A Hand-Book on Psycho-Therapeutics. By Rev. Thomas Parker Boyd.

Consisting of a series of lectures on the principles and practices of mental and spiritual healing as given by the author to his class for the study of the Emmanuel Movement one evening a week during the past year, in the Ascension Church, Vallejo, California.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

Duffield and Company:

One Irish Summer. By William Eleroy Curtis.

This volume is the result of the author's visit to Ireland last summer, when he spent three months travelling from one end of the country to the other. He gives many entertaining sketches of the land and its people. The text is illustrated with over sixty full-page photographs of the many places of interest which the author describes.

Dana Estes and Company:

Our Plymouth Forefathers. The Real Founders of Our Republic. By Charles Stedman Hanks.

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Beginning with the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers from England and their settlement in Holland, Mr. Hanks traces the religious movements of the times that led to the expedition to America, and tells the story of the Plymouth Colony and its relation to those stirring events in the early history of our country.

Harper and Brothers:

History of the United Netherlands. By John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L., LL.D.

A new edition in two volumes. It covers the period from the death of William the Silent to the twelve years' truce—1609.

Henry Holt and Company:

French Cathedrals and Chateaux. Two Volumes. By Clara Crawford Perkins.

In the introduction we learn that the text of this work "represents substantially a series of lectures prepared to give, in a simple and condensed form, the development of architectural styles in France, and a history of her great monuments." It covers the cathedrals, palaces, and chateaux around which so much of history and romance has gathered.

Builders of Spain. In Two Volumes. By Clara Crawford Perkins.

The author purposes in this work to make clear "the strongly contrasting influences which, in the best cauldron of Spanish life, have been fused into the vivid product of peninsular civilisation." She treats her subject as follows: Vol. I. The Spaniards; Pre-Roman Civilisation; The Romance; The Visigoths; The Arabs and Moors; The Moslems of Spain; The Christian Kings; Toledo; Cordova. Vol. II, Seville; Granada; Madrid; The Northern Frontier; Santiago; Leon; Old Castile; Burgos; Salamanca; Valladolid; Saragossa and Aragon; The East Coast; Barcelona; Valencia.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Third French Republic. By Frederick Lawton, M.A.

An anecdotal narration of the Third Republic's progress from the end of May, 1871, up to the year 1908. The author has lived for the last twenty years in France, where he has made the acquaintance of her citizens eminent in politics, literature, and art, and has learned to appreciate the various admirable qualities of the French race.

The Macmillan Company:

Walks in Paris. By Georges Cain. Translated by Alfred Allison, M.A.

M. Cain does not describe the Paris of the Boulevard, of the Champs Elysées and the Anglo-American hotels, but the Paris of the Frenchman. The book is full of the spirit of that Paris which escapes entirely the observation of the ordinary traveller. In order to bring more vividly before the reader the Paris which the author describes there are over a hundred pictures together with maps and plans.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

A Summer in Touraine. By Frederic Lees.

A volume designed especially for the many thousands of Americans who visit Touraine each year. The banks of the Loire, Vienne, and Cher, those parts of central France richest in natural beauty as well as in historic memories, are described as they appear to a leisurely and cultured traveller. Among the one hundred or more photographs which supplement the text the reader will find represented all the notable chateaux of Touraine.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Characters and Events of Roman History. From Cæsar to Nero. The Lowell Lectures of 1908. By Guglielmo Ferrero, Litt.D. Translated by Frances Lance Ferrero.

Being a series of studies of great men and great ladies of ancient Rome, and of critical moments and events in Roman history. These studies consist of the Lowell Lectures which the author delivered in Boston in the winter of 1908 and are as follows: "'Corruption' in Ancient Rome and Its Counterpart in Modern History;" "The History and Legend of Antony and Cleopatra;" "The Development of Gaul;" "Nero;" "Julia and Tiberius;" "Wine in Roman History;" "Social Development of the Roman Empire;" "Roman History in Modern Education."

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Handbook of Alaska. Its Resources, Products, and Attractions. By Major-General A. W. Greely, U. S. A.

A picture of Alaska to-day in its geographical, commercial, social, and industrial and political conditions. General Greely has in this volume, he states, "presented such phases of Alaskan affairs as may concern those interested in the development of the country, for those who plan Alaskan journeys for business, pleasure, or research, as well as for those who have in view commercial ventures or contemplate permanent residence."

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EDUCATIONAL

A. S. Barnes and Company:

Plays and Games for Indoors and Out. Rhythmic Activities Correlated with the Studies of the School Progress. By Belle Ragnar Parsons.

The aim of the programmes given in this volume is "to infuse a thought-content and a spirit of play into the regular gymnastic drill." They show how, in exercising, the child may be taught to imitate various activities of life. Under the heading "Nature" are given lessons in Summer Activities, Fall Activities, Winter Activities, the Elements, Plant Life, Animal Life. Many other lessons are given in collections headed "The Industrial Life of Man;" "The Social Life of Man;" "The Heroic Life of Man," and "The Historic Life of Man."

The Folk Dance Book. For Elementary Schools, Class Room, Playgrounds and Gymnasium. Compiled by C. Ward Crampton, M.D., Director of Physical Training, New York Public Schools.

Designed for the use of teachers in the public schools and playgrounds in New York City. It gives a description and the appropriate music of the folk dances of the course of study and those which have been approved from time to time as good physical training procedure.

Henry Holt and Company:

History of Common School Education. An Outline Sketch. By Lewis F. Anderson, Ph.D.

This book is designed to give "such information regarding the history of the common or non-professional school as will most aid teachers and others to an intelligent understanding of the common school of to-day, its nature and functions, its relations to other institutions, educational and otherwise."

Published by the Author (Philadelphia, Pa.):

The Technic of English. By Oscar Schleif.

An original and up-to-date method of improving English composition. The book is designed for the beginner as well as the advanced student. It is especially recommended to those who have found books of rhetoric unsatisfactory.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

The Progressive Road to Reading. Books One and Two. By Georgine Burchill, Teacher, New York City; William L. Ettinger, Principal, New York City; Edgar Dubs Shimer, District Superintendent, New York City.

The method adhered to in this series is one which is being successfully employed in Public School 147, Manhattan, New York City. The purpose of the series is to inspire the child with a desire to read, by opening up to him the story-world, and through his love of reading to give him the power to read.

World Book Company (Yonkers, N. Y.):

Human Physiology. By John W. Ritchie.

In the New World Science Series. An elementary text-book of anatomy, physiology and hygiene. Germ diseases and sanitation are given special emphasis.

FICTION

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Elusive Isabel. By Jacques Futrelle.

Political intrigue is the theme of Jacques Futrelle's new novel. The object of this is to secure the pledge of all the Latin nations to take up arms against England and America. The heroine is an Italian countess who is sent by her government to procure important signatures at Washington, where she is known as Isabel Thorne. She is clever and daring, as well as being a very attractive woman, and her intricate plots might have succeeded had her accomplice, an Italian count, been as bright as she and if the wonderful sagacity of the U. S. Secret Service man had not to be reckoned with.

The Other Side of the Door. By Lucia Chamberlain.

The story is set in San Francisco in the sixties. Eleanor Fenwick, a young girl of a wealthy family, is returning from an early morning shopping trip and passes down a deserted street in which there is a notorious gambling house. Just as she approaches the house she sees a man fall through the door onto the stoop and drop dead. Following him there is a young man with a revolver in his hand. As the only witness of the affair she is called upon the stand, and her testimony as to what she saw convicts John Montgomery of murder. Through the manœuvres of a Mexican woman who loves him he escapes on his way to prison. Later he meets Eleanor Fenwick, with whom he has fallen in love and finds that his love is returned. As Eleanor wishes it he again gives himself up to the authorities. When the Mexican woman finds that she is deserted she takes her own life, but leaves her written word that she is the one who has committed the crime and not John Montgomery. Thus vindicated he presses his suit, but the girl's father insists that two years shall elapse before a marriage shall take place, during

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which time the young suitor is to go off somewhere in order to make a man of himself after the reckless life he has led.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Retrospection. By Mary Wilson Little.

Being a series of brief sketches touching on life both here and abroad.

Tales of Aztlan. The Romance of a Hero of Our Late Spanish-American War. Incidents of Interest from the Life of A Western Pioneer and Other Tales. By George Hartmann.

Containing ten short sketches.

That Affair in Philadelphia. By Mrs. Darby.

Containing four short stories, the first of which gives title to the book.

The Circle Publishing Company:

Love Among the Chickens. By P. C. Wodehouse.

A story of the haps and mishaps on an English chicken farm.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Battle. By Cleveland Moffett.

Novelised from the author's play by that name which appeared in the winter of 1908 at the Savoy Theatre, New York.

The Merry Widow.

A novel founded on Franz Lehar's Viennese opera, *Die Lustige Witwe*, as produced by Henry W. Savage.

By Right of Conquest. By Arthur Hornblow.

The scene of the story is laid on a desert island, where a man and woman find themselves the only inhabitants, they having been the sole survivors of those on board a ship that was wrecked nearby. The woman was a cabin passenger and the man a sailor.

The Solitary Farm. By Fergus Hume.

The hatred of an old sea captain for his daughter's lover leads up to a murder which is surrounded with mystery until the very end of the story.

Ridgway of Montana. A story of to-day, in which the hero is also the villain. By William MacLeod Raine.

The copper mining district of Butte, Montana, is the scene of the story, and Waring Ridgway, one of the principal characters, is a man who comes into the town, acquires a small independent smelter and with the fifty thousand dollars he has inherited gets possession of some mines. He is then determined to win out against the Consolidated, and though they make the fight a hard one, even their chief, Simon Hartley, coming out to Montana "to wipe Ridgway off the map," he is able to withstand their attacks upon him. Ridgway saves the life of Hartley's young wife and then falls in love with her. As the result of a fight in the mines, which is of Hartley's own making, the great financier loses his life, being shot by the widow of one of the men that had been killed in the fight. Ridgway finally marries Hartley's young widow.

A Quarter to Four; or The Secret of Fortune Island. By William Wallace Cook.

Dealing with the exciting search for a treasure hidden on one of the small islands of the Pacific. Four persons are entitled to receive the treasure and instructions as to its hiding place are written on a card which is cut into four pieces, one being sent to each of the four people in various parts of the country. They are instructed to meet in San Francisco and to know each other, before starting in to make the search, by the countersign "A quarter to four," which they are to give in answer to a question to be asked by each person, namely, "What time is it?"

R.F. Fenno and Company:

The Light of Stars. By Hattie Donovan Bohannon.

A tale of Eastern Texas, the chief character of which is Robert March, who, though downtrodden in youth, and of a peculiar and discontented disposition, develops, with the aid of his good friend, the old doctor, into a man of strength and ability.

A Drama in Sunshine. By Horace Annesley Vachell.

A new edition.

Harper and Brothers:

The Hand-Made Gentleman. A Tale of the Battles of Peace. By Irving Bacheller.

A story of fifty years ago with its scenes laid in the northern part of New York State. The chief character, the "Hand-Made Gentleman," Mr. Bacheller has sketched from the memory of an old schoolmate. He rises, through his own persistent efforts, from the occupation of travelling about selling silver polish to an aggressive man of affairs. He is represented as submitting plans to Commodore Vanderbi't for the combining of great railroad interests, and also has an interview with Andrew Carnegie.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

A Lincoln Conscript. By Homer Greene.

A tale of special interest to the patriotic boy. The hero is Roy Bannister,

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a lad of seventeen, who, when war is declared, is eager to go to the front, though his father feels very differently about it all and even refuses to respond when drafted. How the boy saves his father from the consequences of his act is an interesting part of the story.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

The Watchers of the Plains. By Ridgwell Cullum.

A tale of the Western prairies. On their journey over the prairies a man, his wife and their little daughter are attacked by Indians, and in the fight which followed both the man and his wife lost their lives and the child was taken by the Indians to the Rosebud Reservation. Here she grows up as a great favourite among the Indians and is given the name of "Rosebud."

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Lanier of the Cavalry, or A Week's Arrest. By General Charles King.

An army story with its scenes laid on the Western coast. Robert Lanier, the hero, is a gallant young officer who gets into no end of trouble by being accused of a misdemeanor of which he is eventually found innocent.

Little, Brown and Company:

In a Mysterious Way. By Anne Warner.

The title is taken from the first line of the old hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," which Mrs. Ray, the principal character, takes for her motto and is constantly quoting. This busy woman—postmistress, storekeeper, dressmaker, etc.—is a very entertaining character. She is never idle and is, in fact, a source of wonder to her neighbours, who cannot understand how she accomplishes all that she does. She even finds time to take part in the village gossip and has a voice in the affairs of the town.

The Strain of White. By Ada Woodruff Anderson.

Miss Anderson has chosen for the scene of her new story the Puget Sound country and the plains of the Upper Columbia. Though not an historical novel the tale hinges on conditions in the Pacific Northwest in the fifties, after the territory of Washington was parcelled from old Oregon, and at the close of the Joint Occupancy Treaty, before the withdrawal of the Hudson Bay Company from Fort Nisqually. Francesca, the child of an Indian mother and a white father, is the heroine of the story.

A Royal Ward. By Percy Brebner.

The opening scene is on the coast of England, where the hero is arrested as a French spy, but escapes from the soldiers and reaches "Abbot's Chase," the home of Lady Betty Walmisley, the King's ward. He gives his name as Victor Dubuisson. He wins the sympathy of Lady Betty and she keeps him in hiding until the soldiers have given up the search. After many plots and counterplots, instigated by smugglers, abductors, government intriguers, etc., Lady Betty and the Frenchman, together with another couple, make their way to France and are married. The supposed spy turns out to be Marquis de Chattellon, who had gone to England on a mission which concerned no one but himself. His object was to find the other half of a cross in his possession and which cross bound an oath made by his father never to take up arms against the British Government. The owner of the missing piece he finds to have been Lady Betty's father.

Frank F. Lovell Company:

The Recovery. By Joseph A. Altsheler.

The hero is a man who has served a term in the penitentiary and yet after his release rises rapidly from one position to another until he is made Governor of the State. The secret of his penitentiary life and the fear of its disclosure constantly hang over him.

The Lady of the Heavens. By H. Rider Haggard.

Another South African story by Rider Haggard. Rachæl Dove, the daughter of a missionary to the Zulus, is the heroine. When her parents are killed Rachæl is left to fight out her life as best she can among these people of the dark continent. Owing to the power to read the past and look into the future, which the natives believe she possesses, she becomes known as "The Lady of the Heavens."

The John McBride Company:

The Hawk. By Ronald Legge.

For the basis of this aerial story the author imagines an attack against England by the combined forces of Germany and France. By means of bombs hurled from an airship, invented by a Frenchman and which England adopted as a new method of carrying on war, she succeeds in annihilating her enemies.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Plotting of Frances Ware. By James Locke.

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A story of political intrigue against the Russian Government. Frances Ware, an English woman, marries Count Zembec. He immediately makes her a tool in many of his plots and thus she unconsciously becomes implicated in her husband's underhand work. In one of his daring exploits the count is killed, and when his wife realises the extent to which she has become involved, she seeks the aid of the British authorities in clearing herself of all blame in the matter.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Ralph Ranscomb, Banker. By Theodore W. Nevin.

Ralph Ranscomb, the banker, after accumulating his millions, without thought for others, has a dream in which he sees all his fellow-men that he has injured in the carrying out of his own financial schemes. It is all so vivid that he determines to follow the dictates of the voice in his dream and make reparation. Late in life he startles the community with his philanthropic work, and at his death leaves a request that his son continue the work and that he also publish the account of his father's life which the latter had written himself and which explains the object of this sudden desire to become a philanthropist.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company:

A Gentleman from Mississippi.

A novel founded on the popular play of the same title, produced under the management of William A. Brady and Jos. R. Grismer.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Mystery of Miss Motte. By Caroline Atwater Mason.

A story of mystery and romance by the author of *The Binding of the Strong*. The unravelling of the truth concerning the heroine's birth solves the mystery and brings the romance to a happy conclusion.

Published Anonymously:

Bill Possum: His Book. By Mary Brent Whiteside.

A Georgia story of a wily grandfather Possum and his would-be captors. The book is dedicated to President Taft as a modest memento of his visit to Atlanta.

The Saalfield Publishing Company:

Mary of Magdala. By Harriette Gunn Robertson.

A tale of the first century.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Lodger Overhead and Others. By Charles Belmont Davis.

Ten short stories, mostly of New York life, which have already appeared in magazine form.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Rule of Three. By Alma Martin Estabrook.

Gavin Longstaff, for a number of years engaged to Bella Kaye, promises his maiden aunt that he will marry before she returns from Japan. Some months prior to the date set for her return Aunt Marianna appears unexpectedly at her nephew's camp on Pike's Peak. Shortly after her arrival she is taken ill and requests the attendance of Gavin's wife. Gavin being still a bachelor and yet feeling the necessity of keeping his aunt from excitement is forced to find a way out of the difficulty, and the complications that follow when the three different Bellas take their turn at ruling things in the camp at Pike's Peak form the plot of the story.

JUVENILE

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Kipling Stories and Poems Every Child Should Know. From Rudyard Kipling. Edited by Mary E. Burt and W. T. Chapin, Ph.D.

The first selection from the complete works of Rudyard Kipling ever made for children. The editor has been at work on the volume for a number of years.

Just So Stories for Little Children. By Rudyard Kipling.

In the pocket edition of Mr. Kipling's works.

Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know. Arranged According to Colour with Reliable Descriptions of the More Common Species of the United States and Canada. By Frederic William Stack.

Each flower is arranged, first, according to its colour, and again, according to its flowering season.

Duffield and Company:

Romeo and Juliet.
Macbeth.

The Lamb Shakespeare for the Young, based on the Lamb's Tales and with passages and scenes inserted from the plays and songs set to music. The series is under the general editorship of Professor I. Gollancz.

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MISCELLANEOUS

The Ball Publishing Company:

Camping and Camp Cooking. By Frank A. Bates.

The author is one who, during the past twenty years, has spent many months camping in the woods and has fitted out many parties for their summer vacations. He gives directions for a camp outfit, instructions for the setting up of tents, and much general advice about camp life. One chapter is devoted to recipes for camp cooking.

The Bell Book and Stationery Company (Richmond, Va.)

The Jew in English Literature, as Author and as Subject. By Rabbi Edward N. Calisch, B.L., M.A., Ph.D.

Covering the entire realm of English literature from the tenth century to date, showing what English writers have written about the Jews, and what Jewish authors have contributed to the English world of letters. It sheds new light upon some of the most familiar and renowned characters in fiction, drama and history. It tells why there is no Mrs. Shylock; why Benjamin Disraeli was converted; how Walter Scott came to put Jewish characters in *Ivanhoe;* and why George Eliot wrote about the Jews.

Broadway Publishing Company:

My Lady Vaudeville and Her White Rats. By George Fuller Golden.

An account of the founding and development of the society of vaudeville actors known as "The White Rats of America." The author was the founder of the organisation. The book is published under the auspices of the Board of Directors of "The White Rats of America."

The Century Company:

Box Furniture. How to Make a Hundred Useful Articles for the Home. By Louise Brigham.

Instructions for making serviceable and artistic pieces of furniture out of ordinary boxes with the aid of a few simple tools. Miss Brigham has herself made all of the articles she describes. The numerous illustrations show results accomplished and how to gain similar results.

Dodge Publishing Company:

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl. By Helen Rowland.

One hundred and twenty pages of clever and cynical sayings in regard to men and women. Each page is decorated with pen and ink sketches by Henry S. Eddy.

Sonnets of a Chorus Girl. By S. E. Kiser.

A collection of seventeen sonnets, each illustrated with a sketch by Henry S. Eddy.

All Is Well. Edited by Jeanne Gillespie Pennington.

The fourth volume in a series entitled Primers of Peace. Containing cheerful, uplifting thoughts, many of which are taken from the Scriptures. The other volumes in the series are *Don't Fret; Have Courage;* and *Be Strong.*

Cheer Up. By Charles F. Raymond.

Brief optimistic sketches forming another volume in the Cheerful Life Series.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Fireless Cook Book. By Margaret J. Mitchell.

A manual of the construction and use of appliances for cooking by retained heat. With two hundred and fifty recipes. In the appendix are given suggestions for a series of experiments illustrating the scientific as well as the practical side of fireless cookery.

Dana Estes and Company:

The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius. Edited by Dana Estes, M.A.

In the series of Noble Thoughts of the World's Greatest Minds. *Noble Thoughts of John Ruskin* has already appeared in this series and other volumes are in preparation.

Harper and Brothers:

Practical Golf. By Walter J. Travis.

A revised edition. The book sets down the actual practices of the game as a master has found them out and suggests the principles on which any man may benefit his own play. A new chapter on "Hazards" has been added to the edition and also new chapters concerning the development of the "Haskell" ball and the introduction of aluminum clubs.

Harvard University:

Reports of the President and the Treasurer of Harvard College. 1907-08.

Official Register of Harvard University. Volume VI. Number 10.

Hinds, Noble and Eldredge:

Writing the Short-Story. A Practical Handbook on the Rise, Structure, Writing and

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Sale of the Modern Short-Story. By J. Berg Esenwein, A.M., Litt.D.

Tracing the short-story back to its origins and showing clearly just how it differs from other literary forms. It analyses the parts of the short-story, shows how they are related, and all through gives illuminating examples of how successful writers secure their results.

Henry Holt and Company:

Railroad Freight Rates in Relation to the Industry and Commerce of the United States. By Logan G. McPherson.

Described as the result of a first-hand survey covering the entire country. In gathering together material on this subject the author visited every part of the country, interviewed principal shippers, representatives of commercial organisations, and the officers in charge of the traffic departments of various railroads. Mr. McPherson holds the lectureship on transportation at the Johns Hopkins University, and in this volume he has made use of some of the lectures delivered there and also of others delivered at Columbia University; Yale University; University of Chicago; and the University of Wisconsin.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

Letters and Memorials of Wendell Phillips Garrison. Literary Editor of the *Nation* 1865-1906.

The purpose of this memorial volume is to show "the tastes and interests of the late editor of the *Nation*, his principles and convictions, his editorial methods and ideals, and some of the influences which shaped his spirit and conduct." To this end have been reprinted many of his letters, a few poems, and some of his editorials and essays.

The People at Play. By Rollin Lynde Hartt.

Described as excursions in the humour and philosophy of popular amusements. The author has been for many years a curious student of the life of the people. He has spent many days and nights in the close and genial study of their amusements,—the melodrama, the skating rink, the amusement park, the baseball game, the ball, the moving picture show, etc., etc.—and writes here of the results of his observations. The book contains illustrations drawn by the author from prints and photographs.

Haremlik. Some Pages from the Life of Turkish Women. By Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown).

The author, whose childhood was spent in Turkey, but who later lived in America for a number of years, returned to Turkey to study the life of the women there. Her book discloses the fact that while Turkish women are surrounded by the ancient customs of the Far East, yet they are well educated, progressive, and essentially modern in thought.

B. W. Huebsch:

Product and Climax. By Simon Nelson Patten.

In the Art of Life Series under the general editorship of Edward Howard Griggs. The author of this volume has for his aim the establishing of the right relation between work and play, with the purpose of making a healthier and happier race.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

Skat Made Easy. By Agnes Henry.

A simple exposition of the fundamental rules governing the game.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:

The Legends of the Jews. By Louis Ginzberg. Translated from the German Manuscript by Henrietta Szold. Vol. I. Bible Times and Characters from the Creation to Jacob.

This is the first of four volumes of *Legends of the Jews*, which will form an important contribution to the legend literature of the nation. The first three volumes are to reproduce all the legends in Jewish literature connected with Bible times and characters. Volume I covers the period from the Creation to Jacob; Volume II will treat of all incidents in the lives of Joseph and Moses; Volume III will cover the period from Joshua to Esther; Volume IV will be devoted to an exhaustive treatment of the subject of Jewish legends in the form of a general introduction and of excursuses connected with the notes on each chapter.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Court Tennis. With Notes on Racquets and Squash-Racquets. By Frederick Charles Tompkins.

Mr. Tompkins, for many years identified with prominent Courts, has written this little book on Tennis with the idea of presenting something that will be readily understood by those who have never played tennis and that will also be instructive to the beginner. His intention, he writes, has been to describe as briefly as possible the court and the accessories used, the theory of the game, the form to be striven for, and the different services to be mastered, together with a few hints on the game in general.

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The Home Garden. By Eben E. Rexford.

A book on vegetable and small-fruit growing, for the use of the amateur gardener. Among others there are chapters on Location and Soil; The Preparation of the Garden; Planning the Garden; Planting the Garden; Garden Implements; Weeding and Transplanting; The Hot-bed and Cold-frame; Insecticides and Fungicides; and What to Grow.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

Steps Along the Path. By Katharine H. Newcomb.

The author has dedicated this volume to "those who are ready to exchange a life of seeming perplexity for a life of joyous reality." Her object in these pages is, she states, "to lead the reader into a larger idea of what life means after becoming acquainted with his soul; to teach him the peace and joy that are his whether his road wend up or down; to inspire in him a gladness which comes with the realisation that he is one with this wonderful universe; that he is in harmony with it, and has all its power behind him, as well as within him every moment."

The Correspondent's Manual. For Stenographers, Typewriter Operators, and Clerks. By William Hickox.

A revised and enlarged edition, comprising some practical information on letter taking and letter writing; hints how to do it and how not to do it; departments of business terms, including law, insurance, railroad, and finance; right and wrong use of words; principal business streets and buildings of peculiar spelling; leading railroads; words often mispelled; words of different meaning pronounced alike; foreign words and phrases, abbreviations, etc.

The Macmillan Company:

The Laws of Friendship, Human and Divine. By Henry Churchill King.

"The problem of friendship," Dr. King writes, "is the problem of life itself." He then presents his doctrine of life. He discusses personality, its integrity, breadth, and depth, the community of interests, mutual self-manifestation and answering trust, mutual self-giving, Christian standards, friendship's moods, friendship's ways.

(*For the Columbia University*):

Verse Satire in England Before the Renaissance. By Samuel Marion Tucker, Ph.D.

Columbia University Studies in English, Series II. Volume III, No. 2. This essay is concerned with the historical study of literature and the evolution of literary types.

The Earth's Bounty. By Kate V. Saint Maur.

In a volume published about two years ago, "A Self-supporting Home," Mrs. St. Maur told how, on a basis of little money and less experience, she made a country house possible. Her new book deals with the same subject, though now greater knowledge has brought greater rewards. After three years the twelve acres of land which they rented, with the homestead on it, for $180 a year, became more than self-supporting. There was a surplus at the end of that time, and Mrs. St. Maur extended the scale of her husbandry. How to make this work fruitful is what one learns from Mrs. St. Maur.

Greek Architecture. By Allan Marquand, Ph.D., L.H.D.

A new addition to the Handbooks of Archæology and Antiquities. The whole subject is discussed under the following heads: Materials and Technique; Forms; Proportions; Decoration; Composition and Style; Monuments. Under one or another of these heads Professor Marquand takes up every aspect of this branch of Hellenic art. There are nearly four hundred illustrations in all.

Misery and Its Causes. By Edward T. Devine, Ph.D., LL.D.

The fundamental truths underlying Dr. Edward T. Devine's work are that misery is not a divinely appointed institution, that it is not ineradicable, but the result of a badly organised society, and that the causes which produce it can be ascertained and removed. His study of the records of five thousand cases supplied by the Charity Organisation Society, is supplemented by a dozen years of varied experience in the battle with poverty.

The Struggle for Imperial Unity. By Colonel George T. Denison.

Colonel Denison, an ex-British Army officer, one of the founders of the Canada First party, a member of the Organising Committee of the Imperial Federation League in Canada, has written his recollections and experiences in connection with the struggle for Imperial Unity.

London's Lure. An Anthology in Prose and Verse. By Helen and Lewis Melville.

Being a collection of passages in prose and verse written about London and selected by the compilers as possessing descriptive power and literary merit.

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The John McBride Company:

The Revelation of the Monk of Evesham Abbey. In the Year of our Lord Eleven Hundred and Ninety-six, Concerning the Places of Purgatory and Paradise. Rendered into Modern English by Valerian Paget.

This is the first time that this classic of English literature has been rendered into English which all may read with ease and pleasure. It is the revelation of an unknown monk in the Abbey of Evesham, who, being in a trance for two days and two nights, saw the sorrows of purgatory and the joys of paradise.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Letters from China. With Particular Reference to the Empress Dowager and the Women of China. By Sarah Pike Conger.

These letters were written by the wife of the American Minister in China from 1898 to 1904. They present pictures of Chinese life and politics and give accounts of the Boxer troubles. Mrs. Conger's relations with the Dowager Empress were most intimate, and these letters reveal her in a new and kindlier light. The volume contains a collection of about eighty illustrations, including portraits of the Dowager Empress and the ladies of her retinue.

The Summer Garden of Pleasure. By Mrs. Stephen Batson.

A book of general gardening. but dealing particularly with the maintenance of the garden's beauties without break or loss of interest from early to late summer. There are chapters devoted to the growing of primroses, irises, peonies, larkspurs, lilies and other flowers. The illustrations, which are in colour, show a variety of garden scenes.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Abraham Lincoln and the London Punch. Cartoons, Comments and Poems, Published in the London Charivari, During the American Civil War (1861-65). Edited by William S. Walsh.

The entire series of cartoons, fifty in all, are reproduced in this volume, with an historical and critical introduction by Mr. Walsh.

American Verse. 1625-1807. A History. By William Bradley Otis, Ph.D., Instructor in English, College of the City of New York.

Covering American verse between 1625 and 1807 (from the publication of the "Nova Anglia" to that of "The Columbiad") which is worthy of note because of its connection with American history or because of the light which it throws upon the social and intellectual characteristics of the times. There are chapters on Historical Verse; Religious Verse; Political and Satirical Verse; Imaginative Verse; and Translations.

America and the Far Eastern Question. An Examination of Modern Phases of the Far Eastern Question, Including the New Activities and Policy of Japan, the Situation of China, and the Relation of the United States of America to the Problem Involved. By Thomas F. Millard.

Mr. Millard analyses the situation in its relation to us and indicates how this nation may be affected by its solution. The position of the United States in the Pacific Ocean is comprehensively examined, and the author reaches the conclusion that a perfectly stable balance of power there never can be assured without the active participation of America. He demonstrates that America's position entitles her to assume the present leadership in shaping the course of events in the Far East, and that self-interest eventually will compel this course.

Father Abraham. By Ida M. Tarbell.

Miss Tarbell has told her little story in the language of one of Lincoln's old cronies whom he called "Billy." It illustrates the kind-heartedness of the great man.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Some Reminiscences. By William L. Royall.

The first chapter gives an account of his experiences during the Civil War when he fought in the Confederate Army. Another chapter deals with duelling in Virginia after the close of the war. The remaining three chapters have to do chiefly with political and financial conditions in Virginia from the close of the war down to the present.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Beverages, Past and Present. An Historical Sketch of Their Production, Together with a Study of the Customs Connected with Their Use. Two Volumes. By Edward R. Emerson.

The history of the beverages, intoxicating and non-intoxicating, of all peoples and countries from the earliest times to the present. Besides the account of beverages and their nature, are the descriptions of drinking-customs as represented, for instance, in the symposia of the Greeks, the banquets of the Romans, the feasts of the Druids and Picts of Britain, and the potations of the savage tribes of Africa and America.

The Sloops of the Hudson. An historical sketch of the packet and market sloops of

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the last century, and their names, together with personal reminiscences of certain of the notable river sailing masters. By William E. Verplanck and Moses W. Collyer.

The following extract from the author's preface will show his idea in writing on this subject: "The sloop was the forerunner in the establishment of the vast commerce of the Hudson which has now reached an extent that is exceeded by few, if any, rivers in the world, and as this vessel played so important a part in the development and growth of the State of New York, particularly in connection with the Erie Canal, causing the city of New York to rise to be the chief city of the United States, it seems quite fitting that something should be written to preserve the memory of these inland merchantmen."

A Manual of American Literature. Edited by Theodore Stanton, M.A. (Cornell). In Collaboration with Members of the Faculty of Cornell University.

Giving a concise and comprehensive account of our literature from its beginnings in Colonial times to the present.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

England and the English. From an American Point of View. By Price Collier.

An analysis, based on long experience and wide observation, of the traits of character which have made the Englishman what he is, and the English race the virtual rulers of a fifth of the world. The broad scope of this book is indicated by the chapter headings: First Impressions; Who are the English? The Land of Compromise; English Home Life; Are the English Dull? Sport; Ireland; An English Country Town; Society; Conclusions.

The History of Engraving. From its Inception to the Time of Thomas Bewick. By Stanley Austin.

Beginning with the very earliest times, the author traces the course of engraving to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and illustrates the text with examples of the work of the different periods and portraits of some of the great engravers.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Foster's Complete Hoyle. An Encyclopedia of Games. By R. F. Foster.

A revised and enlarged edition of this encyclopedia of games. It includes all the indoor games played at the present day. It gives suggestions for good play, all the official laws, and illustrative hands. It also gives a brief statement of the doctrine of chances as applied to games. The volume is illustrated with numerous diagrams and engravings.

The Tandy-Thomas Company:

The Statesmanship of Andrew Jackson. As Told in his Writings and Speeches. Edited by Francis Newton Thorpe, Ph.D., LL.D.

Besides the letters and speeches of Andrew Jackson, many of which have never before been published in any form, there is a biographical outline, a list of the men of his Cabinet, and an introduction which explains Jackson's position in the history of his country. His writings and speeches are given under two headings: "Letters of Nullification" and "State Papers."

The John C. Winston Company:

Neglected Neighbours. Stories of Life in the Alleys, Tenements and Shanties of the National Capital. By Charles Frederick Weller. With One Chapter by Eugenia Winston Weller.

After two preliminary chapters, one being Ex-President Roosevelt's Letter of Introduction and the other an outline of the Purpose, Plan and Scope of the Study, the author goes on to discuss the subject in four parts: The Alley; The Tenements; The Shacks and Shanties; General Lessons, Remedies and Ideals. In all of these divisions the purpose has been to portray, by means of stories and interesting incidents, the moral and social standards which are promoted by bad housing conditions and neglected homes.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of May and the 1st of June:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Blindness of Virtue. Hamilton. (Brentano.) $1.50.
6. Tono-Bungay. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

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2. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
3. Future of Man. Randall. (Ullrich.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
3. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Machinery Book for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) $1.75.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Bird Life. Chapman. (Appleton.) $2.00.
4. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnson. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Elusive Isabel. Futrelle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A B Z of Our Nutrition. Fletcher. (Stokes.) $1.00.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
3. Lanier's Poem. (Scribner.) $2.00.
4. In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Two Little Confederates. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Diddie Dumps. Pyrnelle. (Harper.) 60 cents.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

1. The Opera Goer's Complete Guide. Melitz. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Nature's Garden. Blanchan. (Grosset & Dunlap.) $1.25.
3. Home Again With Me. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
4. Peeps at Many Lands Series. (Macmillan.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
3. Budge and Toddie. Habberton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) $1.00.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. A Gentleman of Quality. Dey. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Sebastian. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Dragon's Blood Rideout. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. My Cranford. Gilman. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
3. Earth's Bounty. St. Maur. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
4. Pluralistic Universe. James. (Longmans, Green.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Roly Poly Pudding. Potter. (Warne.) $1.00.
2. Brave Little Peggy. Rhoades. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
3. When Mother Lets Us Garden. Duncan. (Moffat, Yard.) 75 cents.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Delafield Affair. Kelly. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Story of the Great Lakes. Channing. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Machinery Book for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Tan and Teckle. Bryson. (Revell.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Billy Whisker's Grandchildren. Montgomery. (Brewer, Barse.) 75 cents.
2. Harry's Island. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Aunt Jane's Nieces at Millville. Van Dyne. (Reilly & Britton.) 50 cents.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The White Mice. Davis. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Winning Chance. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Belles, Beaux and Brains of the 60's. De Leon. (Dillingham.) $3.00.
2. Collected Verse. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.80.
3. The Statesmanship of Andrew Jackson. Thorpe. (Tandy-Thomas.) $2.50.
4. Home Again With Me. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Miss Cricket's New Home. Jackson. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Diamond Key. Kerr. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Chippendales. Grant. (Century Co.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Little Men. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50 cents.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Music Master. Klein. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Chrysalis. Kramer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. Christ's Way of Winning Souls. Sligh. (Smith & Lamar.) 60 cents.
3. Christian Science in the Light of Holy Scripture. Haldeman. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. Jesus and the Gospels. Denny. (Armstrong.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Wind in the Willows. Grahame. (Scribner.) $1.00.
2. Ozmo of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Gentleman of Quality. Dey. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Ridgway of Montana. Raine. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Wild Life in the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. Reflections of a Bachelor Girl. Rowland. (Dodge.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys in Strange Waters. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

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DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
2. The Laws of Friendship. King. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. The Great Lakes. Curwood. (Putnam.) $3.50.
4. Valid Christianity of To-day. Williams. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Bishop and the Boogerman. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
3. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. Elusive Isabel. Futrelle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Other Side of the Door. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
2. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Birds of Buzzard's Roost. Woollen. (Woollen.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Kipling Poems and Stories Every Child Should Know. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Fiction

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Opp. Rice (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The King of Arcadia. Lynde. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. Handbook of Alaska. Greely. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. How to Know Oriental Rugs. Langton. (Appleton.) $2.00.
4. Scientific Nutrition Simplified. Brown. (Stokes.) 75 cents.

Juveniles

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Pinocchio. Collodi. (Ginn.) 50 cents.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Winning Chance. Dejeane. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00
5. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.
6. Elizabeth Visits America. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

1. Mexican Trails. Kirkham. (Putnam.) $1.75.
2. Fish Stories. Holder and Jordan. (Holt.) $1.75.
3. Greatness and Decline of Rome. Ferrero. (Putnam.) $2.50.
4. Letters From China. Conger. (McClurg.) $2.75.

JUVENILES

1. Harper's Book of Electricity for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) $1.75.
2. Jack the Young Ranchman. Grinnell. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. With the Night Mail. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. My Commencement. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Kipling Poems and Stories Every Child Should Know. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Sunnyfield. Sill. (Harper.) $1.25.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Other Side of the Door. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Peter—Peter. Warren. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Other Side of the Door. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Bird Neighbours. Blanchan. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.00.
2. Pushing to the Front. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.50.
3. Bird Guide. Reed. (Reed.) 50 cents.
4. My Commencement. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Dream Blocks. Higgins. (Duffield.) $1.50.
2. Child's Garden of Verse. Stevenson. (Rand, McNally Co.) 75 cents.
3. Harry's Island. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Climber. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Hand-Made Gentleman. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Living Word. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

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2. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. Scientific Nutrition Simplified. Brown. (Stokes.) 75 cents.
4. In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Memoirs of Ellen Terry. Terry. (Doubleday, Page.) $3.50.
2. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Out of Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Law of Mental Medicine. Hudson. (McClurg.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Miss Betty of New York. Deland. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Five Little Peppers at Brown House. Sidney. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Elizabeth Visits America. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Case of Lady Broadstone. Marchmont. (Empire Book Co.) $1.50.
6. The Other Side of the Door. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Impertinent Poems. Cooke. (Dodge.) $1.50.
2. Here's to You. Alderson. (Dodge.) $1.25.
3. A Cynic's Meditation. Pulitzer. (Dodge.) 75 cents.
4. Simple Jography. Herford. (Luce.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50
3. House in the Water. Roberts. (Page.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Right of Conquest. Hornblow. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
2. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Other Side of the Door. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Christian Science in the Light of Holy Scripture. Haldeman. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
3. Heart Throbs. Collected. (National Mag.) $1.50.
4. Wild Life in the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn.) $1.50.
2. School Memories. (Caldwell.) 50 cents.
3. The Life of Abraham Lincoln. Moores. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Elizabeth Visits America. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
5. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Sebastian. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Man Eaters of Tsavo. Patterson. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
2. A Favourite of Napoleon. George (McBride.) $2.50.
3. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Self-Help for Nervous Women. Mitchell. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Life's Day. Bainbridge. (Stokes.) $1.35.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Motor Boys in Strange Waters. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Fiction

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Araminta. Snaith. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
5. Adventures of a Nice Young Man. Aix. (Duffield.) $1.50.
6. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Life's Day. Bainbridge. (Stokes.) $1.35.
2. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
3. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 50 cents.

Juveniles

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The King of Arcadia. Lynde. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Old Lady Number 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. Robert E. Lee. Page. (Scribner.) $1.25.
2. As Others See Us. Brooks. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. In American Fields and Forests. Thoreau. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Teacher. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Eagle Badge. Day. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. All Among the Loggers. Burleigh. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
3. Sunnyfield. Sill. (Harper.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Fiction

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
6. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Fiction

1. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Bridge Builders. Ray. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Kingsmead. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

Fiction

1. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.

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3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Other Side of the Door. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Elusive Isabel. Futrelle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Some Reminiscences. Royall. (Neale.) $1.50.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. Self-Help for Nervous Women. Mitchell. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. Robert E. Lee. Page. (Scribner.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Old Lady No. 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Darwin and Modern Science. Seward. (Cambridge Univ. Press.) $5.00.
2. Christ and the Eastern Soul. Hall. (Univ. of Chicago Press.) $1.25.
3. The Function of Religion. Foster. (Univ. of Chicago Press.) $1.00.
4. Bird Life. Chapman. (Appleton.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Tan and Teckle. Brysen. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. When Mother Lets Us Garden. Duncan. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Other Side of the Door. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Women, Etc. Harvey. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Living Word. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Dorothy Dainty Books. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
2. Elsie Books. Finley. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Barbour Books. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Elizabeth Visits America. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
2. Greatness and Decline of Rome. Ferrero. (Putnam.) $12.50.
3. Minnesota. Folwell. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Happy School Days. Sangster. (Forbes.) $1.25.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Fiction

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Planter. Whitaker. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
2. A Wine of Wizardry. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. The Eternal Boy. Johnson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Strain of White. Anderson. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Sebastian. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
2. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. The Government of England. Lowell. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
4. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. On Track and Diamond. (Harper.) 60c.

SPOKANE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Chrysalis. Kramer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Hand-Made Gentleman. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Mary of Magdala. Robertson. (Saalfield.) $1.50.
6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
2. Egoists. Huneker. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
4. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) $2.25.

Juveniles

1. The "Oz" Books. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Roads of Destiny. O. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Things Korean. Allen. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
3. Egoists. Huneker. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Good Health and How We Won It. Sinclair. (Stokes.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Bishop and the Boogerman. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

TORONTO, CANADA

Fiction

1. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
4. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Briggs.) $1.25.

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5. The Message. Tracy. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
6. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Briggs.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Heroines of Canadian History. Herrington. (Briggs.) 30 cents.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Elizabeth Visits America. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
5. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Ghosts of My Friends. Henland. (Stokes.) 50 cents.
2. Pluralistic Universe. James. (Longmans, Green.) $1.50.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. The Panama Canal. Cornish. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Books. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Little Colonel's House Party. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Bird Guide. Reed. (Reed.) $1.00.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. My Cranford. Gilman. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50	296
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50	219
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	205
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00	162
5. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50	99
6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	94

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF NEW NOVELS

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH

BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO

	NO. LISTS
Katrine	8
The Inner Shrine	8
The Man in Lower Ten	7
Mr. Opp	6
54-40 or Fight	5
The White Sister	4
The White Mice	4
The Chippendales	3
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	2
The Alternative	2
The Story of Thyrza	2
The Bronze Bell	2
The Hand-Made Gentleman	2
The Girl and the Bill	2

EAST

NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER

	NO. LISTS
The Inner Shrine	12
The White Sister	7
The White Mice	7
Katrine	7
The Man in Lower Ten	6
The Chippendales	5
Set in Silver	5
Mr. Opp	4
54-40 or Fight	3
The Romance of a Plain Man	2
Marriage à la Mode	2
Sebastian	2
Elizabeth Visits America	2
The Woman in Question	2

SOUTH

ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND

	NO. LISTS
The Inner Shrine	7
Katrine	6
Mr. Opp	6
The Man in Lower Ten	6
54-40 or Fight	3
The Alternative	3
The Other Side of the Door	3
Elusive Isabel	2
The White Sister	2

WEST AND MIDDLE WEST

CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO

	NO. LISTS
The Man in Lower Ten	10
Mr. Opp	10
Katrine	8
The Inner Shrine	7
54-40 or Fight	4
The Other Side of the Door	3
The White Mice	3
The Bronze Bell	2
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	2
The Winning Chance	2
Set in Silver	2
The White Sister	2
Marriage à la Mode	2
The Story of Thyrza	2
Elizabeth Visits America	2

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities. Books mentioned only once not included.

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF JUVENILES

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto	EAST New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester	SOUTH Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco
Dave Porter and His Classmates	The Hole Book	Two Little Confederates	The Biography of a Silver Fox
Dream Blocks	Anne of Green Gables	The Wind and the Willows	Little Women
Eagle Badge	Machinery Books for Boys	Dave Porter and His Classmates	Anne of Green Gables
The "Oz" Books	The Biography of a Silver Fox	Anne of Green Gables	Betty Wales
Anne of Green Gables	Peter Rabbit Books	Mary Ware	The Eternal Boy

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF BOOKS—NON-FICTION

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto	EAST New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester	SOUTH Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Toledo
Alaska	The Blue Bird	Some Reminiscences	Is Shakespeare Dead?
Brain and Personality	England and the English	Memories of Ellen Terry	The Blue Bird
The Girl Graduate	Is Shakespeare Dead?	The Blue Bird	Psychotherapy
Robert E. Lee	Self-Help for Nervous Women	A B Z of Our Nutrition	Religion and Medicine
The Living Word	Life of Alice Freeman Palmer	Religion and Medicine	The Girl Graduate

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